



THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. 112.

PUBLISHED IN

JULY & OCTOBER, 1862.

L O N D O N :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1862.

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LONDON :

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Stamford Street, and Charing Cross.

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Sir Marc Isambard Brunel, Civil Engineer, Vice-President of the Royal Society, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c.* By Richard Beamish, F.R.S. London, 1862.

THE industry of England owes much to the foreigners who have from time to time become settled and naturalised amongst us. Dr. Percy has stated in his '*Metallurgy*'* that we are indebted to German miners, introduced into England by the wisdom of Elizabeth, for the early development of our mineral resources. It also appears that the Dutch were our principal instructors in civil and mechanical engineering; draining extensive marsh and fen lands along the east coast in the reign of James I., and erecting for us pumping-engines and mill-machinery of various kinds. Many of the Flemings, driven from their own country by the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, sought and found an asylum in England, bringing with them their skill in dyeing, cloth-working, and horticulture; while the thousands of French artisans who flocked into the kingdom on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. introduced the arts of manufacturing in glass, silk, velvet, lace, and cambric, which have since become established branches of industry, giving employment to large numbers of our population.

The religious persecutions in Belgium and France not only banished from those countries free Protestant thought, but at the same time expelled the best industrial skill, and England eventually obtained the benefit of both. Those successive additions to our population of men of independent convictions, trained in the arts of peace, served to enrich our blood and to elevate and strengthen our national character. Thus it has happened that the love of political and religious liberty which

* '*Metallurgy*,' by John Percy, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1861. In the first volume—all that has yet been published of this important work—Dr. Percy gives a full and scientific account of metallurgical processes generally, and of the application of these to copper, zinc, and brass. Every page of it affords proof of Dr. Percy's large experience, unwearied research, and scrupulous accuracy. The other metals, he tells us, are to be treated in a second volume.

we have cherished as a people, and the asylum which we have in all times provided for free-minded men of other lands, have contributed in no small degree to the development of that extraordinary industrial energy which so prominently characterises the England of the present day. Our mechanical proficiency, however, has been a comparatively recent growth. Like many others of our national qualities, it has come out suddenly and unexpectedly. But, though late learners, we have been so apt that we have already outstripped our teachers; and there is scarcely a branch of manufacture in which we have not come up to, if indeed we have not surpassed, the most advanced continental nations.

The invention of the steam-engine, towards the end of last century, had the effect of giving an extraordinary impetus to improvement, particularly in various branches of iron manufacture; and we began to export machines, engines, and ironwork to France, Germany, and the Low Countries, whence we had before imported them. Although this great invention was perfected by Watt, much of the preliminary investigation in connection with the subject had been conducted by eminent French refugees: as by Desaugliers, the author of the well-known '*Course of Experimental Philosophy*,' and by Denis Papin, for some time Curator of the Royal Society, whose many ingenious applications of steam-power prove him to have been a person of great and original ability. But the most remarkable of these early inventors was unquestionably Thomas Savery—also said to have been a French refugee, though very little is known of him personally—who is entitled to the distinguished merit of having invented and constructed the first working steam-engine. All these men paved the way for Watt, who placed the keystone on the work of which the distinguished Frenchmen had in a great measure laid the foundations.

Many other men of eminence, descendants of the refugees, might be named, who have from time to time added greatly to our scientific and productive resources. Amongst names which incidentally occur to us are those of Dollond the optician, and Fourdrinier the inventor of the paper-making machine. Passing over these, we come to the subject of the present article, the last of the great Frenchmen whom England is proud to claim as her sons by adoption, although France may claim them by birth. Driven from his own country by political revolution, Brunel took refuge first in America and subsequently in England. After the lapse of centuries, our island is still found offering a retreat to fugitives alike from imperial or democratic oppression; where

where they are free to speak, to write, to labour, and to invent, in perfect security.

Many were the emigrés who flocked over to England at the outbreak of the great French Revolution of 1789, and who found temporary refuge from the troubles of their unhappy country, maintaining themselves by teaching, by the practice of art, and by other industrial pursuits. Of these, perhaps the most distinguished was Marc Isambard Brunel, who for the greater part of his life followed the profession of an engineer, leaving behind him a son as illustrious as himself,—Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the engineer of the Great Western and other railways, the designer of the Great Eastern steam-ship, and the architect of many important public works.

It is said that there is in the true history of every life, if it could be discovered, a trace of the quality which is commonly called romance. Nor was this element by any means wanting in the life of the elder Brunel, especially in its earlier stages. Mr. Beamish, his friend and pupil, has been at the pains to embody the events of Brunel's chequered career in the interesting narrative now before us, from which a very complete idea may be formed of the illustrious engineer's life and labours.

Marc Isambard Brunel was born on the 25th of April, 1769, at the little village of Hacqueville, in Normandy. The place is situated among 'the vasty fields of France,'—in the midst of one of those bald, monotonous plains of corn-land, with scarcely a hedge or tree within sight, the frequent repetition of which makes one wonder how the country ever came to be called, even by its natives, 'la belle France.' Brunel's father was a respectable agriculturist, of narrow means but ancient family, holding the hereditary office of *Maître des Postes* of the district. And thus it happened that the Brunels naturally came to be royalists when the revolutionary period arrived, their inheritance being at stake.

Marc Isambard was the second of two sons, and was early intended for the priesthood. When eight years old he was sent to school at the College of Gisors, where he received the first rudiments of learning. But even at that early age the instinct of construction was strong within him. He was much fonder of the village carpenter's shop than of school; and coaxing, entreaty, and punishment alike failed in making a hopeful scholar of him. His father tried solitary confinement, shutting him up in a room with some grim family portraits. The eyes of one of these seemed to follow the boy round the room, so that, unable to endure it longer, he set a table against the wall, mounted it, and cut the eyes out. All repression proved

proved vain. The son's instinct was truer than the father's judgment. He continued to spend in the carpenter's shop the hours he could spare from his tasks and his school. He drew faces and plans, and learnt to handle tools, until his father was almost in despair.

At eleven, young Brunel was sent to the ecclesiastical seminary of St. Nicaise at Rouen, his father still hoping to secure him for the church. But the boy carried his strong love of mechanics with him. It is said that, one day, seeing a new tool exhibited in a cutler's window, he coveted it so much that he pawned his hat to possess it. One advantage which he derived from the school at St. Nicaise was the instruction in drawing which he there obtained under a competent master. In his play hours he took delight in watching the ships along the quay, and one day his curiosity was excited by the sight of some large iron-castings just landed from an English ship. What were they? How had they been made? Where had they come from? His eager inquiries were soon answered. They were parts of a fire-engine, intended for the great Paris Waterworks; the engine was to pump water by the power of steam; and the castings had been made in England, whence they had just arrived. 'England!' exclaimed the boy; 'ah! when I am a man, I will go and see the country where such grand machines are made.'

Returned home, he proceeded with his mechanical recreations, amongst other things making musical instruments of different sorts. It is even said that he then invented a nightcap-making machine, which is still used by the peasantry in that part of Normandy. The father, seeing his son engrossed by such pursuits, at length lost all hope of his succeeding to the parochial cure for which he had destined him. 'Ah, mon cher Isambard,' said he, 'si tu prends ce parti-là, tu végéteras toute ta vie.' At length it was determined that young Brunel should qualify himself to enter the navy. He returned to Rouen to study with that object, and in 1786, at seventeen, he was nominated to a royal corvette as 'voluntaire d'honneur.' While serving in that rank he continued his mechanical pursuits; and, amongst other instruments, he then made a quadrant in ebony, which was so accurately constructed, that during his connexion with the navy he required to use no other.

His ship having been paid off in 1792, Brunel went to Paris in search of further employment. But the Revolution, which was in full career, rendered that city a very unsafe place for so outspoken a royalist as Brunel. With the incautiousness of youth, he avowed and defended his opinions in the hearing of many bystanders, on the very day that sentence was pronounced

pronounced upon Louis XVI. Afterwards, in an angry contention with some ultra-republicans in a café, he called to his dog, 'Viens, citoyen!' Scowling looks were turned upon him from all sides; and he used afterwards to say that his imprudence on the occasion had nearly cost him his life. But the equally rash remark of another of the party having for the moment diverted attention from himself, he seized the opportunity of escaping by a back-door, and fled from Paris early next morning. The king was beheaded; and a thrill of horror passed through every loyalist heart. At Hacqueville, Brunel felt he was not safe in his father's house. He took shelter for a time with M. Carpentier, the American Consul at Rouen, and it was under his roof that he first met the young English lady who, after many trials and vicissitudes, eventually became his wife.

Sophia Kingdom was then but sixteen years old,—beautiful, amiable, and accomplished. She was a native of Plymouth, whence she had been sent by her friends to Rouen, for the purpose of perfecting her knowledge of French; and she was residing at the Carpentiers' with that object. She had scarcely been a year in the country when the Revolution broke out at Paris, and the mob in the provincial towns made haste to imitate, where they had not already anticipated, the barbarities of the capital. Two young ladies of Rouen were overheard playing a loyalist air on their pianoforte, when the cry 'A la lanterne!' was raised, and they were dragged into the streets and murdered. It was clear that Rouen was no safe place for foreigners, and Miss Kingdom, like many others, prepared to leave it. She proposed to accompany a family about to set out for the West Indies, and who were willing to take her under their protection; but an illness with which she suddenly became seized prevented her from accompanying them, and she remained with M. Carpentier to participate in the dangers and the sufferings of the Reign of Terror.

It was about this time that Brunel arrived at the house of his relative, when an attachment of the purest and strongest kind at once sprang up between him and Miss Kingdom. The seclusion in which they were compelled to live furnished abundant opportunity for its cultivation; and the perils of their situation not improbably served to quicken their mutual sympathy, and make them all the more dear to each other.

An outbreak of the mob took place. The royalists in vain endeavoured to meet it by resistance; they were overpowered by the *sans culottes*, and the respectable inhabitants of the place barricaded themselves within doors. Meanwhile a column of the revolutionists was on the march from Brittany and Normandy to Paris by way of Rouen. It was feared that the opportunity
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would be taken by the mob of wreaking vengeance on such of the loyal inhabitants of the place as had taken part in the recent proceedings ; and as Brunel was one of these, he felt that his life was in peril, and he determined to fly. M. Carpentier advised him to take ship for the United States ; and he procured, though with difficulty, the requisite passport. In the excitement of the moment, the passport was left behind ; and it was only when Brunel found himself on board the American ship 'Liberty' that he discovered his loss. His ready ingenuity and presence of mind enabled him to overcome the difficulty. Procuring the loan of a fellow-passenger's passport, he copied it with so much accuracy that, on its examination by the captain of the republican frigate, by whom the 'Liberty' was overhauled, Brunel's forgery passed muster, and he was allowed to proceed. He landed at New York in safety on the 6th September, 1793.

Sophia Kingdom, whom he was forced to leave behind, was not so fortunate. When it became known that England had entered into a coalition with the continental powers, English subjects on French soil, of all ages and of both sexes, were at once seized and imprisoned. Miss Kingdom, as the inmate of a Royalist family, was doubly obnoxious to the Revolutionary authorities, and she was among the first captives. But as the ordinary gaols were already filled to overflowing, a convent was appropriated to receive the overplus ; and thither she was sent with many other prisoners, French and English. She lay confined there for nearly eight months, enduring much suffering and privation. Her bed was of boards, with a billet of wood for a pillow ; her principal food was coarse black bread, mixed with straw ; and her condition, especially during the early part of her confinement, was miserable in the extreme. The sympathy of her companions was her only relief ; and the gaoler's wife, taking pity on the friendless English girl, contributed, with the kind help of the nuns who were permitted to visit the prison, to render her captivity less intolerable than it otherwise must have been. Often during her imprisonment did she hear the death-roll called, and see companions whom she had learnt to love borne off to the guillotine, until, hope having become extinct, she became almost weary of life, and longed for the release of death. But the Reign of Terror drew to an end ; and one morning in July, 1794, to the surprise of the prisoners, the convent doors were thrown open, and they were declared free to depart wherever they would. Obtaining a passport, Sophia Kingdom in a few weeks after took her leave of Rouen, and returned to her friends in England, who had already given her up for lost.

We return to the history of Brunel himself, with whom she

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was eventually to be united. After a short stay in New York, straitened in means, he contrived to make his way to Albany, where two of his fellow-passengers by the American ship had proceeded, for the purpose of organizing on the part of a French Company the survey of a large tract of land along the course of the Black River, near Lake Ontario. Brunel's services were accepted as assistant-surveyor, and, accompanied by four Indians, the three Frenchmen proceeded upon their arduous but interesting expedition. The country was wild and uncleared, and the only inhabitants Brunel encountered during the survey were Indians, by some of whom he was long remembered. In the intervals of his labours he made occasional visits to New York, and it was there that the plan of his block-machinery first occurred to him. He carried the idea back with him into the woods, where it often mingled with his thoughts of Sophia Kingdom far off in England. 'My first thought of the block-machinery,' he once said, 'was at a dinner-party at Major-General Hamilton's in New York; my second, under an American tree, when, one day that I was carving letters on its bark, the turn of one of them reminded me of it, and I thought, "Ah! my block! so it must be!" And what, do you think, were the letters I was cutting? Of course none other than S. K.!'

By this time he had heard of Miss Kingdom's escape from prison, and wrote to her in England, enclosing a bright little autograph miniature of himself—for, amongst his various accomplishments, he was an excellent miniature-painter—which she lovingly preserved. Thus, it will be seen, a powerful magnet was at work, directing his thoughts to England, and slowly drawing him thither. But his means were as yet extremely limited, and some time must necessarily elapse before he could depart from the American shores. He even seems to have had before him the prospect of certain success in America, if he could have freed himself from the affection which governed him. Among his labours in the United States may be mentioned his survey of a canal projected to unite the Hudson with Lake Champlain. He also promulgated various plans for improving the navigation of rivers, and freeing their channels from rocks and imbedded trees. He designed several public buildings, one of his most ambitious plans being that for the Capitol at Washington, which was rejected as too costly. He was more successful with his design of the Park Theatre at New York, which was accepted, and the building was erected, Brunel afterwards lending his aid in contriving some of the scenic arrangements of the house. He was next appointed chief engineer for the city of New York, in which capacity he superintended the erection of a
cannon

cannon foundry, where he introduced many novel and ingenious contrivances for casting and boring guns. He also supplied designs for improving the fortifications of the harbour of New York, by the erection of works at Staten Island and Long Island. It is, however, stated by his biographer that Brunel was not very liberally paid for his work; and he accordingly felt but little inducement to remain in the country. He finally left New York in January, 1799, and landed at Falmouth in the following March. There he again met Sophia Kingdom, who had remained faithful to him during his six long years of exile; and the pair were shortly after united for life.

Some might consider marriage, under the circumstances, to have been a bold, perhaps an imprudent step; for neither possessed any great store of means for future housekeeping. Both, however, had full faith in each other, whilst Brunel had in him plenty of inventive industry, and boundless capacity for work. Indeed he had brought many of his inventions to England with him, which he proceeded to bring out. The first was for a duplicate writing and drawing machine, which he patented. The next was a machine for twisting cotton thread and forming it into balls; but neglecting to protect this by a patent—perhaps unable to command the requisite means of doing so—Brunel derived no benefit from the invention, though it was generally adopted by the thread manufacturers. His next patent was of a machine for ‘trimmings and borders for muslins, lawns, and cambrics,’ which originated in the suggestion of a lady friend that he should invent a means of relieving seamstresses from the wearisome employment of hemming and stitching. This machine, however, did not come into use; and it has been thrown into the shade by the numerous sewing-machines which have recently been invented. The contrivance of such a process by Brunel, however, at so early a period affords an indication of his readiness to turn his inventive faculty to account in any direction that presented itself. Another of his contrivances, ingenious though useless, was a machine to enable feeble-handed card-players to shuffle a pack of cards by merely putting them into a box and turning a handle.

His famous block-machinery formed the subject of his next patent, and the result was of a more useful and profitable character. The number of blocks or pulleys employed in the rigging of ships, for the purpose of raising and lowering the sails, masts, and yards, was then so great, that they formed the subject of an important branch of manufacture. An idea may be formed of the number required for the Royal navy alone, from the fact that a ship of 74 guns required to be provided with no fewer than 1400 blocks

blocks of various sizes. The sheaved blocks used for the running rigging consisted of the shell, within which one or more sheaves revolved, and the pins which fastened the sheaves to the shell. The fabrication of these articles, though apparently simple, was in reality attended with much difficulty. Every part had to be fashioned with great accuracy and precision to ensure the easy working of the block when put together, as any hitch in the process of raising or lowering the sails might, on certain emergencies, lead to the most serious disaster. Indeed, it became clear that hand-work was not to be relied on in manufacturing these articles, and efforts were early made to produce them by means of mechanism of the most perfect kind that could be devised. In 1781 Mr. Taylor, of Southampton, set up a large establishment on the river Itchen for their manufacture, after a patent of his own; and on the expiry of his contract the Government determined to establish works of their own in Portsmouth Dockyard, for the purpose at the same time of securing greater economy and of being independent of individual makers in the supply of an article of such importance in the equipment of ships.

The circumstance of Mrs. Brunel's brother being Under-Secretary to the Navy Board, probably led Brunel in the first place to make offer of his invention to the Admiralty. We have seen that the subject had occupied his attention while in America; but much remained to be done before his plans could be carried into practical effect. He had the idea formed in his mind of how the thing was to be done; but there is usually a wide interval between the first conception of an invention and its practical realisation. Brunel, though possessing a good knowledge of mechanism, and capable of mastering the intricacies of any machine, was not himself a practical mechanic; and it is probable that, but for the help of one possessing this qualification, his invention would have borne no practical fruits. At this stage he was so fortunate as to be introduced to the late Henry Maudslay, inventor of the slide-rest, by which the whole conditions of practical mechanism have in our time become completely revolutionised. Maudslay then carried on his works in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, where Brunel first called upon him. He brought first a drawing of one little piece of the proposed machine, and then another, until at the third visit Maudslay exclaimed, on looking at the drawing, 'Ah! I see what you are thinking of; you want machinery for making blocks.' At this Brunel became more communicative, and explained his intentions to the mechanic, who proceeded
to

to work out the inventor's conceptions and embody them in a practical machine.

In 1801 Brunel had his working model ready for inspection by the Lords of the Admiralty, and the whole subject was referred for inquiry and report to Sir Samuel Bentham, who then filled the office of Inspector-General of Naval Works. Sir Samuel had himself applied his mind for many years to the invention of machinery for working in wood—such as sawing-machines, planing-machines, and also block-making machines. Thus the specification of one of his patents, taken out in 1793, clearly describes a machine for shaping the shells of the blocks, in a manner similar to that afterwards specified by Brunel.* Bentham had even proceeded with the erection of a building for the purpose of making blocks at Portsmouth, the necessary steam-engine being already provided; but on Brunel's model being shown him, with a singular degree of candour and generosity he at once admitted its superiority and promised to recommend its adoption by the Admiralty. This he accordingly did, and Brunel was authorised to proceed with the construction of the requisite machinery. This occupied nearly six years, and the manufacture of blocks by the new process began in September, 1808. It was a long time for Brunel to wait for his reward, and he was put to much expense in the interval. The result of the improved machinery was, however, very satisfactory. The blocks were better made, supplied with much greater rapidity, and executed at a greatly reduced cost. It was found that ten men, by the new machinery, could perform the work which before had required a hundred and ten men to execute, and that it could turn out in a year not fewer than 160,000 blocks of various kinds and sizes, worth 54,000*l*.

The remuneration to be paid to Brunel was also referred to Sir Samuel Bentham, who advised that the savings of only one year's manufacture should be paid him; and, after careful inquiry, the amount calculated on this basis was 17,663*l*. Bentham himself testified to the honesty of the accounts rendered by Brunel, as appears by the following passage in his journal of the 18th March, 1810:—‘At work all day on Brunel's accounts; find that he has made them out with every appearance of the fairest, most honourable intentions; he has given lumping sums *against* himself, but has taken no advantage without stating it.’† The amount awarded

* It is true the block-machinery as erected does not correspond with that described in Bentham's specification; but neither does it resemble that described in Brunel's; and this shows how much Brunel owed to Maudslay in carrying his designs into practical execution.

† ‘Life of Sir Samuel Bentham.’ By his Widow. 1862.

was paid to Brunel at different times, and in addition a grant of 5000*l.* was afterwards made by the Government to the engineer at a period when he was labouring under serious pecuniary difficulties. But as the annual saving to the nation by the adoption of the block-making machinery continued to increase, and exceeded in each year the whole amount paid to him, the reward must be regarded as altogether inadequate to the value of Brunel's services in perfecting his invention and placing it at the service of the nation.

During the time that the block-machinery was in progress, Brunel was busy with various other schemes, in the midst of which his only son was born at Portsmouth on the 9th of April, 1806. The father continued to direct his attention principally to wood-working machinery, taking out patents for sawing timber, for cutting veneers, and for other improvements in saw-mills. He supplied the Government with designs for a saw-mill for the Ordnance department at Woolwich, and afterwards planned and superintended the erection of the extensive machinery for sawing and dressing timber in the ship-building yard at Chatham. Besides designing works for others, he also designed them for himself, and diverged from the business of an engineer to enter on that of a manufacturer. He started two concerns about this time—one an establishment for manufacturing shoes by machinery, and another for sawing timber on a large scale; but both proved unfortunate: for it must be confessed that, with all his cleverness, Brunel did not possess the commercial faculty. Inventors are not always the best manufacturers, and it is possible that their very inventiveness may stand in the way of their exercising that plodding application and persistency which are so necessary to success in business; just as the thorough-bred steed is found to draw a loaded waggon far less effectively than the humble but hard-working cart-horse.

Brunel's biographer alleges that he invented his boot and shoe machine from a patriotic motive, namely, to supply our soldiers with those articles 'independent of the shoemaker's wax and thread, and the contractor's cupidity and knavery.' However this may have been, Brunel tried hard to secure a large Government contract for his boots and shoes. He took care, in the first place, to secure a patent for the machinery, by means of which the upper leathers were to be fastened to the soles by 'metallic pins or nails.' The machinery was, no doubt, very ingenious; but, notwithstanding Mr. Beamish's assertion that 'the superiority of the shoes, as regarded durability, finish, and cheapness, was unexampled,' we must take leave to express a doubt whether

whether they were at all equal to shoes made in the ordinary manner. If they had been really superior, no Government opposition could possibly have prevented a general demand for the article. Mr. Beamish says, 'A large order was issued by the Government, which was completed within the time stipulated; but unfortunately for Brunel, when everything was in full activity, and the workmen had become familiar with their work, the war had come to an unlooked-for termination; the Government no longer required the aid of the shoe-machinery; while Brunel, relying too implicitly on the moral obligation by which he believed the Government to be bound, continued to incur the heavy liabilities connected with a manufactory in full operation. The consequences were serious. A large stock of shoes, for which there could be no demand, was accumulated, and financial difficulties arose from which Brunel was unable to emancipate himself.'

It is always easy for over-sanguine projectors to lay the blame on Government. It is clear that the Government, in this case, were under no moral or other obligations to take shoes which they did not need. It is admitted that the order actually given was completed, and that the shoes delivered to order were paid for, and Brunel's business was either to look for a market elsewhere for his superior shoes, or to stop their production. If he went on manufacturing shoes which nobody would buy, that was his own fault, and not the fault of 'the Government.' But the shoes were probably inferior to hand-made shoes, otherwise they would have driven the latter out of the market. Brunel's patent has long since expired, and his invention is now free to any capitalist who may choose to take it up. But it is known to have been a failure; and other shoemaking machines which have been invented as improvements upon it have failed like it. The last speculation of the kind was wound up but the other day in the Court of Bankruptcy.

The Battersea Saw-Mills were started in 1808, and in the hands of an energetic man of business would probably have succeeded. But Brunel left the pecuniary arrangements to partners incompetent to manage them, and the concern fell into inextricable confusion. The calamities of the firm were brought to a climax by a fire which broke out upon the premises in 1814, and destroyed the greater part in two hours. Only the right wing of the building, containing the steam-engine, was saved. Brunel immediately sought for means to repair the loss, and the premises were partly rebuilt; but his capital had been destroyed, and he had besides incurred heavy debts. He submitted his affairs to a City banker, who pronounced the accounts prepared

prepared for him to be 'a most extraordinary jumble.' It appeared that Brunel had been in the practice of allowing a discount of 20 per cent. on the prices of the work done at Battersea,—a circumstance which the banker held to be a striking proof of the great depreciation in the credit of the concern. Mr. Brunel next resorted to the lawyers, who appeared only to increase his embarrassments. His City friend wrote to him, 'If you have ever been ill in your life, and depended on medical advice, fall down on your knees, and bless God that you had fewer doctors than you had lawyers about you. If that had not been the case, you might have been making sawmills on the other side of the Styx, or inventing a steamboat for old Charon.'

The crisis in Brunel's affairs was close at hand; in May, 1821, he was imprisoned for debt. Writing from the King's Bench Prison in July to his friend Lord Spencer, he said, 'I have now been in this distressed situation ten weeks. I summoned as much fortitude as possible to support the misfortune, but I find I can no longer bear up against what in the eyes of the world must appear a disgrace.' An appeal was made to the Government on his behalf, and a grant of 5000*l.* was made to him, in consideration principally of the savings which continued to be effected by the use of his block-machinery. He was thus enabled, soon after he had written to Lord Spencer, to return to the exercise of his calling.

The numerous inventions which Brunel continued to make and to patent, afford abundant evidence of his ingenuity and his industry. Indeed, invention seems to have been the normal state of his mind; it embraced a very wide field, taking in such different subjects as stocking-knitting machines and steam-engines, metallic paper, stereotype printing, and the treadmill. In 1816 he patented a tricoteur or knitting-machine, by which the whole of a stocking could be made in one piece, but it never came into use. Another of his inventions was crystallized tin-foil, which was extensively used some thirty years since, for ornamenting teacaddies, urns, lamps, and such like. Brunel, however, derived little advantage from it, as the invention was extensively pirated; and while the pirates actively pushed the sale of their goods, Brunel's firm was contented to wait for customers, who did not come. He also devoted much study to the improvement of stereotype plates; but other inventors shot ahead of him in this art, and it does not appear that he did more in this line than secure an unproductive patent.

In the department of engineering he was alike busy. He designed a bridge over the Seine at Rouen, but, after long negotiation, it was declined. He furnished an ingenious design of a bridge over the Neva at St. Petersburg, which was much admired;

admired; but the Czar desired it to be communicated to the engineer that circumstances did not favour the execution of his project, and that under the pressure of unforeseen and very considerable expenditure the imperial treasury could not commit itself to so costly an enterprise. He was more fortunate in his designs of two suspension bridges proposed to be erected in the Isle of Bourbon, which were accepted by the French Government. The bridges were constructed in this country, but their cost when completed—owing, it is alleged, to the misconduct of the contractors—greatly exceeded the original estimate: his biographer adds that ‘the same fatality which had already marred Brunel’s commercial prosperity was still found to cling to him.’ In addition to these designs he supplied plans of swing-bridges at the Liverpool Docks and of a landing-stage at the same place, the design of a suspension-bridge over the Serpentine, sundry improvements in the treadmill, and plans of machines for boring cannon at Amsterdam.

Like most inventors of his time, Brunel engaged eagerly in projects for the improvement of motive power. As early as 1810 he took out a patent with this object, proposing to employ the inclined hollow screw for the purpose of forcing atmospheric air into a vessel of *cold* water, from which it was to escape into an inverted funnel, thence to be conveyed through a pipe to another vessel containing *hot* water. In this vessel a bucket-wheel was to revolve; the air, conducted through the pipe and rarefied in its passage through the heated water, was to ascend beneath the buckets, and by its buoyancy give motion to the wheel, as water operates upon an overshot-wheel in the open air. But it does not appear that the invention was followed by any practical result. He also turned his attention to the subject of steam navigation, and experimented with a boat on the Thames fitted with a double-acting engine. When he made his first voyage with it to Margate, in 1814, he was threatened with personal violence by those connected with the sailing-packets, and the landlord of the hotel at which he first applied even refused to provide him with a bed. Some years later, in 1822, he took out a patent for improvements in marine engines and in paddle-wheels; but another scheme, which interested him more than all, was the substitution of gas for steam in the production of motive power. Science had no sooner made a discovery than Brunel followed it up by an invention; and when the result of Mr. Faraday’s experiments upon the liquefaction of gases was communicated to the Royal Society in 1823, our engineer immediately proceeded to patent his invention of a carbonic acid gas-engine. It had been established by the experiments referred to,

to, that this gas, when reduced to the liquefied state, could again be vaporised, and an intense pressure produced by the expenditure of a very small amount of heat. It therefore occurred to Brunel that, by the use of this liquefied gas, pent up within an ingeniously contrived apparatus, a very powerful engine might be produced. If the gas could be liquefied and vaporised alternately in the working of the machine, it was argued that the new power would be so cheap as completely to supersede the use of coal, water, and steam in the production of motive power. The most sanguine anticipations were entertained as to the results; but, as Brunel himself once said of another person's invention, 'Ah! my friend, it is very easy to invent a machine, but it is not so easy to make it *work*!' The Admiralty even went so far as to advance Brunel 200*l.* to aid him in working out his machine by the process of experiment. Orders for the engines were obtained from abroad, and the public waited anxiously for the advent of the new power. But in vain. After exerting his ingenuity for many years in trying to overcome the mechanical difficulties of the problem, it was discovered that, after all, water was cheaper than sulphuric acid and carbonate of ammonia; that steam was a more manageable power than carbonic acid gas; and thus 'the beautiful theory which had given so much promise, and been hailed as the harbinger of a new era in practical mechanics, was found incapable of realizing those economic conditions by which alone it could be rendered commercially valuable.'

The last grand scheme of our engineer, and, indeed, the crowning event of his life, though it afforded ample testimony to his skill as an engineer, was alike unfortunate in its commercial results. We allude to that extraordinary enterprise, the excavation and construction of the Thames Tunnel. The connexion of the counties of Kent and Essex by means of a roadway beneath the bed of the Thames had long formed the subject of speculation among projectors, just as the formation of a railway tunnel under the Straits of Dover does now. In 1798 George Dodd projected a tunnel under the river between Gravesend and Tilbury, the estimated cost of which was set at so low a figure as 16,000*l.*, but nobody seems to have believed Dodd, and his project fell to the ground. This Dodd was one of the most ingenious but unfortunate projectors of his day. He was the first to introduce steam navigation on the Thames. He had a vessel expressly built and fitted on the Clyde for the purpose, and brought round to London by sea. He was the first engineer of Waterloo Bridge, though he was superseded in that office by John Rennie. Amidst his projects he took to drinking,
became

became embarrassed in his circumstances, and was thrust by his landlord into the street. He was eventually brought before the Lord Mayor as a vagrant, and requested as a favour to be allowed to stay in Giltspur-street Compter, where he died.

The subject of a tunnel under the Thames was taken up and prosecuted by another engineer still more ingenious, and equally unfortunate in his end—we mean Trevethick, the inventor of the locomotive and high-pressure steam-engine. A Tunnel Company was formed in 1802, for the purpose of excavating an underground road between Rotherhithe and Limehouse, Mr. Vazie being the projector, and Mr. Trevethick the engineer. Several years passed before the works were begun; but in 1807 the driftway was driven under the bed of the river for a distance of 953 feet, when the roof broke in, and the workmen were ‘drowned out.’ Clay in bags was thrown into the hole, and the leak was thus plugged; when the pumping-engine was set to work the water was cleared out, and the driftway proceeded. Another and another deluge from the river flooded the work, which was at length abandoned after 165 feet more of the drifting had been excavated. The opinions of scientific men were now sought for; and amongst others Dr. Hutton, the mathematician, and Mr. Jessop, the engineer, were appealed to. The conclusion they came to in the matter is worthy of being quoted, for it has been fully borne out by the result. ‘Though we cannot presume,’ they said, ‘to set limits to the ingenuity of other men, we must confess that under the circumstances, which have been clearly represented to us, we consider that an underground tunnel, which would be *useful to the public and beneficial to the adventurers*, is impracticable.’

The subject was nevertheless revived in 1816 by a Mr. Hawkins, who promulgated a scheme for excavating the tunnel. Brunel was immediately attracted by the novelty, as well as perhaps by the difficulty of the undertaking, and his mind became occupied with the methods by means of which it could be carried into practical effect. While pondering the matter his attention was one day attracted by a piece of old timber lying in the dockyard at Chatham, which had been subject to the operations of that great destroyer of submerged timber, the *Teredo navalis*. On examining the little mollusc he found its head armed with a pair of strong shelly valves; and that with its proboscis fixed to the wood, and acting as a centre-bit, the shell working like an auger, it was thus enabled to bore its way with impunity. The mechanism of this insignificant sea-worm gave Brunel his first idea of the true method of excavating his tunnel, and to imitate its operations became for some time his chief study.

study. In 1818 he embodied the process in his specification of a patent for 'forming tunnels or driftways underground,' describing a machine of iron forming auger-like cells for the miners, afterwards called the shield. He proceeded to develop his ideas with reference to the Thames Tunnel project, and by the beginning of 1824 a sufficient number of persons had been interested in the scheme to form a company, and it was shortly after launched before the public. The estimated capital required for the work was 200,000*l.*, and nearly the whole sum was at once subscribed. The Act was obtained in the course of the same year, and Mr. Brunel was appointed engineer, at a salary of 1000*l.* a-year for three years, with the prospect of a reward of 10,000*l.* when the tunnel was completed. Operations were begun early in 1825, by the sinking and construction of a shaft 50 feet in diameter and 42 feet high on the Rotherhithe side of the river.

Among the many able engineers who were trained to difficult enterprises by the experience gained by them in the construction of this formidable work, one of the most prominent was the son of the engineer himself, young Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who entered upon his duties as assistant to his father when only nineteen years of age. At fourteen he had been sent to the College of Caen, in France; and after remaining there three years he had proceeded to the Lyceum of Henry IV. at Paris, where he spent two years more. In 1822 he presented himself for admission to the Polytechnic School, but was found ineligible in consequence of his English birth. After spending some time longer in France, enriching and storing his mind, he returned to England, and was immediately employed on the difficult work which his father had by this time undertaken.

After various incidents the shaft at Rotherhithe was built and sunk to the proper depth. The process employed was highly ingenious. The shaft, a cylinder of brick, was built complete on the surface, fitted at bottom with a strong iron curb, and then, by uniformly excavating the ground underneath, it was slowly and gradually sunk by its own weight to the required depth. The most difficult part of the operation was then begun—the driving of the tunnel under the bed of the river, horizontally from the bottom of the shaft. This was accomplished by means of the great shield, for want of which, or of some similar machine, all previous excavations had failed. It will readily be understood that the chief difficulty in executing the work consisted, not so much in the actual building of the tunnel, as in supporting the ground on the face of the excavation until the permanent brick-work could be erected. The method by which this difficulty

was overcome by the engineer exhibited his inventive capacity in its most striking light.

We have already stated that Brunel borrowed his idea of the shield from the insignificant *teredo navalis*; but it would perhaps be more correct to compare the instrument to a man, or number of men, with legs, each with a knee and ankle-joint, alternately stepping on in advance of the excavation, with arms to steady the whole fabric, and with a head to support the superincumbent earth, and raise or lower it as circumstances might require. The machine was divided into twelve distinct parts, each of which was competent to fulfil either of these duties, the parts being so arranged that they could perform the offices alternately, six of the divisions being employed in supporting the ground, while the other six were making their progress forward. The external dimensions of the shield were the same as those of the tunnel, twenty-two feet three inches in height and thirty-seven feet six inches in width, occupying a space of about nine feet deep in advance of the brick-work. The twelve frames were each about three feet wide, ranged side by side like so many volumes on the shelf of a library. Each of these was divided again into three by strong iron bars, thus forming thirty-six cells or boxes, which were as separate as if each had been a distinct drifting.

The area of ground to be penetrated in front of the shield was supported and secured by upwards of five hundred small boards termed polings pointed with iron plates and shod with screws three feet in advance of the work. These polings held up a surface of about eight hundred square feet, over a large portion of which the influence of the tide was distinctly felt. The advantage of dividing the front of the shield into small cells by the arrangement above indicated was, that the large front area of ground, to secure which as one surface would have been impossible, was thus divided into thirty-six faces, each of small area, which were worked down and secured separately by one or two men; and when, from unusual looseness of the ground in any of the respective faces, danger was apprehended, it was easy, by introducing boards between the frames, to cut off communication with the contiguous cells; and if any ground made its way into the boxes, then it was possible to stop and block up the run with brickbats and straw. In short, the shield might be compared to a horizontal cofferdam, of which the polings and the iron stars supporting the ground might be regarded as the sheet piles.* The whole weight of the shield was about two hundred

* For a complete description of the shield, illustrated by engravings, see the account by Mr. Henry Law, C.E., in 'Weale's Quarterly Papers on Engineering,' Parts IX. and X. 1845.

tons, but the pressure which it had to resist was upwards of a thousand tons; and there were but few parts of the frame which were not fractured by the tremendous pressure of the water which burst in upon the tunnel from time to time during the progress of the work.

In further explanation of the details of the shield, it may be briefly stated that each frame was supported on two jacks or legs, which also bore the pressure of the superincumbent ground. When the excavation had sufficiently proceeded, these legs, by a mechanical arrangement, were made to move forward by means of the knee and ankle-joints with which they were provided. Another important part of the shield was the arms or slings, auxiliary to the legs, by means of which the weight of any frame could be wholly thrown upon its two neighbours, while its own legs were thus entirely relieved from pressure. This expedient was found of great value when the ground on which any single frame stood was soft or loose, and unable of itself to support the superincumbent pressure, as well as to enable any particular frame to be removed from its place for the purpose of repairing it. Equally careful arrangements were made for the advance of the side plates by means of which the gauge of the tunnel was preserved and the excavation confined within its due limits, whilst the pressure of the water against the sides of the work was reduced to its minimum. It was also so contrived by the engineer that, under all circumstances, the frames should maintain their perpendicular position; and hence the powerful abutments with which the shield was furnished.

The first portions of the shield, manufactured by Maudslay, were lowered into their places in October, 1825; the remaining parts shortly followed, and on the 28th November the shield commenced its eventful march. It had already been discovered that the kind of soil dug through was altogether different from that represented by the surveyor; and instead of a stratum of strong blue clay,—silt, sand, and gravel, all pervious to and impregnated with water, were met with in varying strata. There was thus already a serious difficulty to be overcome by the engineer on which he had not reckoned, but respecting which he ought to have been better informed; and it will be found that to this circumstance the misfortunes afterwards encountered by him in the course of the undertaking were mainly attributable. At this early stage of the proceedings Brunel was necessarily subject to great excitement, which seriously affected his health. He obtained relief by the application of many leeches to his head, and he slowly recovered, but only to undergo fresh anxiety and to be subject to renewed attacks of his old enemy.

By the end of 1825 the shield had entered into undisturbed ground, free from water, and the first section of some seven feet of the double archway was completed. Irregularities in the strata shortly after began to show themselves; and when 14 feet had been completed the water burst in with considerable force; the pumping-engine became deranged, the works were stopped, and the water rose 12 feet in the shaft. The engine having been set to work, the excavation again proceeded; but the anxieties of all concerned in the undertaking were great. Brunel himself was again confined to bed; Armstrong, the principal resident engineer, broke down; and the whole direction of the undertaking devolved upon young Brunel, who exhibited a rare degree of skill, courage, and energy in contending with these terrible difficulties. The excavating and building went forward at the rate of about 8 feet a-week; and by the middle of May, 1826, upwards of 100 feet had been executed.

The work went on for months with varying success, often interrupted by bursts of water through porous strata, and requiring the exercise of unremitting vigilance on the part of the engineers and workmen to keep it back. Water and silt were constantly coming in, and often the battle had to be renewed many times in the course of each day. Young Brunel was always at the post of the greatest danger, sometimes remaining there for several days in succession, taking sleep only by snatches on the stage of the shield. No constitution could long endure such fatigue, and we are not therefore surprised to find that he was laid up for days together. Then his father took his place, frequently remaining all night in the frames. To add to these anxieties the directors began to grumble at the unexpected difficulties encountered, and the increased cost incurred in carrying on the work. Brunel, to his great chagrin, was even charged by the chairman with having misled the subscribers and inveigled them into the undertaking. To reduce the expenses the number of superintendents was limited, and a system of piece-work was introduced, against which Brunel protested in vain. Inferior class labourers, principally Irish, were taken on, whose unhandiness greatly hampered the engineer's proceedings. The work was so new to them and so incomprehensible, that when they observed any unusual activity among the miners—any sudden gush of sand or rattling of gravel upon the frames—their energies became completely paralysed, except for flight.

As the excavation advanced towards the middle of the stream the perils of the undertaking increased. There was but little solid ground between the works and the river; pieces of coal, brickbats, stones, bones, glass, and china—in fact the scourings of the

the Thames bottom—frequently dropped into the frames. The bed of the river was examined by means of a diving-bell, and the soil was found so loose at one part that an iron pipe was readily pushed down into the frames. On the 18th of May, 1827, as the tide rose, the ground seemed as though it were alive. The water was pressing in at all points, and it was not long in entering. Occasional bursts of diluted silt were followed by an overwhelming flood of slush and water, which soon drove all before it. The men, forced out of the shield, fled towards the bottom of the shaft. The water came on in a great wave, threatening to sweep them back under the arch by its recoil against the circular wall of the shaft. The lowest flight of steps was reached, and the recoil wave surged under the men's feet. They hurried up the stairs of the shaft, and it was thought that all of them had come in, when the cry was raised, 'A rope! a rope! save him! save him!' Some unfortunate workman had been left behind, and was seen struggling in the water. Young Brunel, seizing a rope, slid down one of the iron ties of the shaft, reached the water, passed the rope round the man's body, and he was immediately drawn up. It proved to be old Tillett, the engine-man. The roll was then called, and every man answered to his name, but the Tunnel works were for the time completely drowned.

On examination of the bed of the river from the diving-bell, a large hole was found extending from the centre of the tunnel excavation to a considerable distance eastward. Measures were taken to fill up the opening with saltpetre bags filled with clay, so laid as to form an arch in the bed of the river immediately over the work. A raft loaded with clay was also sunk, but this expedient not answering it was removed, and more bags of clay were sunk instead. After this operation of lining the bed of the river with clay had been persevered in for nearly a month, and about 30,000 cubic feet of clay had been thrown into the hole, the pumping was resumed. The water was thus gradually cleared out of the shaft, and it became practicable to examine the state of the work from the inside in a boat. The shield was found in its place, but an immense mass of silt and gravel filled the tunnel in front of it. The details of the proceedings which followed are related by Mr. Beamish with circumstantial accuracy, and occasionally with great vigour. In some parts of the biography there is little more life than in a lay figure; but here, where Mr. Beamish speaks out of the fulness of his knowledge—having been engaged upon the work as one of the assistant engineers—he becomes animated and even eloquent in his descriptions.

By the 10th of November following, the Tunnel had again been

so far cleared of water that young Brunel determined to give a dinner in one of the arches to about fifty friends of the undertaking; while above a hundred of the leading workmen were similarly regaled in the adjoining arch. The band of the Coldstream Guards enlivened the scene, and the proceedings went off with great *éclat*. The celebration had, however, been premature; and the young engineer had been 'hallooing before he was out of the'—water. For in two months the Thames again burst in, owing in some measure to the incautiousness of young Brunel himself, and the river held possession of the Tunnel for several years. The circumstances connected with the second flooding are so well told by Mr. Beamish that we quote his narrative of the catastrophe:—

'On the morning of Saturday the 12th of January I came on duty at six o'clock, but was detained aboveground in writing out orders for the men who had been most exposed to wet, to allow them to receive warm beer, with a little gin mixed, as had become the usual practice. I had scarcely completed the last order, when a strange confused sound of voices seemed to issue from the shaft, and immediately the watchman rushed in, exclaiming "The water is in—the Tunnel is full!" My head felt as though it would burst—I rushed to the workmen's staircase; it was blocked by the men; with a crowbar I knocked in the side-door of the visitors' staircase; but I had not taken many steps down when I received Isambard Brunel in my arms. The great wave of water had thrown him to the surface, and he was providentially preserved from the fate which had already overwhelmed his companions. "Ball! Ball!—Collins! Collins!" were the only words he could for some time utter; but the well-known voices answered not—they were for ever silent.

'In the earnest desire to make progress, some of the precautions which experience had shown to be so important were unfortunately omitted; and Isambard Brunel, calculating upon the tried skill, courage, and physical power of some of the men coming on in the morning shift (particularly Ball and Collins), ventured, at high water, or while the tide was still rising, to open the ground at No. 1. According to his own account, given to me that day, upon the removal of the side-shoring the ground began to swell, and in a few moments a column of solid ground, about eight or ten inches in diameter, forced itself in. This was immediately followed by the overwhelming torrent. Collins was forced out of the box, and all the unflinching efforts of Ball to timber the back proved unavailing. So rapid was the influx of water, that had the three not quitted the stage immediately they must have been swept off. A rush of air suddenly extinguished the gas-lights, and they were left to struggle in utter darkness. Scarcely had they proceeded twenty feet from the stage than they were thrown down by the timber now in violent agitation, for already had the water nearly reached as high as Isambard's waist. With great difficulty he extracted his right leg from something heavy which had fallen upon

upon it, and made his way into the east arch. There he paused for a moment to call for Ball and Collins, but, receiving no answer, and the water continuing to rise, he was compelled to consult his own safety by flight. Arrived at the shaft, he found the workmen's staircase, which opened into the east arch, crowded. The morning shift had not all come down; the night shift had not all come up; added to which, those who had succeeded in placing themselves out of danger, forgetful of their less fortunate companions, stopped and blocked up the passage. Unable to make his way into the west arch and to the visitors' staircase, which was quite clear, owing to the rapidity with which the water rose, Isambard Brunel had no alternative but to abandon himself to the tremendous wave, which, in a few seconds, bore him on its seething and angry surface to the top of the shaft. With such force, indeed, did the water rise, that it jumped over the curb at the workmen's entrance. Three men who, finding the staircase choked, endeavoured to ascend a long ladder which lay against the shaft, were swept under the arch by the recoil of the wave. The ladder and the lower flight of the staircase were broken to pieces. We had then to mourn the loss of Ball, Collins, Long, G. Evans, J. Cook, and Seaton. . . . Isambard Brunel was found to have received internal injury as well as severe abrasion in the knee-joint, and was confined to his bed for months.'

The funds of the Tunnel Company were by this time exhausted; and it was determined to make an appeal to the country for the means of finishing it. A subscription-list was opened, and 18,500*l.* promised; but this sum was a mere 'flea-bite,' and the works remained suspended. The only hope which remained was that the Government would take up and prosecute the undertaking as one of national importance and utility. At length the Ministry consented to make a loan of 246,000*l.* for the purpose of enabling the Tunnel to be completed, and the first instalment was advanced in December, 1834. The water was then pumped out of the Tunnel, and the works were re-commenced, after having been at a standstill for a period of seven years. A new shield, of excellent construction, was supplied by the Messrs. Rennie, which was satisfactorily placed in position by the 1st of March, 1836. But the difficulties of the undertaking were not yet entirely overcome; the river broke in again and again—three times in twenty weeks, within a distance of only twenty-six feet; but by perseverance and skill the water was ultimately mastered, and the work was at last brought to a completion, and opened to the public on the 25th of March, 1843.

It was the engineer's last work. When the Tunnel was approaching completion, Brunel had a slight stroke of paralysis, from which he gradually recovered, but with his physical powers seriously shaken. In his diary of proceedings connected with
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the engineering operations, which had been penned up to that time in a fine copperplate-like French hand, there occurred the words, written after his recovery, evidently with shaking fingers, 'Thank God, the Tunnel is done!' The anxiety and excitement of so many years were at an end; but he himself was left a wreck. While the work was going on (and it went on by night as well as by day), he ordered that he should be wakened up every two hours during the night, and informed of the progress made. His house at Rotherhithe was close to the works, and on a bell within his bedroom being rung from below, he got up, struck a light, examined the portion of soil sent up the tube for his inspection, and after writing out instructions to the workmen, and making an entry in his record, he went to bed again. Mrs. Brunel afterwards stated that, for months after the Tunnel was finished, she used regularly to waken up every two hours, and her husband with her.

Mrs. Brunel shared all her husband's anxieties, and many of his labours. Writing in his journal, at the age of 76, he said, 'To you, my dearest Sophia, I am indebted for all my success.' And in another place, amidst the entries relating to the Tunnel works, occurred these words: 'On this day, 42 years since, was I united to Sophia Kingdom, now Lady Brunel;' for in 1841, amidst his other honours, he was raised to the dignity of knighthood. Even in his old age he retained all the sentiment of his youth, and continued to treat Lady Brunel as a lover rather than as the aged partner of his forty years of hardships. The terrible trials of their early life had endeared them to each other in an unusual degree; their affection had been confirmed and strengthened by their subsequent struggles; and while blessing the day that first brought them together, the old man would tenderly take her hand and lift it to his lips. He exhibited much of the graceful politeness of the old French school, which well suited his kindly and affectionate nature. Yet he was on the whole a disappointed man, and, notwithstanding his unquestioned ingenuity and indefatigable perseverance, it must be admitted that, excepting the block-machinery, his undertakings did not prove successful in a pecuniary sense. His biographer confesses that he was defective in the business quality, and that he placed his pecuniary interests 'in the hands of those whose want of capacity, or equivocal integrity, more than once brought him to the verge of ruin.' The Thames Tunnel, though its completion was highly honourable to the engineer, as a commercial adventure proved disastrous to all concerned in it. It cost more than double the original estimate, and was next to useless when made. All these things, doubtless, preyed upon the mind of the engineer; yet, though merely

merely vegetating in his later years, he lived to an old age, expiring at his house in Park Street, Westminster, on the 17th December, 1849, in his 81st year.

The elder Brunel, towards the close of his life, was proud to watch the rising celebrity of his son. We have seen how energetically Isambard assisted his father in carrying on the works of the Tunnel, down to the year 1828, when he was severely injured by the terrible irruption of the river. He worked by his father's side for five years, sharing his labours and anxieties, taking part in his experiments connected with the carbonic gas engine, and gathering experience of the most valuable kind even from failures and defeats. He had been an expert mechanic almost from a boy, when he distinguished himself by his carvings in ivory. He had also acquired considerable dexterity in the handling of tools, while working with M. Breguet, the celebrated chronometer and watch maker at Paris, in 1821. He was thus enabled readily to execute any models which he required, either in wood or iron. He had besides well learnt what his father termed 'the alphabet of the engineer'—the art of rapid and accurate drawing; and withal he was a ready calculator, a sound mathematician, and generally well grounded in the practical sciences.

When the Tunnel works were brought to a stand by the irruption of 1828, young Brunel sought employment in other undertakings: and we shortly after find him appointed engineer to the Clifton Suspension Bridge Company. With the assistance of his father, he prepared the design of a suitable structure for crossing the river Avon. The Clifton Company were, however, unable at that time to raise the requisite funds to build the bridge; but the design was afterwards adopted, with modifications, in the Suspension Bridge of the same span erected across the Thames at Hungerford, in 1845—one of the most airy and graceful bridges on the river. Even while we write, it is in process of removal, to give place to a much less picturesque structure—the bridge intended to carry the Charing Cross Railway; and the chains are to be re-suspended at Clifton, on the site for which the design was originally made. Mr. Brunel succeeded in obtaining various other engineering employments. He superintended the construction of docks at Bristol and Sunderland, and laid out several tramways for the accommodation of collieries in Gloucestershire and South Wales. This last kind of occupation probably had the effect of directing his attention to the line of engineering in which he was principally employed during the remainder of his life.

By the beginning of 1830 the Liverpool and Manchester
Railway

Railway was in full operation. The success of the locomotive engine had become matter of fact; and a strong desire existed throughout the country for the extension of railways, more especially to connect the larger towns with London. Numerous projects were shortly set on foot with this object; amongst others the Great Western Railway Company was organised in 1833, though the Act was not obtained until the year 1835: of this undertaking Mr. Brunel was appointed the engineer. He was only about 28 years old at the time, but he was skilful, ingenious, full of resources, and ambitious to distinguish himself in the higher walks of his profession. Indeed, from an early period he seems to have resolved to strike out an entirely new course in railway engineering. For this he was much criticised, and by some severely blamed. But it is only fair to take into account the position of railway enterprise at the time when Mr. Brunel entered upon this part of his career. The only passenger line of any importance actually at work was the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The London and Birmingham and Grand Junction schemes were in progress; but their object was to serve districts different from that penetrated by the Great Western line. Nor was it at that time anticipated, except by a few far-seeing men, who were then thought unreasonably sanguine in their expectations, that railways would be extended in all districts, and become not only the highways but the byeways of traffic throughout England. When George Stephenson was asked what gauge should be adopted on the Leicester and Swannington and Canterbury lines, without a moment's hesitation he pronounced in favour of the gauge of the Stockton and Darlington, and Liverpool and Manchester lines. 'Lay them down 4 feet 8½ inches,' he said; 'though they are a long way apart from each other now, depend upon it they will all be joined together some day.' But many persons then regarded Stephenson as an overheated enthusiast about railways, though events proved that his enthusiasm was but the far-sighted judgment of a man of unusually strong common sense.

Mr. Brunel, for reasons which appeared to him and his friends conclusive at the time, determined not to adopt the gauge of the railways which had until then been laid down. He held that it was too narrow for the accommodation of passenger trains run at high speeds, though it might sufficiently answer the purposes of coal and merchandise traffic. Mr. Brunel believed that greater safety, as well as freedom from oscillation, would be secured by providing a broader base for the support of the carriages, while it would give greater scope for developing the powers of the locomotive engine; and that by improving the
gradients

gradients throughout the whole line, and avoiding sharp curves, he would be enabled to maintain the highest practicable velocity. These considerations formed the basis of his plan of the Great Western Railway.

The line was constructed of the unusual gauge of seven feet. The gradients were extremely good. The rails were laid on continuous bearings throughout, the width of the road enabling it to accommodate powerful engines and large carriages. It is true, experience has served in a great measure to diminish the force of the considerations which induced Brunel to depart from the plans of construction adopted by the Stephensons. The locomotive engine has been so much improved of late years, both in power and compactness, that it is now ascertained that a wider gauge than 4 feet 8½ inches is unnecessary. But such was not the case when the Great Western line was laid out; and the improvement of the locomotive itself has been, in no small degree, accelerated by the stimulus given to it by the bold innovations of the Great Western engineer. The line must, on the whole, be regarded as a great, and, in many respects, a novel enterprise, carried out in the comparative infancy of railways. The engineer had not only to construct it, but to defend his plans almost inch by inch. Indeed, no enterprise of the kind has been the subject of such furious contention, battles amongst the shareholders, and battles in Parliament; the chief of all, as everybody knows, having been the battle of the gauges.

The directors themselves seem early to have had misgivings as to the expediency of the changes introduced by their engineer; and in 1838, while the line was still under construction, they invited several engineers of eminence to advise with them on the subject. Robert Stephenson and James Walker declined to do so, but Nicholas Wood and John Hawkshaw consented. Both sent in reports, which concurred in recommending the adoption of the narrow or established gauge in place of the broad or exceptional one. Mr. Hawkshaw clearly pointed out that the existing gauge had originated in experience, and that the men whose practical knowledge of railways had been the greatest, saw the least occasion for its alteration; that three-fourths of England was being traversed by the narrow gauge, and it would be a great evil if the Great Western district were to be isolated from all the great lines in its neighbourhood; that nothing was to be gained by increasing the width of the gauge, whilst much might be lost by unnecessary expenditure of capital in the first place, and by driving traffic in other directions in the next; and, under these circumstances, he strongly urged that, as only twenty-two miles of the railway had been laid down at the date
of

of his report, that portion should be forthwith converted into narrow gauge, and the remainder executed of the same width. Mr. Hawkshaw's recommendations were of no avail. Mr. Brunel, Mr. Babbage, and Mr. Russell Gurney opposed their adoption by the Company; Genius, Science, and Eloquence carried the day; Mr. Brunel assured the shareholders that the broad gauge was the best gauge, and that the Great Western 'could have no connexion with any other of the main lines of railway.' On a division, the shareholders endorsed the recommendations of their engineer, and the controversy was for a time put an end to by the completion of the Great Western as a broad gauge railway.

Years passed, and railways of a different gauge met Mr. Brunel's line at many points. Mr. Brunel himself was the engineer of various lines of narrow gauge, thereby admitting its practical sufficiency for railway traffic. The break of gauge eventually came to be viewed in the light of a public calamity. The intervention of Parliament was even called for, and a Royal Commission was appointed to take evidence, and report on the subject, which they did in 1846. But it was too late to remedy the evil. While an actual saving of capital would have been effected by the adoption of Mr. Hawkshaw's recommendation eight years before, it was now found that the alteration of the Great Western lines from the broad to the narrow gauge would cost upwards of a million sterling.

How was this amount to be raised? By the shareholders or by the public? The question was, indeed, felt to be surrounded with difficulty; and all that the commission did was to recommend the future restriction of the broad gauge lines to their own district. Since that time something has been done to remedy the original evil. The mixed gauge—that is, the narrow gauge within the broad—has been adopted, and is gradually extending. The most recent application of this plan has been between London and Reading; and the proprietors of the Great Western Railway will probably have to make up their minds before long to extend the narrow gauge to Bristol, if not throughout their entire system.

The Great Western Railway was built in all respects according to Mr. Brunel's plans, and the works were executed on a scale of great magnificence and, it must be added, of unusual costliness. In designing the bridges along the line, he displayed the skill of an architect as well as of an engineer. Some of these structures are characterised by much grandeur of conception, and form fine objects in the landscape, from whatever points they are seen. The Wharncliffe viaduct over the Brent, near Hanwell, 880 feet in length, is a remarkable instance of successful architectural invention.

invention. It is supported by eight elliptical arches of seventy feet span, with a spring of eighteen feet in the centre. Gigantic square columns rise in pairs from a broad square basement; each pair, united at the top by bold architraves, forming the single pier from which the arches spring. The design is throughout handsome and consistent; the whole structure imparting the idea of massiveness and power, but without heaviness or inelegance.

The bridge at Maidenhead was a still more remarkable effort, so daring as almost to expose the engineer to the charge of rashness. It would seem as if he had here created a difficulty for the express purpose of showing how he could overcome it, for there was no necessity for making the main arches of the extraordinary width and flatness which he gave to them. The bridge consists of ten brick arches, the two principal being each 128 feet span, with a spring of only 24 feet 3 inches. They are said to be the widest and flattest arches ever constructed of bricks. And when it is considered that these bricks are of the insignificant size of only $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and that each of the enormous spans has to carry not only its own weight, but its proportion of the road, and railway trains running over it at high speeds, it will probably be admitted that a design so bold and perilous is one rather to be marvelled at than followed. Indeed, before the work, was finished, the crowns of the arches exhibited signs of displacement; one of them had to be rebuilt down to the haunches, and it became necessary at last to form an arch of solid concrete of considerable thickness over the brick voussoirs, which do not therefore support the structure by virtue of their own resistance, as might be supposed.

Various other works of a formidable character occur on the Great Western line, including a tunnel of nearly two miles under Box Hill, and others of lesser magnitude, a stone viaduct near Bath of sixty-five twenty feet arches, and numerous bridges, cuttings, and embankments, all of which were executed with eminent skill and success. In laying down the permanent road, Mr. Brunel adopted several altogether new methods. For instance, the longitudinal timbers on which the rails were laid were made to rest upon the heads of piles driven deep into the road. But this proving to be a faulty method of construction, the heads of the piles were sawn off, and much valuable timber was thus left buried in the road. These experiments, though costly, were not without their use, and even the errors committed in laying down the Great Experimental Railway—as the line came to be called—proved of use to other engineers by enabling them to determine what methods safely to follow as well as what

what to avoid. In the mean time Mr. Brunel became famous as an engineer; and when the demand arose for further railways, he was largely and profitably employed. The South Wales, the Bristol and Exeter, the South Devon, the Cornwall, and other lines in connection with the Great Western system in the Western and Midland districts, were mainly laid out by him and constructed after his plans.

The South Devon Railway was in many respects an unfortunate undertaking,—unfortunate for Mr. Brunel himself as well as its proprietors. It was projected in 1844, about which time the plan of working railways by atmospheric pressure began to attract the attention of scientific men. Instead of hauling the trains along the railway by locomotive power, it was proposed by the new system to impel them by a piston working in a tube previously exhausted of its atmospheric air by the action of stationary steam-engines. Messrs. Clegg and Samuda had patented a very ingenious arrangement with this object, which at once attracted Mr. Brunel's attention and secured his approval.* It seemed to him to present a ready method of working railways of much steeper gradients than the locomotive was capable of surmounting; and to his mind it appeared to combine the essential advantages of economy, safety, and convenience. He had been engaged as the engineer of an Italian railway designed to connect Genoa with Turin and Milan, one part of which must necessarily surmount, by a steep incline, one of the passes of the Apennines; and it occurred to him that this elegant and apparently effective method of securing power was exactly suited for his purpose. Numerous experiments were made with the atmospheric apparatus laid down on a part of the West London Railway at Wormwood Scrubs; and their success was such as to induce the directors of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway to adopt this method of haulage upon their branch line between Kingstown and Dalkey. About the same time Mr. Brunel recommended its adoption by the Croydon Company and by the South Devon Company, of which last he was the engineer. He also appeared in Parliament as its strenuous advocate, in opposition to the Newcastle and Berwick locomotive line of the Stephenson.

Mr. Brunel by no means stood alone in advocating the superiority of the atmospheric principle in railway working. It was countenanced by the Government engineers, and Sir Robert

* Sir Isambard Brunel was equally captivated by the invention; and he proposed to apply it in working not only passengers, but horses, carriages, and goods, up and down the shafts of the Thames Tunnel, as well as through the Tunnel itself.

Peel greatly favoured it. Mr. Vignolles, Sir William Cubitt, and other engineers of eminence, appeared as its supporters before Committees of Parliament. But it was met by equally strong opposition, especially by the Stephensons, who held that the atmospheric railway was but a repetition, under more difficult conditions, of the fixed engines and ropes of the early coal railways; and a series of battles was fought over the atmospheric system, almost as fierce as those over the gauges. Mr. Brunel displayed the greatest adroitness under the legal and technical cross-questioning of counsel to which he was exposed, and his ready application of facts rarely failed him. He failed, however, in carrying his atmospheric railway through Northumberland, but he succeeded in South Devon. In confident reliance on the 'principle,' the line authorized in the latter district was provided with unusually large tubes and powerful stationary engines; and it was constructed of such steep gradients as to be worked with difficulty by the locomotive engine, which was supposed to be discarded. In further proof of his perfect faith in the soundness of the atmospheric system, Mr. Brunel invested about 20,000*l.* of his savings in the undertaking.

It is not necessary to describe the progress or rather no-progress of the South Devon Railway, for it proved a complete failure so far as the atmospheric tubes were concerned. The construction of the line cost nearly double the estimate, whereas the revenue fell short by nearly one-half. The gross receipts barely covered the working expenses; and in the last year of the atmospheric working, the expenditure was even in excess of the income. In April, 1848, by which time many railway companies had fallen into difficulties, one of the shareholders described himself and his fellows as 'the most unfortunate proprietors of the most unfortunate railway in the kingdom.' The great cause of failure in the scheme was the impossibility of maintaining a vacuum in the tubes. It will scarcely be credited that the powerful engineer was baffled by enemies so contemptible as field-mice, which feasted on the tallow and ate away the leather which formed the continuous valve, so that it could not be kept air-tight. Rain, frost, and sunshine also acted injuriously on the valve; and though putty-men, with pots and spatulas, followed each train, the maintenance of a working vacuum was found to be impracticable. The result was, that, after a loss of nearly half a million in money, the atmospheric tubes were all pulled up to give place to the locomotive engine. The failure of the scheme was a source of great grief to Mr. Brunel. He was ready to acknowledge that he had made a mistake, which, though disastrous to the shareholders, had proved equally so to himself.

Unhappily,

Unhappily, the loss to the company did not end with the removal of the tubes; for, owing to the original defective construction of the railway, they were saddled with a line of bad working gradients for all time to come.

The last and greatest of Mr. Brunel's engineering achievements in connexion with railways, were his bridges at Chepstow and Saltash,—the one to carry the South Wales Railway over the Wye, and the other to carry the Cornwall Railway over the Tamar. The latter bridge was finally opened by Prince Albert in 1859. Both structures are erected on the same principle, being what are termed 'bowstring girder' bridges. The dimensions of the Saltash Viaduct greatly exceed those of the Britannia bridge over the Menai Strait. It consists of nineteen arches, seventeen of which are from 70 to 93 feet span, and two main central spans each 455 feet wide. As in the case of the Britannia bridge, the Government opposed the erection of any structure that should offer interruption to the navigation of the Tamar; and the engineer was therefore under the necessity of framing his plans so as to meet the requirements of the case. Hence the grand feature of the Saltash bridge, which consists of two immense arched tubes of wrought iron, spanning the stream as it were at one gigantic leap of 910 feet. The outer ends of these tubes rest on the two main stone piers at the water's edge, and their inner ends on a columnar pier in the centre of the river hereafter to be described. Suspension chains hang down from the summits of these piers in a segment of a circle, supporting the roadway to which they are bolted. The longitudinal beams forming the road are further supported by long-linked tension chains suspended from the arched tubes, and rendered rigid by vertical struts and diagonal bracing. The chains and tubes thus act as a double bow, the bridge being a combination of the tubular and suspension methods of construction, possessing the strength of the former with a saving of not less than 25 per cent. in the weight of iron employed. An idea of the Cyclopean character of the work may be formed from the fact that each of the tubes from which the longitudinal beams are suspended, weighs upwards of a thousand tons! The length of the viaduct and bridge is nearly half a mile, or 300 feet longer than the Britannia bridge.

The greatest difficulty which Mr. Brunel had to encounter in carrying out this great work was in securing the foundations for his central pier. At the Menai bridge Mr. Stephenson found ready-made foundations for his main tower in the exposed Britannia rock, conveniently situated nearly in the centre of the strait, whereas the rock on which the central pier of the Saltash bridge was founded is not less than 90 feet beneath the surface—the

the depth of water being about 70, and of mud and gravel about 20 feet. The founding of a solid pier at so great a depth would have been regarded as altogether impracticable less than twenty years ago, and so difficult a feat has only been rendered possible by the improved expedients of practical science. The process adopted by Mr. Brunel was similar to that employed by Mr. Hughes in getting in the foundations of the new railway bridge at Rochester,* but on a much more formidable scale. An immense wrought-iron cylinder, 37 feet in diameter and 100 feet high, weighing 300 tons, was sunk perpendicularly over the spot where it was intended to set the foundations of the pier. From this cylinder, so sunk, the water was partly pumped out at the top; after which the process was reversed, and the remaining water was forced out at the bottom by a pneumatic apparatus worked by a steam-engine. Under this severe pressure the workmen were enabled to excavate the mud and gravel to a great depth, and at length to lay the foundations of the pier upon solid rock, 90 feet beneath the surface of the river. The pressure under which the men worked was not less than 38 lbs. to the inch; and although many of them were seized with cramp, fainting, and insensibility, and one man suddenly died on being first subjected to it, yet when their systems had become inured to the work, they could continue the excavation within the cylinder for several hours at a time with comparatively slight inconvenience. At last, the solid column of granite was built up within the tube, and upon it were set the four iron columns of the central pier. They are each 10 feet in diameter and 100 feet high, weighing 150 tons apiece. The erection of the pier, the floating and raising of the arched tubes, the fixing of the suspended platform, involved great toil, anxiety, and peril; but the whole was at length satisfactorily finished after about six years' labour, and the bridge opened for traffic in 1859. The Saltash viaduct is confessedly one of the most successful, as it is one of the most economical and at the same time one of the largest structures of the kind that has yet been erected.

Like his father, Mr. Brunel was always ready with an expedient to meet any difficulty that might arise in the exercise of his profession, though his range of contrivance was not perhaps so great, nor his ingenuity of so original a character. Thus, during the Crimean war, he went out to Turkey to organise the hospitals on the Dardanelles, which he effected with eminent ability, and on his return to England we find him devising an iron-plated

* See 'Quarterly Review' for July, 1858, art. 'Iron Bridges.'
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armed ship capable of withstanding the fire of the Sebastopol forts.* But the distinction which Mr. Brunel attained as a naval engineer was principally in connection with the commercial marine. He had, like his father, early turned his attention to the improvement of steam-ships, taking an active part in many of his experiments; and as the engineer of the Great Western Railway, it was natural that he should put forth his best efforts to render its western terminus at Bristol the principal station for the departure and arrival of Transatlantic steamers. Only a few years before, the practicability of making a voyage to New York by steam had been strongly disputed, and Dr. Lardner proved to his own satisfaction that the thing was impossible. Even Sir Marc Brunel, though very speculative in the matter of steam-boats, when requested in 1824 to allow his name to appear as superintending engineer of a steamer proposed to be built for the purpose of plying to and from the West Indies, declined on the ground that, in his opinion, steam would never do for distant navigation. Yet after the lapse of some twelve years we find his son constructing steam-ships capable not only of making a voyage to the West Indies, but to the Antipodes—the ‘Great Britain’ steamer being now engaged in plying between England and Australia.

Mr. Brunel was appointed engineer of the Steam-Ship Company started at Bristol in 1836, and it was under his auspices that the ‘Great Western,’ propelled by paddle-wheels, and the ‘Great Britain,’ propelled by a screw, were there constructed. Both vessels were designed and built by Mr. Patterson, the eminent Bristol shipbuilder, while to Mr. Brunel was entrusted the arrangement of the motive power. The size, not less than the efficiency of these vessels, rendered them the wonder of their day. Indeed, the ‘Great Western’ was so large, that when finished it was found necessary to take down one side of the dock-entrance to let her out to sea! The ‘Great Britain,’ which followed, was bigger still, being in respect of tonnage double the size of her predecessor. But before many years had passed these vessels were themselves thrown into the shade by the ‘Great Eastern,’

* Captain C. P. Coles submitted his plans, since adopted in the American ‘Monitor,’ to Mr. Brunel in 1855. After thoroughly entering into the matter, Captain Coles says, ‘he assured me that I had hit on the right thing, and generously added that he had himself been devising a vessel for the same purpose, but that mine was so superior to his own he should think no more of it. He did more than this—he assisted me in my calculations, and gave me the aid of his draughtsmen. When I asked him what I was indebted to him for this, he said, “Nothing,” for he had the greatest pleasure in helping a naval officer who was trying to benefit his country. I shall always remember his generous conduct as well as his parting words, “Go on, persevere, and you will succeed.” They have, indeed, often cheered me under the greatest discouragements.’—*Letter in the ‘Times.’*

in which Mr. Brunel combined the powers of the paddle-wheel and the screw, and succeeded, with the aid of Mr. Scott Russell, its builder, in bringing to completion and launching the largest ship that has ever floated. These vessels were all excellent specimens of steam-ship construction, and though they might embody no idea altogether novel, and proved failures in a commercial sense, it is unquestionable that they exercised much influence on the progress of steam navigation. The 'Great Eastern' was Mr. Brunel's last great engineering work, and there is little reason to doubt that his health was seriously undermined by the zeal and anxiety with which he devoted himself to its completion. By a singular coincidence, he went on board the Great Ship for the last time on the very first day when it could be said she was ready for sea. The 'Great Eastern' did not, however, leave her moorings for another week, during which interval the engineer was seized with paralysis, and he expired while the vessel was moving down the river to start upon her calamitous voyage to Holyhead.

Although Brunel died at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, it is even matter of surprise that he lived so long. He had more perilous escapes from violent death than fall to the lot of most men. We have seen that at the outset of his career, when acting as assistant-engineer to his father in the Thames Tunnel, he had two narrow escapes from drowning by the river suddenly bursting in upon the works. Some time after, when inspecting the shafts of the railway tunnel under Box Hill, he was one day riding a shaggy pony at a rapid pace down the hill, when the animal stumbled and fell, pitching the engineer on his head with great violence: he was taken up for dead, but eventually recovered. When the Great Western line was finished and at work, he used frequently to ride upon the engine with the driver, and occasionally he drove it himself. One day, when passing through the Box tunnel upon the engine at considerable speed, Brunel thought he discerned between him and the light some object standing on the same line of road along which his engine was travelling. He instantly turned on the full steam and dashed at the object, which was driven into a thousand pieces. It afterwards turned out to be a contractor's truck which had broken loose from a ballast-train on its way through the tunnel.

Another narrow escape which he had was on board the 'Great Western' steam-ship, where he fell down a hatchway into the hold, and was nearly killed. But the most extraordinary accident which befel him was that which occurred while one day playing with his children. Like his father Sir Marc, he was fond of astonishing them with sleight-of-hand tricks, in which he displayed considerable

able dexterity; and the feat which he proposed to them on this occasion was the passing of a half-sovereign through his mouth out at his ear. Unfortunately, he swallowed the coin, which dropped into his windpipe. The accident occurred on the 3rd of April, 1843, and it was followed by frequent fits of coughing, and occasional uneasiness in the right side of the chest; but so slight was the disturbance of breathing, that it was for some time doubted whether the coin had really fallen into the windpipe. After the lapse of fifteen days, Sir Benjamin Brodie met Mr. Key in consultation, and they concurred in the opinion that most probably the half-sovereign was lodged at the bottom of the right bronchus. The day after, Mr. Brunel placed himself in a prone position on his face upon some chairs, and, bending his head and neck downwards, he distinctly felt the coin drop towards the glottis. A violent cough ensued, and on resuming the erect posture he felt as if the object again moved downwards into the chest. Here was an engineering difficulty, the like of which Mr. Brunel had never before encountered. The mischief was purely mechanical; a foreign body had got into his breathing apparatus, and must be removed, if at all, by some mechanical expedient. Mr. Brunel was, however, equal to the occasion. He had an apparatus constructed, consisting of a platform which moved upon a hinge in the centre. Upon this he had himself strapped, and his body was then inverted in order that the coin might drop downward by its own weight, and so be expelled. At the first experiment the coin again slipped towards the glottis, but it caused such an alarming fit of convulsive coughing and appearance of choking, that danger was apprehended, and the experiment was discontinued. Two days after, on the 25th, the operation of tracheotomy was performed by Sir Benjamin Brodie, assisted by Mr. Key, with the intention of extracting the coin by the forceps, if possible. Two attempts to do so were made without success. The introduction of the forceps into the windpipe on the second occasion was attended with so excessive a degree of irritation, that it was felt the experiment could not be continued without imminent danger to life. The incision in the windpipe was, however, kept open, by means of a quill or tube, until the 13th of May, by which time Mr. Brunel's strength had sufficiently recovered to enable the original experiment to be repeated. He was again strapped to his apparatus; his body was inverted; his back was struck gently; and he distinctly felt the coin quit its place on the right side of his chest. The opening in the windpipe allowed him to breathe while the throat was stopped by the coin, and it thus had the effect of preventing the spasmodic action of the glottis. After a few
coughs

coughs the coin dropped into his mouth. Mr. Brunel used afterwards to say that the moment when he heard the gold piece strike against his upper front teeth, was, perhaps, the most exquisite in his whole life. The half-sovereign had been in his windpipe for not less than six weeks.

There can be no question as to Mr. Brunel's accomplished skill and energy as an engineer. His life showed that he was a man capable of grappling with the most difficult enterprises. Indeed, he seemed to love difficulties so much that he not unfrequently chose the most difficult manner of overcoming them. Whatever was fullest of engineering perils had the greatest charms for him. That which was easy was comparatively uninteresting, and its execution could be matter of surprise to no one. In other hands the construction of a railway between London and Bristol would probably have been as uninteresting as that of the Eastern Counties. But in Mr. Brunel's the Great Western Railway became the subject of animated controversy in and out of Parliament for years. A Royal Commission sat upon its exceptional gauge; engineers, philosophers, orators, and pamphleteers,* ranged themselves on opposite sides; and the Great Western line thus gained an extraordinary prominence in the railway world.

Notwithstanding Mr. Brunel's great engineering skill, it is to be doubted whether he possessed much of the genius of an original inventor. He took up a principle already established, and pushed it further, exhibiting in a striking light the development of which the ideas of others were capable. His ruling idea was magnitude; he had an ambition to make everything bigger than he had found it. Thus he found the railway gauge 4 feet 8½ inches, and he increased it to seven feet, thereby involving wider tunnels, more expensive works, and a heavier equipment in working stock. So in the atmospheric railway, he found the tube in use on the Dalkey railway fifteen inches in diameter, and on the South Devon line he doubled it. Then in steamships, his 'Great Western' was nearly double the power and tonnage of any previous steamer; the 'Great Britain,' which followed, was double the tonnage of the 'Great Western;' and the 'Great Eastern' exceeded in size all that the most imaginative shipbuilder had conceived to be possible. It was a race of bigness run against himself as well as others. But in the case of

* It was upon this occasion that Mr. Henry Lushington, a man of rare gifts, published two pamphlets in favour of the broad gauge, which, as his biographer truly states, were regarded by all who read them as masterpieces of controversial and forensic ability. See 'The Italian War, &c.: Three Essays, by the late Henry Lushington, with a Biographical Preface by G. S. Venables.' Cambridge, 1859.

the 'Great Eastern' steam-ship, as of the Great Western Railway, it is not probable that Mr. Brunel's example will be followed; for it is now pretty well understood that ships, like railways, may be made *too* big, at least for those who own them.

Notwithstanding the want of success which attended Mr. Brunel's principal undertaking, he was well supported throughout by the monied interest. The shareholders in the Great Western Railway not only readily found the capital which he required to carry out his splendid ideas with reference to that line, but they presented him with a handsome testimonial in acknowledgment of his genius. Though the 'Great Western' steam-ship proved a commercial failure, he had no difficulty in finding capitalists to enable him to build the 'Great Britain' at a still greater sacrifice; and still again, to project and bring to completion his magnificent idea of the 'Great Eastern' steam-ship. But for Mr. Brunel's personal qualities, this re-establishment of confidence in him after repeated failures had not been possible. His ideas were always of the grandest kind, for he was a man of lively imagination, and his designs were such as readily to take people captive. He was the very Napoleon of engineers, thinking more of glory than of profit, and of victory than of dividends. He would do everything on the most splendid scale, and was alike ambitious of making the best possible steam-ship and the best possible railway. Even capitalists were fired by his enthusiasm, and subscribed to his projects freely. Moreover he believed in them himself, and was perfectly in earnest when advocating them amongst his friends. While asking others to subscribe, he did not himself hold back; but put his own savings alike into his atmospheric railway and his 'Great Eastern' steamer. It is true he greatly exceeded, in most cases, the estimates on the strength of which shareholders were induced to subscribe capital to his undertakings. But this is a common fault on the part of modern engineers; and it is one to which the elder Brunel was himself obnoxious:—

'It has been made matter of censure,' writes Mr. Beamish, 'that Brunel never adhered to an original estimate. The charge was urged at an early period by the Government, and more or less echoed by individuals ever after; but this charge can scarcely be considered just. In many instances those who consulted Brunel had such limited conceptions of their own requirements, that they were led to anticipate a corresponding limit in the cost of the work which they sought to have performed; but where, with Brunel, excellence was the object, his suggestive and comprehensive mind adduced an expansion [of ideas in his employers, and, as a consequence, a desire to realise results which they never could have contemplated. These enlarged views demanded further thoughts and more elaborate designs, but going so far beyond the

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the original notions, they left an impression of Brunel's extravagance: when, however, the real object was to secure completeness, then were the suggestions of Brunel accepted in all their integrity, without disappointment or regret.'

Such an explanation as this may be satisfactory to engineers, but it cannot be otherwise than exasperating to shareholders, who find they have to pay so much more for their finished undertaking than they originally bargained for; and when an engineering estimate turns out to be a delusion, as it often does, it is very natural to suspect that it was originally intended as a snare. In the case of Brunel, however, it is impossible to doubt the good faith of the engineer; if shareholders suffered, he suffered with them. The public at large have certainly no ground of complaint; for it is unquestionable that both railway travelling and steam navigation were greatly advanced by the speculative ability of Mr. Brunel, and the spirit and liberality with which he was supported by the shareholders of the great undertakings for which he acted as engineer.

ART. II.—1. *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, 1846-1861.

2. *The Seaboard and the Down*. By an Old Vicar. 1860.

3. *Handbook for Travellers in Kent and Sussex*. 1858.]

SUSSEX, or, as the name denotes, the land of the South Saxons, has seen changes as strange as any of our counties. It is difficult to approach in idea to what it must have been just eighteen centuries ago, when three parts of it were an impenetrable forest, inhabited by our painted, half-naked forefathers; when the sea washed hills which have long since become surrounded by dry land, and fields, now the glory of the husbandman, teemed with ocean life, and when many an acre, now covered by the waves, formed part of the English soil. *Imagination* sees St. Paul here, as at Athens, finding altars to unknown gods, and declaring Him whom we 'ignorantly worshipped.' His 'Pudens,' who 'saluted' Timothy, was not impossibly the courtier of a Sussex viceroy, as his 'Claudia' may have been the fairest of Sussex virgins.* Whatever may be said of Professor Airy's opinion

* We have already ('Quarterly Review,' vol. xcvii.) narrated the Sussex legend of Claudia and Pudens, and have given a full account of the curious inscription, found at Chichester in the early part of the last century, which forms so important a link in the chain of possibilities by which the story hangs. Authentic history does not inform us whether St. Paul ever landed in the British isles, but some have thought that the Pudens mentioned in his Epistle to Timothy was the senator of that name, in whose house St. Peter lived and taught at Rome, and

opinion that Cæsar twice landed on the shores of Sussex, *History* dimly sees Vespasian subjugating its savage tribes, making Regnum, the future Chichester, his head-quarters; and three great Roman roads, with their military stations, traversing the length and breadth of the district, whilst its 'high hills' bristled with earthworks and encampments.

Descending to Saxon times, we might tell how the county became an independent, though the smallest, kingdom of the Heptarchy, and how it possessed a line of princes of its own,—of which Ælla, who landed here, as Hengist and Horsa did in Kent, may be accepted as the founder,—till it became merged by Ceadwalla in its powerful western neighbour Wessex, whose king, Egbert, united England under his consolidating rule. We might dwell on the great doubtful battle-field of Mercredesbourne, in which Ælla finally pushed the Britons eastwards—could we tell our readers where it was, or give them any more satisfactory information regarding its name than that it was probably at a rivulet between Eastbourne and Birling Gap, called after one Mercrede—and we might dilate on the siege and storm of the strong old city Anderida, the site of which, although now fixed with all but certainty at Pevensey, has been claimed by no less than seven Sussex towns. Later, we may glance with more of historic confidence—though not even here without some admixture of legendary exaggeration—at Bishop Wilfrid, whose beauty arrested the arm of the executioner who had beheaded by his side Delphinus, Bishop of Lyons,—Wilfrid, now attacked by Sussex wreckers, and now avenging himself on the inhospitable pagans by converting them to Christianity; at good King Edilwalch too and his wife Eaba, who granted seven hides of land at Selsey for an endowment of the first Sussex bishopric. Later still, we learn how Earl Godwin obtained the broad acres of Bosham; and how Harold made them his home, and died gloriously on 'the Battaile field'; how William II. invested Pevensey; how the Empress Maud was received at Arundel Castle by Adeliza the Queen Dowager; how the great battle, in which Henry III. was completely defeated by his Barons, was fought at Lewes, and by-and-by the 'Inquisitions of rebels' were held; and then how the county grew more loyal, and royal progresses in it became rife; how Henry the Eighth was entertained at Michelgrove, Edward the Sixth at Petworth, Queen Elizabeth at Cowdray, and George the First at Stanstead; how badly it fared in the days of the

and whose curule chair of ivory and gold is still preserved within the great throne of bronze, by Bernini, in St. Peter's church. This interesting relic is known by the name of St. Peter's Chair. Its existence was denied some years ago by Lady Morgan, who wrote a long paper on the subject.

Great

Great Rebellion with many a loyal Sussex town and fortress; and how, in our own days, Brighton has risen to prosperity under royal patronage.

As regards the characteristics of Sussex,—although it has never vied with Northamptonshire in the beauty of its churches, nor with Leicestershire in the richness of its pastures—though it cannot compare with Hampshire in its trout-streams, nor with Lincolnshire and Norfolk in their princely farms—though it has no Snowdon, no Grassmere or Ulleswater—yet it possesses features peculiarly its own. Petworth for a subject's palace, Arundel, Lewes, and Pevensey for feudal fortresses, Battle and Bayham for venerable abbeys, Cowdray and Up Parks for sylvan beauty, may not easily be matched. No other county can show such an extent of sea-board fringed with such an acreage of rich alluvial soil, such forests of oak, and birch, and beech, such delicious uplands, and hill-side scenery. No county has given birth to a race of more intrepid mariners, of hardier shepherds, of more enduring husbandmen. Where else will you find such snug homesteads, and such picturesque farmhouses, with their quaint gables and deep dark roofs of Horsham tiles? Its many flocks and herds—the current coin* of patriarchal times—lead us back to the first ages of society, and invest it with a character of primeval simplicity. And although it has now fallen behind in manufactures, its iron-foundries and glass-houses for many years gave an impulse to an extensive and thriving trade. Even now its furnaces have left themselves impressed in the county nomenclature: in many parts we meet with ‘hammerponds’ to remind us of the ‘incessant noise’—a striking contrast certainly to their present solitude—‘which night and day,’ as Camden tells us, ‘echoed all over the neighbourhood, when the meadows were converted into lakes and pools to turn mills, to move hammers to work iron.’ Its eastern parts abound in ironstone. The balustrades around St. Paul's were made of Lamberhurst iron;† and the first iron cannon that were ever cast in England came from the furnaces of Buxted. But its great woods, which served for fuel, were not inexhaustible; nor did the private profit countervail the public loss occasioned by their destruction.‡ Pit-coal began to be supplied in the North in infinite quantities and at less expense: then uprose the great national establishments of Lancashire and Yorkshire; the trade of the county fell off, and with it the population. The parish registers—there was no

* Half of Lamberhurst is in Sussex.

† ‘When under public good base private gain takes hold,
And we, poor woful woods, to ruin lastly sold.’

Drayton, ‘Polyolbion,’ the 17th Song.

census then—show that, between 1630 and 1700, it dwindled from 131,000 to 98,000. In 1851 the population amounted to upwards of 336,000.

The county is not without its great names in Church and State. In Sussex were bred or born John Peckham, Robert Winchelsey, Thomas Bradwardine, Thomas Arundell, and William Juxon: of no other county can it be said, observed Fuller, that it has sent forth five Archbishops of Canterbury. To Sussex also we owe a divine, who would have been, had he lived, a worthy leader of the English Church—Hugh James Rose, Principal of King's College, London,* whose stout heart, and wise head, and eloquent tongue, the Church has sorely missed during the struggles and difficulties and errors of recent years. Sir Edward Dalyngruge, the founder of Bodiam Castle, was present at Crecy and Poitiers, and was one of the most successful 'knights adventurers' of his time. Thomas Sackville, Baron Buckhurst, the poet and diplomatist, was Lord High Treasurer, Sir J. Jeffery Chief Baron, and Sir William Pelham of Laughton the Irish Chief Justice, to Elizabeth. John Selden in himself is worth a host; Edward Gibbon lies buried at Fletching, under* a mausoleum erected by his friend Lord Sheffield; and the pious Leighton at Horsted Keynes. Shelley was born at Field Place. Sir Edward Sugden, now Lord St. Leonards, whose brief chancellorship will not be readily forgotten, resided near the forest from which he takes his title. In Sussex also (says Lord Campbell) ex-Chancellor Erskine 'bought an estate, which turned out an unfortunate speculation, for it produced nothing but stunted birch-trees, and was found irreclaimable.' Nor do the ten Protestants burnt at one fire at Lewes, and seventeen at other places, during the episcopacy of Bishop Christopherson, of whom Fuller quaintly observes, that though 'he had much of Christ in his name he had none of Him in his nature,' less deserve a place among the worthies of the county. The three brothers Shirley too, of Wiston, were famous in their generation, and their adventures the admiration of Christendom; Anthony, whom we find successively in opposite quarters of the globe—in Africa, Jamaica, and Persia, and Russia, in Germany, and Morocco, —and occupying a diplomatic position in every court in Europe: Robert, who strove to establish commercial relations with Persia, and whose fine portrait, by Vandyke, adorns the Petworth collection; and Thomas, imprisoned at Constantinople, and in the Tower, then bankrupt and heart-broken, and selling

* Born at Little Horsted, 1795; died 1838.

Wiston to pay his creditors. In few counties moreover have the great places changed hands seldomer. The Howards and the Sackvilles, the Fienneses, the Pelhams and the Ashburnhams, the Percys and the Montagues, have been for many generations the lords of the soil, and inseparably identified with Arundel and Buckhurst, with Hurstmonceaux, Stanmer, and Laughton, with Ashburnham, Petworth, and Cowdray.

We have said that Sussex cannot vie with other counties in the beauty of its churches. Yet let not its pretensions be underrated. If deficient in some of the seven periods of the ecclesiologists,* it is fruitful in undoubted Saxon specimens; and the *Lancet* is the peculiar characteristic of the parochial chancels. The Western division is said to contain more examples of this than any other county. Take as specimens of the first (1066-1145) Worth, with its external stringcourse masonry supported by pilasters, which gives us probably the most complete ground-plan extant of any Saxon church; and Sompting and Bosham; of the latter (1190-1245), Climping and Ditchling, parts of West Tarring, and Fletching, with its graduated nave. Old and New Shoreham, Steyning, and Newhaven, almost a copy of Yainville sur Seine, and unique for its eastern apse, projecting from the tower, without any intermediate chancel, are fine specimens of the Norman; as are of the Transitional, Piddinghoe and parts of Broadwater, Eastbourne and Bishopstone, with its baluster-windowed tower. In the Geometrical, ranging from 1245 to 1315, and the Perpendicular (1360-1550), the county is undoubtedly poor; yet even here it can boast, in the former period, of Pevensey, and St. Thomas at Winchelsea, with its fine Aland tombs; and in the latter, of Arundel and Pulborough, Poynings, with its central tower, and Mayfield, which St. Dunstan, according to the popular superstition, shouldered into its proper 'orientation,' whilst in the curvilinear (1315-1360), it has produced Etchingham (built by Sir W. de Etchingham) and Alfriston. The dates and styles of the Sussex churches may be thus classified; it is more difficult to group them, as regards their materials, forms, and contents. Thus, in some parts of the county, we find them built of flints and chalk, in others of sandstone, and in some wholly of shingle. In some we have them cruciform, in some the *towers* are round, in some the *apses*, whilst in the eastern division spires are more frequent, 'to enable them,' it is said, 'to be seen above the woods.' Generally they consist of nave, chancel, and west tower, but in

* See Willis's 'Architectural History of Chichester Cathedral.'

some the tower is central ; in a few eastern, while several add a north and south transept, and some either a north or south aisle, or both. Shingled steeples are a general feature.

Few tracts present such scenes of interest for the ornithologist as the cheerless flats of Pagham, or the levels of Pevensey. Not to mention the grand, heroic eagle-owls of Arundel ; or the stately heronry at Parham ; or the raven's clump at Petworth ; or that dainty morsel, the unsociable wheatear, never seen to flock, and never met with west of Arun, or the multitude of other migratory birds whose marvellous instincts and annual habits may be better noticed here than anywhere else—what strange visitors of uncommon plumage may not here be met with ! If Mr. Markwick has been too sanguine in reckoning golden eagles among the number, at least the sea eagle has been seen or taken at Hollycombe, Rottingdean, and Pevensey. That grand bird the great bustard can hardly be said to have been long extinct, for Gilbert White himself observed it on the Downs ; and five-and-twenty years ago it was undoubtedly seen at Blatchington ; while, of the *Falconidæ* the merlin in the vast woods, the hobby on the vaster bleak sea-shingle, and the peregrine in the cliffs, are common denizens. And who shall number the *Natatores* : the ospreys and the golden-eyes, the hoopers and brent-geese, the pochards and scaup-ducks, which the hard winter presses periodically into the great feeding-grounds and quiet resting-places of Pagham ? Let us go for these to the fascinating pages of Mr. Knox, and hold our breath as we learn to stalk them under his guidance.

Sussex has never lacked faithful men of letters to do her honour. Among her antiquaries the palm must undoubtedly be awarded to Sir William Burrell. As we turn over those fifteen folio volumes of MSS. which he bequeathed to the British Museum, we actually seem to have before us all the indentures, pedigrees, and manorial records which the county could ever have possessed. Mr. Dallaway, Mr. Cartwright, and Mr. Tierney have laboured skilfully in the same cause ; Mr. Horsfield has written on the entire county ; whilst Mr. Blaauw's and Mr. Lower's contributions on detached county subjects, but of more than local interest, are very profitable reading : we know of nothing more pleasantly told than the 'Battle of Hastings' by the latter. The works which stand at the head of our article furnish still more recent evidence of the interest which Sussex topography and archaeology excite. The 'Collections' of the Sussex Archaeological Society now extend to thirteen goodly octavo volumes. They are among the best and most interesting works of the sort with which we are acquainted, and will supply invaluable materials

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to the future historian of the county; for a good and complete history of Sussex is still a desideratum. Nor must we forget an useful compendium on the attractions of its seaboard by the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott. Mantell's account of the Sussex geology is of course known and prized by all.

After all this, will it not be said, What an Elysium must Sussex be! It appears to possess, as the advertisers say, every requisite for either residence or investment. But are you sure there are no drawbacks? Yes, one,—with all our love for it, we must admit it has,—MUD; and this said mud is really a more serious thing than would at first sight appear. Fuller complained in the sixteenth century of the badness of its roads.* Defoe, after travelling through all the counties, tells us that the road from Tunbridge was the 'deepest and dirtiest' in all that part of England; and hereabouts it was, not far from Lewes, that he describes a sight which he had never seen in any other part of England, 'that going to church at a country village he saw an ancient lady, and a lady of very good quality, drawn to church in her coach with six oxen, nor was it either frolic or humour, but mere necessity.'† The Handbook (p. xxxiii.) cites a very lamentable account of the journey (in 1708) of Prince George of Denmark from Godalming, through the Sussex mud, to Petworth, to meet Charles VI. of Spain. 'The last nine miles of the way,' says the reporter, 'cost us six hours to conquer them.' At a later date, Horace Walpole‡ calls Sussex 'a fruitful county, but very dirty for travellers, so that it may be better measured by days' journeys than by miles; whence it was, that in a late order for regulating the wages of coachmen at such a price a day's journey from London, Sussex alone was excepted, as wherein shorter way or better pay was allowed.'

In these days of railroads, express trains, excursion trains, mail trains, parliamentary trains, luggage trains, and special trains, there is no great difficulty in making a tour in Sussex, without any very great outlay of expense or time. It was different in the good old times when the mud of the county generally, and the clay of that part of it called the Weald in particular, once covered entirely with forest (wald), was a proverb, and a caution to all those whose business or pleasure led them into that terrible slough of despond. Not much more than one hundred years ago, 'the Judges in the spring circuits dared venture no further into the county than to the border towns of Horsham and East Grinstead to hold their assizes, leaving it to jurymen,

* 'Worthies of England,' title 'Sussex.'

† 'Tour through Great Britain,' by a Gentleman, (ed. 1724), vol. i. pp. 59, 60.

‡ 'Letters to Montagu,' ed. Cunningham, vol. ii. p. 178.

prosecutors, and witnesses who lived in the county, to find their way to those places as best they could.' In 1771 Doctor John Burton, who wrote a journal of his travels, asks the following question of his friend:—'Why,' says he, 'is it that the oxen, the swine, the women, and all other animals, are so long-legged in Sussex? May it be from the difficulty of pulling the feet out of so much mud by the strength of the ankle that the muscles get stretched as it were, and the bones lengthened?' The Reverend Doctor does not like the dinners better than the roads; he says, 'they also cook a certain lump of barley-meal, looking much like mud itself, and hardened like iron, offering it at meals instead of bread: these you will find universally.' Notwithstanding their long legs, the Doctor says, 'you would probably admire the women if you saw them, as modest in countenance, and fond of elegance in their dress, but, at the same time, fond of labour, and experienced in household matters, both by nature and education better bred and more intellectual generally than the men.'

Nor have things much mended even now, so far as the country roads are concerned. The soil is too discouraging, the stone on the spot too bad, the good stone at a distance too expensive to 'carry,' so that the Highway Act remains a dead letter in most of the parishes, transgressed and impotent. This ungenial quality of its soil seemed to Dr. Burton to infect the manners of its gentry, whom he describes as 'armigeros incultos simplicesque, patriarcharum ritu in Bucolicis atque Georgicis unicè versatos, moribus et institutis, perinde ac operibus, rusticos; tum disciplinæ Academicæ tum urbanitatum vestrarum Londinensium prorsùs rudes.'* Although the squirearchy of Sussex no longer merits this aspersion, if it ever did, we still incline to believe that an unusual Arcadianism pervades the manners, and something Bœotian the intellects, of the lower orders; the result, it may be, of all this mud, and hill, and bog, and forest: of which Bœotian element the recent acquittal by a Sussex jury of the murderer of the poor Chichester student, in the teeth of the judge's perspicuous statement of the law, is by no means the least precious specimen.

Strange, that the county which, next perhaps to Kent, has had the greatest opportunities for civilization, is one which, whether we look at the number of its uncultivated acres, or the wildness of its scenery, or the primitive manners of its people, must be reckoned (in many portions of it) as still among the least advanced in England; whilst it is an historical fact that it was among the last parts of the island which embraced Christianity.

The district known generally as that of the 'South Downs,'

* 'Iter Surriense et Sussexiense,' p. 58.

and to the natives as 'the hill country,' though perhaps strictly extending only from Eastbourne to Shoreham, may be said, in a popular sense, to occupy a portion of the county from the Hampshire border on the west to Eastbourne on the east, of some fifty or sixty miles in length, with an average width of not more than from five to six. It is intersected (for it is a characteristic of the chalk formation to have transverse fissures) by four principal rivers, the Adur, the Arun, the Ouse, and the Cuckmere; each traversing from north to south a valley of its own, and having the peculiarity of both rising and terminating within the county. Its northern escarpment is everywhere the highest, reaching in some parts to nearly 900 feet above the sea-level; whilst its general configuration is that of a succession of graceful undulations.

We know not a more tranquillizing scene for the overwrought brain to rest upon than the prospect from the Downs on a fine summer day—the true Copley Fielding landscape; here the many twinkling smiles of ocean, always a feast to look upon; there the slow-yoked oxen, with their peaceful pace and low-bent necks, teaching us, in these fevered days of steam and electricity, a very lesson of patience and humility; there the bleating flocks, browsing the sweet short pasture, with their minutest wants cared for, and their least wanderings restrained, by that ever watchful and sagacious guardian, who, though Colonel Hamilton Smith may not have honoured him with a page among his canine worthies, lives and breathes so beautifully under the touch of a Landseer and a Devis*—the English sheep-dog.

Gilbert White† observed this remarkable peculiarity—that 'from the westward of the Adur all the sheep have horns, smooth white faces, and white legs. As soon as you pass that river, and mount Beeding Hill, all the flocks at once become hornless, or, as they call them, poll-sheep, and have, moreover, black faces with a white tuft of wool on their foreheads, and speckled and spotted legs; so that you would think the flocks of Laban were pasturing on one side of the stream, and the variegated breed of Jacob were cantoned on the other. If you talk with the shepherds on the subject, they tell you that the case has been so from time immemorial, and smile at your complacency if you ask them whether the situation of these breeds might not be reversed.' Mr. White, if he were now alive, would be led to think differently; but, be this as it may, that slender boundary has separated the two districts known as East and West Sussex, as to the manners of its humbler classes, as effectually, it has been said, as some mountain range or trackless forest.

* A local artist celebrated for his sketches of rural scenes.

† 'Natural History of Selborne' (ed. Jesse), p. 172.

No allusion to the great county characteristic—its beautiful flocks—would be complete without mentioning the respected name of John Ellman, who not only did more than any other single person to improve the Southdown breed, which in consequence of that improvement has now spread widely over the country, but who also raised the whole character of Sussex husbandry, which, according to Arthur Young,* had not, in his earlier days, one feature of excellence to recommend it.

Nature has given to Sussex an unkindly soil, which the resources of art, aided by the enterprise of even such landlords as the late Duke of Richmond and the Earls of Egremont, Chichester, and Sheffield, have not overcome. Parts of it, however, must be excepted—as, for instance, the rich loam of the sea-coast around Littlehampton and Bognor, the ‘garden of Sussex’ (many parishes in which grow forty bushels of wheat to the acre), and the fertile clay of the range which intervenes between the Weald and the Downs. Even the Weald—a considerable portion of which was not many years ago pronounced ‘incorrigible,’ where the farmers are poorest—now produces handsome crops of wheat, besides excellent crops of clover and winter tares. It might, probably, also grow root-crops. Wealden clay, however, is essentially a wheat soil; to it the farmer gives all his manure, besides a summer’s fallow, though this, when too much trusted to, has been called ‘dressing with the ploughshare.’ Much has already been done for the county by draining, under-draining, the cultivation of roots, the use of modern machinery and suitable manures; and when the farmer has thrown down the useless fences, grubbed-up the worse than useless ‘shaws,’ which now (to use an expressive local phrase) ‘house in’ his small enclosures, taken out single trees, which are more injurious than a whole wood, and brought his inferior pastures into cultivation, he will find things still better for him. The changes we have mentioned, together with the Poor Law Amendment Act and the cessation of smuggling, have already most materially improved the condition of the peasantry.

The upper portion of the chalk formation, which comprises the Downs, is separated, geologically, into two divisions: the first containing the chalk with flints and the chalk without flints (the latter characterised by a finer texture and grayer colour); the lower strata comprehending, in well-marked deposits, the chalk, marl, and firestone, which, again, rest on a bed of gault and lower green-sand. These strata have been evidently all deposited in the basin of an immense and profound ocean, teeming with countless forms of animal life, whose fossil remains,

* The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture.

found in the most perfect state of preservation imaginable, testify to the gentle and gradual operation of that great process of Nature which, in remote ages, consolidated them.

As we get further into the county, other great geological formations engage our attention. Throughout the north and east runs a vast bed of clay, or marl, known as the Wealden clay, undergirded by a bed of sand, in which the ironstone was found; the one remarkably favourable for forest-timber, and holding the Sussex marble; the other for its picturesque, though barren, appearance; and both showing by their organic remains that they have been produced by the action of river currents, and not by the waves of the ocean; whilst on the south of the Downs, and up the valleys and levels of the rivers, occur still newer deposits. Thus, beginning with the lower and most ancient strata, we have the iron-sand, including the beds of ironstone, the Hastings, Tilgate, and Ashburnham beds (the highest point in which is Crowborough Hill), then the Weald or Oak Tree clay, containing embedded within it twenty different sorts of shells, fishes of a peculiar character, reptiles of various genera, including tortoises, crocodiles, and other saurians (of which the most remarkable is the herbivorous *iguanodon*), together with some remains of the order of wading-birds, though, as yet, no bones of mammalia have been observed in it. The vegetable remains are chiefly ferns, cycadææ, and coniferæ. Above the Wealden comes the chalk, and over it again the tertiary formation, showing Stonehenge sandstone (large boulders of siliceous sandstone frequently found among the hills); the plastic clay (of which the Castle Hill at Newhaven, and Chinting Hill near Seaford, are good specimens); and, lastly, the London clay. To these succeed, finally, the newest deposits, comprising the diluvial, or those which are the effects of causes no longer active, and the alluvial, or those which are occasioned by such as are still in operation.*

To each of the above geological divisions of the county belongs, as might be expected, a distinctive *flora* of its own. On the Weald, indeed, Nature seems to have lavished her choicest gifts, as if in kindly compensation for the many disadvantages of its mire and sloughs in winter, and its thirsty lands in summer; its wild flowers are proverbially gorgeous in their hues, and magnificent in their size. Where else shall we see the merry-hearted school-children returning with such pretty loads of primroses and cowslips? where else do the self-sown ferns dress out dank lanes with festoons more elegant than South Kensington prizemen shall ever arrange for a *dîner à la Russe*? On the levels

* See 'Mantell's Geology of the South-East of England,' chap. 2.
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and valleys of the rivers we gather a different but hardly less bright and variegated nosegay of water plants. On the Downs the species seem dwarfed, but are still most beautiful. What, for example, can compare with the golden blaze of their gorse for spring-tide splendour? what, for exquisite pencilling, with the lowly eyebright, the blue gentians, or pink centaury with its yellow eye? whilst on the barren moors of the sandy districts the ling spreads colour and rich glowing hues over thousands of acres: hence many a tint dear to the landscape-painter, and the mellow distance fading into a purple haze.

No county, not excepting Kent, retains its Saxonisms more than Sussex, whether we regard the names of places, things, or persons. But we must caution our Sussex friends—the ‘Sussexiensis Sussexiensium’—that in their zeal to uphold the reputation of their countrymen as grammarians, they do not press their claims too far. We will not question that, even in its apparently ungrammatical forms—*e. g.*, in the preterite of verbs, as in ‘caught,’ ‘blowed,’ and ‘choosed,’ for ‘caught,’ ‘blew,’ and ‘chose,’ and in some irregularities of the imperfect, as in ‘dud’ for ‘did,’ ‘rid’ for ‘rode,’ ‘holp’ for ‘helped’—the Sussex dictionary may be the most classically correct. Yet when we consider the ‘phonetic decay’ which the Queen’s English has undergone in the mouths of the railway porters of the nineteenth century, with all their polish, we may well believe that many differences between the Sussex dialect and ordinary English are mere vulgarisms. We doubt whether Horsemowncey, Tissus, Waddus, and Fowington, for Herstmonceux, Ticehurst, Wadhurst, and Folkington, are not matched by the unspellable corruptions which assail our ears, as we travel down the Brighton line, for ‘Crawley, Faygate, Horsham, Rowfant, or East Grinstead.’ The truth is, that many words which our glossaries have collected are not venerable archaisms, but illiterate mispronunciations, and many of them are not peculiar to the county. Thus we cannot think that such words as the following deserve the place which has been assigned to them by Mr. Durrant Cooper* among Sussex provincialisms: ‘afeardt,’ ‘arguify,’ ‘arter’ (for after), ‘barnacles,’ ‘beck’ (a stream), ‘boulder’ (a sea-shore stone), ‘brakes,’ ‘callow,’ ‘clod-hopper,’ ‘cozey,’ ‘croft,’ ‘hob,’ ‘rowings’ (after-grass), ‘rut,’ ‘rum’ (queer), ‘strand’ (a twist of horsehair), ‘terrify’ (to worry), ‘to-do’ (subs.), ‘tol-lol,’ ‘top-sawyer,’ ‘wallop,’ and many others.

However, those who relish a smack of the true Sussex vernacular we will indulge with a stanza or two from ‘Tom Clod-

* See Mr. W. D. Cooper’s ‘Glossary of Sussex Provincialisms’ (2nd ed.).

pole's Journey to Lunnun, written in pure Sussex Doggerel by his Uncle Tim,* leaving it to the learned reader to attribute it to either the most high-bred Saxonism or the lowest *patois* :—

' For sister Sal five years ago
Went off with Squyer Brown;
Housemaid, or summut; don't know
what,
To live at Lunnun Town.

Dey 'hav'd uncommon well to Sal,
An ge' ur clothes an dat;
So Sal 'hav'd nashun well to them,
And grow'd quite tall and fat.

A liddle aluss stood close by;
Thinks I, I'll go in here,
An git, ye see, a coger loike
Ov good brencheese and beer.

Now wost ant was, I cud'nt read
De letters on de post;
So sometimes I went roun about
An otherwile was lost.'

And when Tim got to Crayton (Croydon) town, he asked an ostler for a bed :—

' O'l mate I cum a tejus way,
As far as I be able;
I'll trate ya wud a pot o' beer
To let me in your stable.

" Why yahs, ya seem a 'onest man,"
The stable chap did say,

" Ya may lay down in dat dere pen,
Among dat good soth hay."

Sum sed I wud o'l leather legs;
Sum pointed to ma hat,
An ax'd ma uf a swarm of bees
Was housen under dat.'

Of course, there has always been plenty of folk-lore in Sussex. What county has it not? and perhaps from the simple, backward, manners of the people it has lingered longer here than in more advanced districts. There are the pretty legends of the fays (or 'pharisees,' as the common people called them) leading their mazy dances, under the pale moonbeams, over the dark green rings which are so characteristic of the Downs; and of the forest 'lilies of the valley,' sown and renewed ever by the fertilising blood which St. Leonard, hermit and confessor, the patron of prisoners and travellers,* shed in his great battle with the dragon. And still the proverb holds that his unmusical soul proscribed sweet Philomel, who cannot therefore sing within his woodland solitudes. Cuckoo Fair, at Heathfield, every 14th of April, is still so called because in popular romance that harbinger of spring was then and there first heard out of an old woman's basket. Some few people still believe that 'magpies are shoed' at Piddinghoe. And good Sussex folk still love to show you, at Mayfield, the veritable tongs with which Dunstan plied the nasal organ of his adversary, till its sulphurous composition, yielding to the heat, sent the saint headlong to the ground to

* See 'Butler's Lives of the Saints,' vol. ii. p. 822. There was in the north-east of the forest a chapel to St. Leonard, which probably gave name to the forest, through which one of the main roads passed that was frequented by travellers to and from the Continent.

slake the implements of his trade in the neighbouring 'Wells.' But all these visions of the past are fast fading away before our unromantic Iron Times.

In the local nomenclature, besides the common Anglo-Saxon termination *ton* (exemplified in Alfriston, Alciston, Dallington), *hurst* (a 'wood which yields food for cattle'), whether as a prefix or suffix (as Ticehurst, Wadhurst, Crowhurst, Herstmonceux, Hurstpierpoint), *ley* (a 'plain near a wood'), as in Hellingley, Chiddingley, East Hoathley (always with the accent on the last syllable), naturally prevail in the Weald, as also do, from the undulating character of the county, the final *den* or *dean* (a 'sheltered place')—as in East Dean, West Dean, Rottingdean, Ovingdean,—and *combe* (a 'trough-like valley,' as in Barcombe, Pilcombe), and, from the extent of its seaboard, *ey* ('island' or 'marsh'), as Selsey, Pevensey (the Seal's Island, Peofn's Island), &c. Of *ham* ('house or manor')—according to the old proverb one of the most common suffixes in English topography—the county has its average number; thus we have Horsham, or the manor of Horsa, brother of Hengist (according to the local tradition), or perhaps a corruption of Hurstham; Shoreham, Eartham, Hamsey (the house by the water), Graffham, and many others. One other termination should be mentioned—that in 'ing'—which occurs with unusual frequency in Sussex, especially along the coast. It is the Saxon indication of 'son-ship' or descent; and, where 'ham' is added, marks the site of a primitive settlement. Thus Beddingham is the settlement of the sons of Beda. Often the additional syllable has been dropped for brevity. The prefixes have been well classified into those which indicate some former proprietorship of the place, some mythological personage, some historical allusion to events which happened there, some topographical feature, or some natural object, animal, mineral, or vegetable. From those thus accounted for by derivation from the vegetable world, we may learn also somewhat of the *sylva* of our county. Thus in Ashdown and Ashburnham, Ashhurst and Ashington, is recognised the 'warlike ash' of Drayton; in Buckhurst, his 'softer beech.' The holly and hazel, the willow and the birch, Drayton's other wood-nymphs, are also marked in the county vocabulary. The yews of Crowhurst and Herstmonceux churchyards, the oaks at Catsfield and in Sheffield Park (though perhaps inferior to their Panshanger rival in Hertfordshire), and the old decayed border elm at Crawley, will vie with individual specimens from any county.

And now, leaving the world of antiquity and romance, we must invite our reader in a matter of fact sort of way to accompany

pany us at the rate of some twenty or twenty-five miles for ten or twelve days together; whilst, beginning from the little border town of Emsworth, we seek to make good the ground to the eastern limits of the county. For the which, if he has gained, as we ourselves did in the summerless summer of 1860, some useful hints for his tour at the annual gathering of that learned Society whose Collections figure at the head of our article, he will be all the better prepared; even though with us he may have lamented the exchange which that fraternity has made of its wonted '*ad portas*' oration on its favourite art for a long and heavy dinner.

The county finds a natural boundary from Hants in the little stream of the Ems, which gives its name to the modest but improving village which is our starting-point. We will strike northward along its pleasant banks to the village of Westbourne, whose name describes the one limit, as Eastbourne does the other, of the Down district. As we lean over the bridge which spans that dancing brook, bright as crystal, weedy but pebble-bottomed, and full of rapids, we can fancy how its late rector learned here, as in miniature, to love the waters 'of the Erne,' whose 'Legends' he so well portrayed; and how he went forth from his quiet parsonage to confront town mobs on Brighton platforms, and throw down the gauntlet for the Church he loved so well. Alas! his stout heart will trouble them no more. By the polished marbles of St. Mary Church overlooking the waters of Tor-bay—no unfitting resting-place—he is gathered to his fathers.

This said little Ems is a wayward streamlet, and we have to cross and recross it so often, that we forget at last which county we are in, before we can make either that imposing old ruin in the lowlands, or that tempting fir-clump on the hill-top, which is to be the beginning of our Down walk, and is yclept 'Bow Hill.' The old ruin, however—Racton Tower—is disappointing enough. It is useful as a beacon, seen far over the levels, for ships in the intricate navigation of Thorney Isle or Selsey Bill, and is interesting as having been erected by Lord Halifax,* the owner of Stanstead Park, in the domains of which it stands,—but that is all. A dash across some boggy meadows would seem to plant us on the 'Hill' in no time; but we must be patient, and fall back, after a fruitless flounder in them, to retrace the high-road, till a legitimate footpath appears, and to ruminate on the moral law that the old established way is generally the safest.

* George Dunk, Earl of Halifax, successively Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State *temp.* George III., against whom Wilkes obtained a verdict for 4000*l.* for the seizure of his papers.

'Bow' Hill, we opine, was so called rather from its shape than from the arms which lie buried there. Earthworks there are—veritable British ones—large enough to contain anything, and testifying, there is little doubt, by the remains which have long since mouldered there, to the deadly battle which was waged in yonder valley, Kingley Bottom, between the men of Sussex and the pirate Danes. But the whole *contour* of the hill is so like its name, that one need not search farther for a meaning. However this may be, here the *savans* and holyday folk alike repair from Chichester all the summer long to dig or pic-nic to their hearts' content: and verily a charming summer morning's ramble from the venerable old city there, six miles off, it is, this same hill-top, with its sheer turf sides and the chalk patches which give such exaggerated steepness and picturesque baldness to them, and that black forest of yews, birch, and thorns below, growing so rampantly in the lee of the horse-shoe dell which eats far into the heart of the old hill.

Following the sinuosities of the 'Bow,' we traverse the extreme north-west verge of the county, and one of its wildest portions, as far as the beautiful seat of the Featherstonhaughs—formerly of the Earls of Tankerville—Up Park, where the broken ground, and park, straggling in unrestrained communion with down and heather far beyond the palings which confine its deer, give a chace-like appearance to the scene. The house contains a superb collection of Sèvres china, now of enormous value. But this is inaccessible to ordinary tourists; and after satisfying ourselves of the glories of the prospect, including, in the south, Lady Holt Park, long the residence of the loyalist Carylls, *temp.* Charles I., and in the foreground, Littlegreen, lately occupied by Mr. Justice Erskine, in the distance the Solent, Spithead, and St. Helen's, and on the north that remarkable view of the whole Weald (which we shall henceforth command in different varieties from this side the Downs, during the remainder of our tour)—a stiff walk awaits us in every direction ere we can hope to end our evening and talk over the events of the day at any decent hostelry. So nothing remains for it but to breast with a good heart Beacon, and Marden, and Harting Downs,—Harting, the rectory of Cardinal Pole,—and hasten through Cocking, ere sunset (for the Downs are ugly customers after dark), to the snug little borough of Midhurst—the country of the Poyntzes and the Egmonts.

Hard by Midhurst (at whose grammar-school Sir C. Lyell was educated), and embracing the little town, as a great place ought, with its ancestral timber rising among the cottages of the poor, Her Majesty's highway running without pale or hedge
through

through a noble deer park, stand the remains of Cowdray House, the home of the Montagues, where Queen Elizabeth in 1591 killed three or four deer with her crossbow, while on a visit to Lord Montague, who, all papist as he was, brought a troop of two hundred horse to the Queen at Tilbury, commanded by himself, his son, and his grandson, 'when Europe stood by in perfect suspense to behold what the craft of Rome, the power of Philip, and the genius of Farnese could achieve' by the Invincible Armada 'against the Island Queen with her Drakes and Cecils.*' Three deaths in one family by drowning, and the almost total destruction of a fine mansion by fire, within the memory of living man, are enough to make one tread its beautiful grounds with feelings of awe, and to invest it with a superstitious melancholy. Three hundred years ago, however, there was no more festive house in England, when 'three oxen and 140 geese' figured in its bill of fare for breakfast. The then proprietor was a strict disciplinarian, and the 'Orders and Rules of Sir Anthony Browne' curiously illustrate the domestic economy of a great man's family in the sixteenth century, especially as regards its important departments of the 'ewerye' and the 'buttrye,' and those pet officers, 'my Sewer' and 'my Carver.' 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, when he visited Cowdray from Brighton, 'I should like to stay here four-and-twenty hours. We see here how our ancestors lived.' It is worthy of remark, that Cowdray is one of the numerous manors in the county where the custom of Borough English, or descent of lands to the youngest instead of the eldest son, prevails; and we may judge how that custom obtains in Sussex beyond other counties, by noting that, whilst in Suffolk there are but 30 manors so regulated, in Surrey 28, and in Warwickshire 2, here there are no fewer than 140.

And beyond Cowdray lies princely Petworth, the home of the Percys, Seymours, and Wyndhams, with its antique marbles, modern busts and statuary, and choice Gibbons wood carvings, and Hotspur's sword; its magnificent park, 'Percy to the back-bone,' in Walpole's words; and its once stately stables, 'the best of any subject's in Christendom, affording standing in state for three score horses, with all necessary accommodation.' The real glory of Petworth, however, is its vast and superb collection of pictures. Scarcely an artist of name is unrepresented. Here is one of the finest Claudes in the world; and some remarkable landscapes by Turner, Claude's great modern rival. Probably no house in England can boast of more genuine portraits by Vandyke; famous men and noble ladies, in whose all but living presence we are

* Hallam's 'Constit. Hist.,' vol. i. p. 162.

fairly carried back to the days of cavalier plumes and perfumed 'love-locks.' The numerous modern pictures in the great North Gallery were collected for the most part by the Earl of Egremont—whose liberality, in matters relating to art, did not expire with himself. The Petworth collections—of the utmost value and interest to the student—are at all times accessible.

Retracing our steps to the summit of Cocking Hill, and skirting the north side of Singleton Forest, we now enter the Goodwood property, passing below us in quick succession Graffham, Dunford House, built by Mr. Cobden (himself a native of Sussex), on an estate presented to him by the Anti-Corn-Law League, and Barlavington, and Woolavington,* the Bishop of Oxford's country-seat, (with Burton Park in the more distant foreground), not unobservant of the Bishop's wire-fenced *pinus* and corkscrew wooden observatory in the wood of Teglease, and descending into the turnpike road from Chichester to Petworth at the eighth milestone in the lone village of Upwaltham. Here we should deflect once more from beaten tracks, keeping close under some delicious woodland banks, beneath fir belts and larch plantations, until we find ourselves, after a two miles' walk, at the Duke of Richmond's lodges on Pilley Green, and on the verge of the far-famed racecourse.

This splendid course, taking jaded London out of itself in the weary dog-days, has acquired a pre-eminence for which the racing world is entirely indebted to the enterprise of the late Duke. The hill is singularly adapted for the purpose. Situate 700 feet above the sea level, and possessing an unbroken landscape in every direction, it catches each perfumed breeze that is wafted from land or sea. Here, when all Nature elsewhere languishes, the boundless expanse of turf and seaboard brings momentary freedom and elasticity to the most careworn. It is unlike Epsom, it is unlike Ascot; you feel you are in a nobleman's domains, and if not his invited guest, at least a permitted trespasser. On the south—the prevailing quarter from which the vegetable world of Sussex turns instinctively—affording shelter enough for all comers, either from the partial thunder-shower or regular down-pour, runs a tall dark grove of firs. On the western extremity of the course rises the stately Grand Stand, not the conspicuous building which travellers who look to the well-known hill from the carriages of the South-Coast Railway take it for, but concealed under covert of the grove; whilst the singular conical hill known as the Rook's Trundall (a corruption probably of Roundall and St. Roche), hoop-shaped

* Barlavington, the ton or enclosure of Barlaf. Woolavington, the ton of Ulaſ. See Kemble's 'Anglo-Saxons.'

and double trenched, proudly flanks the whole. The course is a horseshoe, like Epsom; so that the spectators may command a view of all the running, but so bold a ravine divides its extremities that no cross-country cavalcade can be present here, as there, at both the starting and the winning posts.

Goodwood House, or as it was anciently called Godinwood, probably from the Saxon Godwinus, purchased by Charles Duke of Richmond from the Northampton family a century and a half ago, possesses no architectural pretensions; the present building is only an addition to a former hunting-seat. Yet here the (alas! late) Duke of three dukedoms unostentatiously lived and rained his hospitalities, the model of a true English gentleman as he was, for the last forty years.

In the grounds of Goodwood is now preserved that remarkable Roman relic to which we have before (p. 39) referred. It was found at Chichester in 1713, in digging the foundations for the Council Chamber.

Chichester, one of the most ancient cities in the kingdom, situated three miles from the foot of the Downs, must enter into an account of them. The first we hear of it is as a Roman station under the name of *Regnum*. After the departure of the Romans from Britain and the arrival, as we have seen, of Ælla and his three sons, it became his capital; and when Cissa, his eldest son, succeeded to the kingdom on his father's death, its name was changed, and became *Cissan-ceaster*. *Ciss-bury*, as we shall presently see, derived its name from the same source. Bishop Stigand, in the days of William the Conqueror, transferred the see from Selsey to Chichester: for there was an older one than it. Five centuries before a vessel had stranded on Selsey Bill, having on board St. Wilfrid and his clergy returning from the continent. A Pagan priest hounded on the Sussex wreckers to destroy them, and a fierce struggle ensued; but portents attended the saint. A stone from a sling sank into the priest's forehead; the tide came suddenly in; the wind shifted; the vessel got out to sea, and reached Sandwich. And again, after a few years, but not this time involuntarily, the Northern Bishop, landing at the same place, first won the hearts of the people by teaching them the use of their nets, and then became himself a fisher of men and taught them Christianity. A three years' drought, followed by famine and disease, had decimated them. By forties and fifties they had leaped from the rocks in despair and dashed themselves to pieces. But as soon as the waters of baptism had impressed the sign of the cross upon their foreheads, the rain of heaven fell again—plenty relieved them, the grateful monarch showered gifts on the
saviour

saviour of his people, and straight a stately monastery arose on the site of his labours, and the see of Selsey was established.*

A complete restoration of Chichester Cathedral (a restoration which must now include its steeple, that well-known county landmark, whose destruction all Sussex mourns as the loss of a very dear friend), has called attention to its many treasures, some of them long lost to sight under daubs of villainous whitewash, specially to its detached single shafts of Purbeck marble—unique and beautiful specimens of their class—clustered, yet insulated, round their central piers.† The characteristics of this beautiful cathedral (before the late catastrophe) have been well summed up as consisting of its harmony of external colouring; the due proportion between its spire and tower; the pyramidal grouping of its various parts; the *squareness* of the *abaci* of its capitals; the exactly central position of its spire; the *triplicity* impressed on its details; its fine aisles and consequent breadth of nave; and its south transept window.‡ Here was born Collins, one of our best lyric poets, whose likeness breathes in one of several monuments with which the genius of Flaxman has enriched the cathedral; and Otway, and Archbishop Bradwardine; and good Bishop Juxon, who accompanied Charles to the scaffold, and was worthily promoted by his son. Here lies Chillingworth, won by Laud from Popery, and described by Tillotson as the ‘glory of his age and nation.’ And close outside stands the beautiful octagonal Gothic market-cross finished in 1500 on a site purchased by Bishop Story, and restored in 1734, with its open arcade and buttresses and finials at the angles, whose niches held choice effigies, till despoiled by Waller’s army. And we are on the road again in search for the old Roman ‘Stane-street’ to far-famed Bignor. The skies for once look propitious; and the smoke goes up blue and straight from the cottage roofs; the red pimpernel opens wide its petals; the distance grows more hazy; the swallow flies higher; the phalanxed flocks spread out across the Downs, and the dew lingers on the green sward; and the summer flies, that venture not their wings in damp, come flitting before us, and fasten provokingly in hundreds on the hides of the patient oxen, just beyond the reach of their tails. Let us up and be going.

Three great Roman roads appear to have traversed Sussex: the first from west to east, from *Clausentum* (Bittern, near Southampton) to *Dubris* (Dover); the second from *Regnum* (Chichester)

* See Bede’s ‘Ecc. Hist.’ b. iv., c. 13. Milman’s ‘Hist. of Lat. Christianity,’ vol. ii., p. 85.

† See Willis’s ‘Architectural History of Chichester Cathedral.’

‡ ‘Suss. Archæ. Collect.’ p. 147.

to *Londinum*; and the third, parallel to it, from *Portus Adurni* (Shoreham) by Aldrington, Ditchling, Handcross, Peaspottage Gate, and the County Oak, into the great London and Dover Road in Surrey. It is the second of these roads we are now approaching. Leaving on the left Halnaker Down and the grounds and park of Halnaker House,—formerly a very interesting specimen of domestic Tudor architecture, but long since dismantled and now incorporated with the demesnes of Goodwood,—and on our right one of the most important examples of Early English architecture in the kingdom—Boxgrove Church,—the only relic, besides a barn, of a once famous Benedictine priory—we make for Eartham, so lost among the hills that we might well have passed it by, had we not a special desire to look in at a spot which won the hearts successively of William Hayley* and William Huskisson. It was their favourite retreat. And verily an inviting scene it is, fitted to recruit by its solitudes the nerves and energies of a statesman. The church contains a beautiful monument, by Flaxman, of Hayley's son.

Emerging from a wood into which we must plunge to regain our bearings, we find ourselves on a causeway, here and there eaten away, but, as we proceed further, in perfect preservation, with its sides all clear and sharp (the cathedral in a direct line from us, some four miles south by west), the veritable old 'Stane-street.' After breasting the hill for another mile or two over 'no man's lands,' and extra-parochial ill-farmed grounds, half rush, half furze, we are at the highest point, and look down northward on the Weald below. The grand design now stands revealed. A gigantic raised road, all 'metal,' had been laid down from Regnum to *Londinum* as straight as a crow could fly,—which is still more perceptible further up the county, as at Pulborough and Billingshurst, and especially at Rudgwick; and here was the military station, the 'first stage out of town,' all so snug under the lee of the Downs, with the villa of some notable grandee. This villa, which so many thousands have since crowded to visit, had lain undiscovered, though only a foot or two beneath the surface of the soil, till 1818, when one Farmer Tucker, ploughing with his yoke of oxen his own little freehold, came upon the richest tessellated pavement in England. The news filled Sussex—an army of antiquarians was speedily on the spot. Hosts drove their guests a score or two of miles from all parts of the county to see the 'lion;' Mr.

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxxi. Hayley's grandfather had been Dean of Chichester. Eartham became too expensive for him, and after his son's death he retired to his 'marine hermitage,' as he used to call it, which he had built in the neighbouring village of Felpham.

Tucker reaped of course an abundant harvest; and thenceforth the pavement of Bignor has been the talk of the country, and has enjoyed a national reputation. But the tithe of the treasure did not appear at first. The labours of archæologists brought more to light. Fresh floors were discovered, rich in inlaid mosaic, their borders the fair prototype of the diaper patterns with which probably, all unconscious of the dignity of their origin, our readers have chosen to adorn their hall floors; their interior pictured with gladiatorial fights and games of old Rome in her palmiest days; with a Juno-like portrait of Winter, admirably personified with a leafless twig in her hand; and the eagle's Rape of Ganymede, and a Medusa's snake-bound head.

Having satisfied ourselves with believing rather less than we shall have heard of the historical statements of 'Roman Antiquities,' which Mrs. Tucker still lives to relate, with more confidence than ever did Mr. Adam in our schoolboy-days, we will reascend the Downs at Bignor Hill, cross Bury Hill, and leaving on the right Houghton woods, and those two very pretty seats Dale Park and Slindon, wend our course, filling our basket with mushrooms as we go, to the north lodges of Arundel Castle, skirting its three miles of park-wall under its friendly trees, in order to avoid the mist which is fast settling into a confirmed down-pour, and consigning ourselves for the night to the care of our host of the Norfolk Arms, in the good town of Arundel. 'The county is famous,' says Fuller, 'for both Arundel mullets, Chichester lobsters, Selsey cockles, and Anerley (qu. Amberley?) trouts,' and, he might have added, Worthing wheatears; so that we ought now to be in the midst of these dainties. Things, however, have much deteriorated, in this respect at least, since his day, for the great London market attracts away everything.

The romance of Sir Bevis and his horse Arundel is so truly Oriental, that it is a pity we cannot, for very conscience, place it among the legendary lore of Sussex. But there were other Sir Bevises to account for the name of Arundel tower; whilst, whether with Sir W. Burrell we derive the town itself from the dell of the Arun, or with others from the *arundines* on its banks, or with others from 'hirondelle,' which forms part of the municipal coat-of-arms, there is no connection between it and the war-horse.

No place in England deserves more notice than the Castle of Arundel—a grand pile of building, modern for the most part and not capable of supporting criticism; but the ivy-grown keep, at least as old as the days of Henry I., may challenge comparison with any of the same date in this country. The castle has not withstood sieges as others have; it is but too well known for its surrender to Sir William Waller, who took from
it

it seventeen colours of foot, two of horse, and a thousand prisoners : nor is it associated with any decisive battles or events ; but no residence presents us with such a picture of feudal times ; no other baronial home has sent forth thirteen dukes and thirty-five earls. What house has been so connected with our political and religious annals as that of Howard ? The premiers in the roll-call of our nobility have been also among the most persecuted and ill fated. Not to dwell on the high-spirited Isabelle Countess Dowager of Arundel, and widow of Hugh, last Earl of the Albini family, who upbraided Henry III. to his face with 'vexing the Church, oppressing the barons, and denying all his true-born subjects their rights ;' or Richard Earl of Arundel, who was executed for conspiring to seize Richard II.—we must think with indignation of the sufferings inflicted by Elizabeth on Philip Earl of Arundel, son of the 'great' Duke of Norfolk, beheaded by Elizabeth in 1572 for his dealings with Mary Queen of Scots. In the biography of Earl Philip, which, with that of Ann Dacres his wife, has been well edited by the late lamented Duke, we find that he was caressed by Elizabeth in early life, and steeped in the pleasures and vices of her court by her encouragement, to the neglect of his constant young wife, whose virtues, as soon as they reclaimed him to his duty to her, rendered him hated and suspected by the Queen, so that she made him the subject of vindictive and incessant persecution, till death released him at the age of 38. To another Howard, Thomas, son of Earl Philip, the country is indebted for those treasures of the East, the Arundel Marbles ; though Lord Clarendon describes him somewhat illnaturedly, denying him all claims to learning, or even to gravity of character.*

The sight of those embattled towers conjures up before us many historic personages, whom in fancy we can see emerging from their venerable gateways, in all the pride of youth and ancestry, whose mouldered ashes now repose under those grey walls. And there too now lies, alas ! added to the number, the late kind-hearted and amiable Duke, snatched away, like so many of his forefathers, in the very prime of manhood.

The chapel of the 'College of the Holy Trinity,' forming the choir and east end of the parish church, but separated from it by a wall, and strangely belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, a Roman Catholic peer, contains a fine series of Fitzalan monuments, which recal passages of no small importance in the history of our country.

* 'Hist. Reb.,' vol. i., p. 99.

The banks and brooks of Arun have not been unsung by poet. Nor are there wanting among them spots of romantic scenery. Such, for instance, is a watermill called Swanbourne, of remarkable antiquity. The traveller by the main road will miss it, but if he will take the lower one which leads from Arundel to the little hamlet of Offham, following the right bank of the river, he will come suddenly upon it, and be amply repaid for his trouble. Mr. Tierney has well described it.*

Quitting this peaceful scene, and still keeping the right bank of the river (whose eels and bream, which once fell to our rod, we see again in twice their natural dimensions through the magnifying glass of years) till we cross it at Houghton Bridge, we are brought to a hardly less interesting relic of the olden time in Amberley Castle, built by Bishop Rede in the time of Richard II., and once the residence of the Bishops of Chichester, to whom it still belongs. A more picturesque ruin does not exist, with its massive round towers, and dangling ivy, and smooth lawns within. A mile farther east stands Parham. This is a fine specimen of Elizabethan domestic architecture, and its grey gables, hall hung with armour, and long upper gallery, carry us back at once to the days of the Virgin Queen. Parham was the home of the Bishopps, who are now represented by its owner the Baroness de la Zouch. This lady's son, the author of the original and charming volume on the 'Monasteries in the Levant,' has enriched the mansion with a museum of Eastern art. Parham indeed is a perfect mine of art-treasures. Early MSS. and printed books, ancient plate, enamels, and carvings, historical portraits, and swords and breastplates which are hardly less historical—among them some armour of the Christian knights who defended Constantinople against the Sultan Mahomet II., in the year 1452—are but a few of the attractions of the place. And the park affords studies of beautiful forest scenery. But we must not linger here, even to visit the heronry, nor wander farther from the Downs. Mount we the steep hill at the back of the Castle, it will repay us though it tests the soundness of our lungs, and we shall tread for five miles over Kithurst Down to Highden Beeches a very race-course of turf for velvety smoothness; then turn we right, to enter a still wilder country, between Black Patch and a lone sugar-loaf hill, Mount Harry, rank with luxuriant pasturage, which no foot of man or horse ever crosses, save the shepherd-boy or the racers from yonder Michelgrove in their

* Tierney's 'Hist. of the Castle and Town of Arundel,' p. 725.

morning canter. And so onward to another quaint old hill called Peppering, covered with loose weather-worn flints and wrinkled with dykes and *tumuli*, and Angmering will lie before us, famed for its herons, which, as we are told in Mr. Knox's pleasant volume, coming originally from Coity Castle in Wales in the time of James I., first took wing to Penshurst in Kent, thence found refuge here, and, when these tall trees were felled, migrated to Parham.

A sigh for the coursings on 'Black Patch!' We remember, with a yearning for by-gone days, those huge undisturbed 'vollers' (*fallows*) under the lee of that juniper-studded hill, from which, no unusual thing, the experienced eye of keeper or of shepherd could count in a morning in their forms a score of strong Down hares. Then sprang the well-matched greyhounds from the leash, and all was lost to sight awhile, for puss had beat them up the steep hill-sides, but not for long; now, now they turn her, and she makes again for home, and they kill on the table-land at Muntham Well House. Oh! there never was such a coursing-ground as that!

Alas! too, for the glories of Michelgrove, when the old house was standing, once the home of the Shelleys, and, in older times still, part of the enormous holdings of that great Sussex pluralist De Braose; where we danced the old year out and the new year in, what time, in the palmy coaching days, our host, great in handling the 'ribbons,' horsed and drove his own favourite drag over the bleak Downs to the 'White Horse' at Fetter Lane, and took without compunction the 'Something, Sir, for the coachman?' Full many a drizzling autumn day you might meet him, with hayband for hatband, seated in solitary state upon his box, on his way to 'mildly bracing' Bognor. Now scarce a vestige remains of the magnificent Gothic mansion on which so many thousands were expended, and in which Judge Shelley entertained Henry the Eighth: and the place thereof knows it no more.

Taking the rail to Worthing, and bestowing a thought upon that pleasant hill to our left, just where the engine begins to let off steam, if not upon eccentric Miller Oliver, whose funeral was attended there, some seventy years ago, by all the country round, and whose tombstone surmounts it, we find ourselves in the electoral parallelogram, extending through the breadth of the county with a width of some ten or twelve miles, known as the Rape of Bramber—another portion of De Braose's lion's share of the Conquest. The etymology of 'Rape' still vexes the learned; it appears to be used nowhere else, as a territorial term, but in Iceland,

Iceland, and it is remarkable that each of the five districts of that name into which this county is divided has its own port and castle. Somner thinks the word may be derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *rape*, 'a rope'—as if these portions of land were measured and divided by ropes.*

On leaving Worthing, Broadwater first meets us, with its square semi-Norman tower and rich interior arches, and its 'Green,' that loved 'practice ground,' for the County 'eleven,' in the days when it could beat the Country; and Offington, with its gray shingle gables, formerly the residence of the Lords Delawarr; and, just beyond where the four roads meet, the Mill of Salvington—Salvington, the birthplace of John Selden; and Tarring, with its luscious fig-garden (whose parent trees tradition holds were brought by Thomas à Becket from Italy), and its worthy vicar, Southey's son-in-law, who has found in his 'Seaboard and the Down' so much vent for his pastoral musings and exuberant aptitude for quotation, but who has not given us, we think, that amount of local knowledge which we had a right to expect from the topographical title of his book. Soon the woods of Clapham open on the left, and we pass over Findon Church Hill, and by the kennel from which for so many years rang out the music of its favourite 'subscription pack,' and Muntham, with its formal groves and rookeries, noted for good truffles, and buried, like so many Sussex seats, just on the wrong side of the Downs—the residence of the mechanician Frankland, and now of the Dowager Marchioness of Bath.

It shall be September 12th, and here over the hills, as far as the eye can reach, come on in serried bands, compact as Macedonian phalanxes, and musical as marriage-bells, each with their sage and shaggy orderly, hundreds of flocks of Southdowns, all for the great annual sheep-fair of Findon—pictures of health and beauty, so clean and creamy white, for—

'The sheep-shearings are over, and harvest draws nigh.'

It is a sight worth lingering for. But we must not stay; for right opposite, athwart the narrow valley, stands the monarch of our Sussex hills, with its many lights and shadows, and outlines of rounded beauty—*νεφεληγερέτης* Chanctonbury. Here we see but the back of him; his front, like a king, he presents to the fair plains below, for forty miles and more: there he flings his steep sides down, all sheer and bluff: on this side we shall easily ascend him. How stiff and formal is the great Weald mapped out in perspective from his beech-wood coronet!

* 'Diction. Saxon. Lat. Angl.,' title *Rape*.

What a calm broods over that vast panorama, though we know the busy world to be as wicked and unquiet there as elsewhere! How level all! and yet we know 'tis not so—so completely does a lofty eminence, in nature as in mind, dwindle all minor inequalities—graciously overlooking them. And then there is its twin unwieldy neighbour Cissbury, but two miles off; like Chichester, a monument of Cissa's prowess, bulging with its deep and perfect fosse, and like nothing so much as a huge sponge-cake: as if it had tumbled by accident among those quiet grazing grounds, treeless and shrubless; and there is peaceful Findon once more (for we have made the circuit of the bowl, and look on it from the other rim). Immediately below Chanctonbury lies Wiston Park, with a hall inferior to none in the county, the seat of the Shirleys and Faggs, and through the Faggs of the Gorings; and then we must descend the hill to Steyning, if not (as we are much inclined) to tarry for the night at its comfortable hostelry, at least to linger in the fine old Norman church which contains the remains of Ethelwulf and St. Cuthman. Here, however, the imagination of our readers must be again invoked, for we are treading on the borders of romance; nor can we tell exactly *when* the saint lived. As he was the patron of Steyning, so ought he to be also of Sussex shepherds; for he drew a mystic circle with his crook upon the Down, and bade his sheep keep within it till he returned from dinner, and they marvellously obeyed him. Next we find him conveying an aged mother in a wheelbarrow; but the cord, which he had looped over his shoulders to support it, snapped as he was crossing a hayfield, and the haymakers jeered him; so in revenge he ever after sent annual showers about hay harvest to spoil their crop. He soon managed, however, to prop up his barrow again with elder-twigs; though they too, in their turn, gave way. This time, interpreting his interruption as a Divine revelation, he halted finally, and founded on the spot what was afterwards matured into the parish church.

Let us go a mile further, and ruminate in that quaint old morsel of tower at Bramber, which still stands the sieges of the south-westerns, beat they never so tempestuously; and round which the daws and rooks are clustering now, as they have clustered for centuries—the sole surviving representative of the stronghold and head-quarters of De Braose; and from this quiet resting-place there is a very striking finish to this bowl of Downs, if we will reascend them (still on the Chanctonbury range), and, leaving Cissbury on the right, with the Adur winding past the little villages of Coombes, Botolphs, and Applesham

on the left, and passing over Steep Hill, one of the boldest and loneliest of the entire range, descend Lancing Down by the Mill and Mr. Woodard's College.

Strolling through the pleasant villages of Lancing and Sompting, and paying especial attention to the church of the latter—to portions of which a Saxon origin is assigned—we may retrace our steps to Worthing, and thence set out for the bolder outlines of the eastern division of the county. Not that it is so favourite a district as the western one: less thriving homesteads cover it, for bluff headlands take the place of the rich alluvial plains of the seaboard; fewer mansions ornament its sunny southern slopes; fewer hill-sides are brought under the plough, or girdled with plantations; everything is poorer, but in proportion grander, and dearer therefore to the tourist. Yet here the white cliffs first appear; and here the hops come in, vying with those of Kent. Here, when summer suns are plentiful, and September has browned those hanging gardens, the traveller will pass enraptured through their pleasant vistas and natural arbours, blithe with the merry hum of a peasant people storing the easy harvest.

At Shoreham the Adur discharges itself into the sea under the suspension-bridge—disproportionately handsome to the town—erected by a late Duke of Norfolk. We will eschew those six miles of uninviting road, over which William IV. took his daily airing through all the Brighton coal-carts, and strike once more for the northern escarpment of the Downs. It is a bold range that, above Fulking and Edburton and Castle Hill and Perching, and so to the Devil's Dyke, where, alas! there is now a permanent inn, and a two-horse coach to Brighton, and a gipsy or two all day from Poynings—the vicar should know this—to whisper nonsense to Brighton belles.

The chief feature of the Dyke is not so much the view, though that is fine, as the Dyke itself, which, though all the world passes the head of it in coming from Brighton, few see, we suspect, from the right point. Its unearthly appearance, if we take the trouble of descending into it, has well procured for it a supernatural similitude, and justifies the tradition that the Evil One dug it to let in the sea and deluge the county, 'envying the numerous churches of the Weald.' But the plan was disconcerted—so the vulgar superstition runs—by an old woman, who, being disturbed from her sleep by the noise of the work, peeped out of her window, and, recognising the infernal agent, had the presence of mind to hold up a candle, which he mistook for the rising sun, and beat a hasty retreat!

That bold, round, forward hill, three miles eastward, is Wolstonbury; below it are Poynings, with its stately cruciform church,

church, and Saddlescomb, and Newtimber Hill with its wood-fringed down, and Danny, and a little further the beautiful modern spire of Hurstpierpoint, with its school for the middle classes. But Wolstonbury deserves the three miles' walk, it is so undeniably Roman, and its earthworks among the most remarkable in the county. So we will cross the London road at Piecomb to it, without (we hope) the drenching and bewildering mist which overtook us the last time we explored it. We shall return, of course, to Brighton for the night, leaving on our right the little hill-enclosed villages of Portslade, Hangleton, and Blatchington.

Though standing unrivalled as a watering-place, and coming within our Down circle as essentially 'a city among the hills,' Brighton—whose old name, Brighthelmston, means the *ton*, or cultivated enclosure, of perhaps some Saxon *χαλκοκορυστής*, or Brighthelm—has few antiquarian or historical associations; whilst to fashionable guide-books we must leave its modern praises. In common with other parts of the Sussex coast, it was continually harassed by threats of French invasion; as in 1515 and 1545, and again in 1586, on which occasions French fleets rode in the offing, and in one instance effected a landing; and here, after the battle of Worcester, and after lying concealed at a farm at Ovingdean, Charles II. took ship and fled for Normandy; and a fulsome inscription is placed in the old church to the commander on that occasion of the 'Royal Escape,' who at the Restoration obtained promotion as Constable of Brighton, but figures no more in history.

Of the Pavilion, which so provoked Cobbett's ire, in his 'Rural Rides,' the less said the better. So we shall take our leave of it, as soon as we are able, by the Ditchling road, and passing Hollingsbury Castle, which is the only archaeological relic in the suburbs, and the park-walls of Stanmer, shall emerge again on the highest downs at Ditchling Beacon, pursue the stern ridge of Plumpton Plain, with the pleasant villages of Clayton, Keymer, Westmeston, and Plumpton below,—and sit down on Black Cap Hill above Combe Place, the pretty residence of the Shiffners—a miniature Wiston under a miniature Chanctonbury—and so over Mount Harry and the race-course, into the old county-town of Lewes, replete with objects of interest. It was Plumpton Plain that Ray had in his mind when he speaks of 'that ravishing prospect of the sea on one hand, and the country far and wide on the other, which those so keenly enjoy who live in a fen country, and for the first time visit the Downs of Sussex.'*

* 'Wonders of Creation,' p. 217.

Mount Harry perpetuates the discomfiture of Henry III. by the insurgent barons, under De Montfort, at the battle of Lewes, on the 14th of May, 1264. Mr. Blaauw,* has given us a minute account of it; how Prince Edward, with his division of the Royal army, was victorious in the early part of the day, but lost it by pursuing too far the Londoners to whom he was opposed, and bore an especial grudge, for having 'insulted the queen his mother on her way by water one day from the Tower to Windsor, and thrown stones and dirt at her;' how the barons were ordered to wear white crosses on their backs and breasts, to show they fought for justice; how the King was routed and fled to the priory, and the Prince remained with the barons as an hostage for the performance of the treaty they agreed on; how the 'Mise' of Lewes was carried out, and how Prince Edward afterwards escaped by the swiftness of his horse, and avenged his father at Evesham.

Here stood for many ages the wealthy and magnificent priory of Lewes, founded by William de Warenne, to whom the Conqueror had given his daughter Gundreda in marriage. The noble patrons had set out in a spirit of religious fervour on a pilgrimage to Rome, but were diverted from their purpose by the wars then raging between the Emperor and the Pope. So they turned aside to the famed monastery of Cluny, and prevailed on the good abbot there to send them over a bevy of monks to take charge of their new institution. Straight the stately structure arose, and for five centuries received countless treasures into its coffers, so that it became the wealthiest foundation in the south. Then came the great reverse—the Dissolution; and all its greatness passed away and was forgotten,—all but a slab forming Gundreda's marble tombstone, richly sculptured in bas-relief, which was found about a century ago in the chancel of a neighbouring church. The discovery of its most interesting monument was reserved, as in so many other cases, for humble instruments. The land had passed through the compulsory clauses of a Railway Act into the unromantic clutches of the London Brighton and South-Coast Company, and the navvies scraped their pickaxes by chance one day against the veritable leaden coffins of the noble founders. Lewes, ever the head-quarters of Sussex archæology, was in a ferment, and so was the county. A fitting receptacle was soon devised for the bodies. They had been found in the parish of Southover (and certainly may be said to have gained a legal settlement there, if anywhere).—in Southover they should remain. A small Norman chapel was

* 'The Barons' War,' by W. H. Blaauw. London, 1844.

accordingly

accordingly built—'Gundreda's chapel'—adjoining the mother-church; and there lie the coffins side by side, open to any one to inspect. The beautiful black tombstone is reclaimed, and laid decently on fair encaustic tiles.

In a garden behind a chapel in the town is the burying-place of the eccentric William Huntington, with an epitaph on his tomb, dictated by himself, beginning—'Here lies the coalheaver, beloved of his God, but abhorred of men;' and signed 'W. H., S.S.' (Sinner Saved).*

We must not leave Lewes without exploring the singularly detached bowl of Downs, which rises immediately behind it, beginning with the 'Cliffe,' and ending with that abrupt and conical landmark Mount Caburn. But the Rifle Volunteers may be out. They are very fond of the deep ravines which abound there, and serve as natural butts for their practice-grounds. So we must keep an especial look out for red danger-flags. But if all is well, the insulated position of this group of hills will enable us to command the whole northern ridge of the Downs, looking across the Glynde and Falmer valleys to the east and west, and down the Lewes Levels to Newhaven to the south. We tread here, too, among many vestiges of the past—haunts dear to those staunch Sussex men, who have done so much for the cause of provincial archæology—Mr. Blaauw, Mr. Blencowe, and Mr. Lower—as the many remains preserved in the keep of Lewes Castle, the peaceful emporium now of relics of more troublous times, will testify. Here, too, we look down on a succession of pleasant villages—Offham, and Hamsey, and Ringmer—the latter with the comfortable mansion of Mr. Brand—and South Malling, an archiepiscopal manor of Canterbury, and as late as the fourteenth century invested with supernatural terrors from the popular tradition connected with the murderers of Becket, so well told by Dr. Stanley in his 'Memorials of Canterbury:'—'They rode to Saltwood the night of the deed: the next day (forty miles by the coast) to South Malling. On entering the house they threw off their arms and trappings on the dining-table, which stood in the hall, and after supper gathered round the blazing hearth. Suddenly the table started back, and threw its burden to the ground. The attendants, roused by the crash, rushed in with lights, and replaced the arms. But soon a second and still louder crash was heard, and the various articles were thrown still further off. Soldiers and servants with torches scrambled in vain under the solid

* See an article on the works of the Rev. W. Huntington, 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxiv., p. 462.

table to find the cause of its convulsions; till one of the conscience-stricken knights suggested that it was indignantly refusing to bear the sacrilegious burden of their arms—the earliest and most memorable instance,’ adds Dr. Stanley, ‘of a rapping, leaping, and turning table.’*

Here, too, are the Lewes Levels, which, according to Gideon Mantell, himself a native of Lewes, have seen so many sequences of physical changes, having been originally salt-water estuaries, inhabited by marine shell-fish; then, as the inlet grew narrow, and the water only brackish, fresh-water shells were first mingled with them, and then predominated. Then a peaty swamp, formed by the drifted trees and plants from the forest of Andreadswald, and terrestrial quadrupeds, became imbedded in the morass; lastly, the soil, inundated by land floods, became an oozy marsh, which has been since converted into a fertile tract.† Here, too, we gaze with wonder at the many churches, some without a house near them, which testify either to the thriving sea-side population of remote times, or to the piety of our forefathers, or to both. Within the narrow compass of the Levels we trace between Lewes and Newhaven (a run of five or six miles only) no fewer than nine or ten churches:—On our left, Beddingham and Heighton, and Tarring Neville and Denton; on the right, Kingston and Southease; Rodwell; Piddinghoe, with its singular round tower; and Telscombe, probably the most retired village in Sussex. And so we drop down by rail or water to Newhaven, where Louis Philippe and his Queen landed after flying from France in the character of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Nothing prevents Newhaven from becoming a first-rate watering place, *but its water*, which the old people describe as ‘very aguish!’ So the hotel is supplied from Lewes. Newhaven Church we have already mentioned. The view, as we climb the ‘Castle Hill,’ becomes very striking; whether we look upon a rippleless hot sea, with the arriving and departing daily Continental service boats in the offing, easily cleaving the satin surface, or whether, as is more frequent, the great billows come boiling and surging in against the headland under a south-wester; and the pitching craft labour to make the narrow harbour, straining through every cord and timber. The Sussex geologist bids us look again at this hill, as one of the ‘wonders of geology;’ for immediately beneath the turf, 150 feet above the sea-level, if we will examine it, there is a regular sea-beach with oyster-shells, and other marine remains. The same phe-

* ‘Mem. of Canterbury,’ p. 88.

† ‘Wonders of Geology,’ vol. i. p. 63.

nomenon, due to the change which time has produced in shifting the original position of the strata, occurs at Rottingdean.

Returning inland, and keeping the high ground behind the five little villages we have already named, on the right bank of the Ouse (of which Kingston gives its name to the most commanding hill of the bowl), we make once more for the queen of watering-places. As we near it, still keeping the high ground, we meet, for the first time for several hours, anything like company; equestrians trying the paces of their summer hacks on the natural racecourse, with smart grooms behind them; and, as we get nearer, schools of either sex braving the breezes, and boys collecting with gauze nets blue-and-brown-tinted butterflies for museums and entomologists; as the 'Grayling,' and the 'Corydon' or 'Chalk Hill blue,' the 'Artaxerxes,' and the 'Grizzled Skipper.' Then, if we diverge to our left, when we reach Newmarket Hill, and the New Brighton Union (which its guardians have planted on so bleak a spot that we only hope they do not stint the paupers' fuel), we ought not to miss the three Deans—Wodingdean, Rottingdean, and Ovingdean; the latter a well-cared for little village, bespeaking the presence of a gentle squire;—and we shall have lost nothing by the *détour* of more importance than that great county landmark and eyesore—the Brighton Race Stand, which, except in the first week of August, is about the most uninteresting edifice in England. And so, following the cart-ride from Ovingdean, we shall come, in a short quarter of an hour, from one of the quietest little villages, into the midst of the gay esplanade and stately mansions of Kemp Town.

The cliff-walk back from Brighton to Newhaven is hardly worth the trouble, so we will transport ourselves thither next day by the acute-angled railroad, and get on our feet again there for the Seaford bowl. This now neglected town of Seaford is perhaps the most interesting one of the entire coast. A member of the Cinque Ports, and prosperous long before the Cinque Ports themselves, returning two Members to Parliament till the Reform Bill, a Corporation from the time of Henry VIII. (and not retaining, we may be sure, that privilege without the squabbles and jealousies incident to small municipalities), exposed more to the former devastations of the French,* and the present ravages of the sea (which here breaks full on the unprotected shingle), than any other place along the coast, it deserves more than a passing notice, though we must refer for its full memo-

* 'What time the French sought to have sackt Seafoord,

This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard.'—

Sir Nicholas Pelham's Monument in St. Michael's Church, Lewes.
rials

rials to an able and interesting article by Mr. Lower, in the *Sussex Collections*. But where is the port? No vestige of it remains: the tradition being that the sea once came in on the present beach and town from the East Cliff, flowing up the valley as far as Sutton, and that the salt marsh, now such a disadvantage to the place, was in fact the harbour, communicating with the Ouse and flowing out at the Tide Mills; the opening at Newhaven being, as the name seems to indicate, of artificial and modern origin. In the same way the Adur, at Shoreham, has been deflected from its original course by an enormous shingle-bed, which obliges it to follow a course parallel to the sea for the last two or three miles.

Here is Seaford House, formerly the residence of Sir John Leach, who represented the borough in Parliament, now standing forlorn, with its clematis-covered porch and garden overrun with weeds;* and Corsica Hall, haunted ever since
Lord

* Sir John Leach was a famous leader in Chancery in his day; afterwards Vice-Chancellor, and finally Master of the Rolls.

‘Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place’

the character assigned to him by Sir George Rose in a *jeu-d’esprit*, the point of which has suffered a little in the hands of Lord Eldon’s biographers, Mr. Twiss and Lord Campbell. The true text, we know from the highest authority, ran thus:—

Mr. Leach	Mr. Parker
Made a speech,	Made the case darker,
Angry, neat, and wrong;	Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Hart,	Mr. Cooke
On the other part,	Cited a book,
Was right, and dull, and long.	And the Chancellor said, ‘I doubt.’

Mr. Twiss goodnaturedly suggests that ‘Parker’ was taken merely for the rhyme; but we are assured that this was not so, and that the verses represent the actual order and *identities* of the argument. By the favour of the accomplished author we are enabled to lay before our readers his own history of this production. ‘In my earliest year at the Bar, sitting idle and listless rather than listening, on the back benches of the court, Vesey, junior, the reporter, put his notebook into my hand, saying, “Rose, I am obliged to go away. If anything occurs, take a note for me.” When he returned, I gave him back his notebook, and in it the fair Report, in effect, of what had taken place in his absence; and of course thought no more about it. My short Report was so far *en règle*, that it came out in *numbers*, though certainly *lege solutis*. It was about four or five years afterwards—when I was beginning to get into business—that I had a motion to make before the Chancellor. Taking up the paper (the “Morning Chronicle”) at breakfast, I there, to my surprise and alarm, saw my unfortunate Report. “Here’s a pretty business!” said I; “pretty chance have I, having thus made myself known to the Court as satirizing both Bench and Bar.” Well, as Twiss truly narrates, I made my motion. The Chancellor told me to “take nothing” by it, and added, “and, Mr. Rose, in this case, the Chancellor does not doubt.” But Twiss has not told the whole story. The anecdote, as he has left it, conveys the notion of a taunting displaced retaliation, and reminds one of the Scotch judge, who, after pronouncing sentence of death upon a former companion whom he had found it difficult

Lord Napier's son shot his tutor dead in play. And here or hereabouts were long preserved the bones of the first Christian lady of Sussex, the virgin martyr and saint, Lewinna; and here was the best-endowed lazaret-house in the county. Seaford seems to possess all the requisites for a first-rate watering-place—a fine bluff headland within a lady's walk, and nearly equal to Beachy Head for grandeur; a clean, bold, shingly beach, and deep water, well screened from the north and open to the sunny south; within two miles from a daily-service packet-station and railway-terminus, and itself soon likely to become one. What should prevent it from being a second Brighton, but that oozy salt-marsh, which yet with a little capital and enterprise might be drained, if a good sea-wall were erected? Even now London doctors—not to mention the Hon. London Artillery Company—are doing their best to regenerate and bring it into notice again. The former will have it there is nothing malarious in the stagnant marsh right in front of your lodgings, and are buying up the land and persuading their patients to try the air; and the latter are one of the best-behaved military corps that ever corrupted a town, and keep the little place—which, we must own, wants some enlivening—in a state of continual animation during their month's annual holiday under canvass. Sham-fights and sham-sieges are to be had in abundance; and though one may be suddenly awakened in the night with the cry of 'the enemy at your gates!' there is not much harm in this. But the red danger-signal flies so often on the shore, that all that enjoyment, which Mr. Warter will tell us we share with old Cicero, of going about 'picking up cockles and winkles,' is spoiled; for when we have just composed ourselves on a pleasant eminence of shingle, in very vacancy from toil, to toss the surf-worn pebbles into the sea, or to ruminate over the successes or disappointments of another London season, we are not by any means secure from the invading whiz, far too near to be agreeable, of a more than imaginary bullet.

From Seaford we again take to the Downs, and, keeping a

difficult to beat at chess, is alleged to have added, "and now, Donald, my man, I've check-mated you for ance!"

If Twiss had applied to me (I wish he had, for Lord Eldon's sake), I might have told him what Lord Eldon, in his usual consideration for young beginners, further did. Thinking that I might be (as I in truth was) rather disconcerted at so unexpected a contretemps, he sent me down a note to the effect that, so far from being offended, he had been much pleased with a playfulness attributed to me, and hoped, now that business was approaching me, I should still find leisure for some relaxation; and he was afterwards invariably courteous and kind; nay, not only promised me a silk gown, but actually—credite Posteri—invited me to dinner. I have never known how that scrap (which, like a chancery suit which it reports, promises to be *sine-fine*) found its way into print.

north-

north-westerly direction, soon find ourselves at Bishopstone—a very model village for picturesqueness, with a singular old church well restored. Here a park-like meadow, with aristocratic trees, tells of some noble owner and mansion now no more. For here stood Bishopstone House, formerly the occasional residence of Thomas Pelham Duke of Newcastle. A mile yonder, in the still more sequestered hamlet of Norton, lived another, though humbler, celebrity, James Hurdis the vicar, the friend of Hayley, author of the 'Village Curate,' and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, cut off at thirty-eight. And so we muse along the banks of Ouse on to the brow of Beddingham Down—an exhilarating walk over the ewe-bitten turf, so short, and fine, and springy—and then along the summit of the Downs, due eastward, till we are over Firle Park, where we must recline awhile on one of the seats which Lord Gage has placed on the Beacon-top. And soon we are above Berwick Mill; and then a number of scattered villages crowd below us—Berwick, and Selmeston, and Alciston, and Ripe; and, after carrying away with us a specimen or two of calcareous spar from yon gaping chalk-pit, we halt at the old Saxon village of Alfriston. The size of the singular cruciform church, its ancient houses, its cross, and the lone circular hill at the western extremity of the parish, known as Five Lords' Burgh, together with its situation on what was evidently once an estuary, lead to the belief that it was formerly a place of importance; and we know it was within the liberties of Battle Abbey. Here, though we may not compare it with Mr. Hughes's Berkshire Vale, we must pursue the valley seaward for a mile to note the Sussex White Horse—a piece of rustic sculpture carved on the declivity of a steep hill above the Cuckmere.

Crossing the river at Excet—once a distinct parish, but now only giving its name to the bridge—we pass the peaceful villages of West Dean and Littlington, the former almost hidden from sight, with a real fourteenth-century parsonage still unaltered; and Lullington, where we have the smallest church in the kingdom (but only the chancel of the original building), standing alone in a cornfield. At Wilmington, a mile further, we have another attempt at rustic art in a giant carved on the turf, with both arms erect, and in each a huge staff, the work probably of the idle hours of some Benedictine monks in the old priory below. This village will remind us of our English Virgil:

'To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.'

The Downs here become extremely bold and picturesque in their shapes,

shapes, and the briny tonic of the sea-breezes more perceptible. We cross Folkington Hill above the village of that name, and skirting the very lonely village of Jevington, leaving Friston and East Dean a little to our right, find ourselves arrived off Willington Point, at the easternmost angle of the Downs, to enjoy the unrivalled sea and land view which opens out below us—from the hills around Winchelsea in the extreme east, to the Isle of Wight on the south-west, with the entire Weald mapped out, backed by the distant Kentish hills. Eastbourne, that favourite watering-place, appears below us, with its fine old parish church, and modern district chapels at the sea-side, and Ratton, and Compton Place, the residence of the venerable mother of the Duke of Devonshire, and the grounds of the late Mr. Davies Gilbert, the President of the Royal Society, with those massive martello-towers on their bay of shingle; and the dark, ivied walls of Pevensey in the further background, lying, like some old sentinel of the past, on that great alluvial plain deserted by the sea which once washed the Roman walls.

Eastbourne owes much to Beachy Head.* It shall be the annual regatta there, and a fine day, without too much 'wind on,' if that is possible there, and what there is from the west; so that the old guardian headland shall keep the water down enough for the galleys to pull in; and a heavy summer storm, just when it threatened to mar the pleasures of the day, shall have split, as so many do, and gone out to sea, attracted by that kind old lightning conductor. All is bright, and gay, and calm. And you will not soon match that pretty holiday seaside scene. It is a motley gathering of ear-ringed tars; and tawny tunicked herring-fishers, and ploughboys from the Weald, of all England's children the most unnurtured; and the gentler shepherd clan; and the open-browed coastguard; and plenty of be-jewelled visitors, you may be sure, strong in seaside slang and garb; and a surly smuggler or two, defiant of customs-officers, remnants, it may be, of the notorious Hawkhurst gang which was demolished a century ago, and whose ringleaders were gibbeted, to scare the country round, on Selsey Bill and the Rook's Trundall.

We and our children may laugh at smuggling as a good joke. But it was no joke at all not many years back. It was a very serious thing for Sussex, and sorely demoralized its peasantry. Closely allied to it was *owling*—that is, the transportation of wool or sheep, 'to the detriment of the staple manufacture of the country.' An Act of Elizabeth had punished the first offence with

* *Beauchef Head*, a tautology, like *Westminster Abbey*.

forfeiture

forfeiture of goods and a year's imprisonment; at the conclusion of which, however, a sorer penalty remained, the cutting off of the left hand 'in some open market-town in the fulness of the market, on the market-day,' and nailing it to a conspicuous place! * The second offence was felony. By another Act, † owners of wool within ten miles of the sea were to give an account of their number of fleeces within three days of shearing, and where they were lodged. Smuggling and owling then were the besetting sins of Sussex. The former peculiarly tempted it as a maritime, the latter as a pastoral, county. The import smuggling was the most serious. Tea was its principal object. In 1737 the frays between the 'gangs' and the custom-house officers first drew blood: soon lives were lost. At Goudhurst they reached their worst, where in a pitched battle all the arts of a miniature war were resorted to. The crowning piece of audacity was in 1747, when, emboldened by success, the gang broke into Poole Custom-House, and rescued a quantity of tea which the revenue officers had secured. From open battle to secret murder the transition was easy, and a murder of no common atrocity was committed. A special assize was held in consequence at Chichester. Seven of the gang were condemned to death, and six hanged: the other only escaped by dying on the night of his sentence. The illicit trade in tea and silk gradually disappeared; but that in tobacco and spirits continued, though with diminished barbarities, till within the last twenty or thirty years. The last occasion on which life was sacrificed was, we believe, at Winchelsea, in 1838.

Taking our leave of these sad thoughts, we will thread that narrow path, so inviting, that runs between cliff and cornfield, and follow it till it is lost in the green tracks; 'ware of those landslips, and the fissures which will soon become such, and that dizzy point down which noble hounds have been known to go in couples, sooner than lose their scent, and where a too eager botanist not long since missed his footing and was dashed to pieces; and we stand on Beachy Head, still the dread, though not as once the grave, of mariners; for a goodly light-house now burns its nightly oil to the salvation of thousands, and a station of the mercantile telegraph communicates ship-news to Lloyd's;—and, though dreadful, still the best of our hills, whose purest and keenest breezes have revived so many languid frames, and strengthened so many a tottering brain, and sent back many a dyspeptic valetudinarian invigorated for the duties of another year. Off Beachy Head, on the 30th of June, 1690, took place that sea-fight between the

* 8 Eliz., c. 3.

† 7 and 8 Wm. III., c. 28.

French under Count de Tourville, and the allied fleet of England and Holland under Lord Torrington, which Englishmen scarce care to remember.

The chief features of historical interest in the eastern division of the county are unquestionably its Cinque Ports, or more correctly, its Cinque Port of Hastings; for its 'ancient towns' of Rye and Winchelsea are but '*nobiliora membra*,' and not very ports indeed. The *less noble membra* of Hastings are Pevensy and Seaford, which are corporate, and five villages unknown to fame, Bulverhithe, Petit Shaw, Hidney, Beakesbourne, and Grange, which are unincorporate. Their present state belies their original, yet let us not think of it meanly. Long ere the *Aula Regis* had any fixed *habitat*, or Magna Charta was won at Runnymede, or our 'two Houses' were heard of, these barons of the Cinque Ports were great men. Who were they? Plain simple inhabitants of the privileged town and port. Yet these hardy seaside mariners manned the wooden walls of England. And kings knew it; and so the contract ran between them—'If you will do us service, and be always ready to equip us ships, you shall be among our favoured ones.' So Hastings found three, and Seaford one, and Winchelsea five, and Rye four, and Pevensy one, and the compact was sealed.

Those were grand days for the old Barons. Forthwith great civic seals were cast; silk pennons, insignia of their might, fluttered from tower and galley to the breeze. French wines filled their vast subterraneous storehouses. French refugees, in times of persecution, flocked in safety to their keeps; crowned heads made progress and held revel here, and Winchelsea was a 'little London.' One unenviable distinction too they had—a Chancery at their own doors, and a private Chancellor! At the royal right hand was the barons' seat at every coronation banquet—to be the bearers of the silken coronation canopy was their proudest privilege. Another was the right to send bailiffs yearly to Great Yarmouth to superintend the annual forty days' herring fair there. This superintendence, as the town increased, was resisted and resented, and great quarrels ensued; the one party endeavouring to preserve their ancient jurisdiction, the other to wrest it from them: and to this day Great Yarmouth pays a yearly tribute of herrings to Windsor Castle (or composition money for it) as a mulct for a brawl, in which one of its bailiffs killed one of the port's bailiffs.

Then came reverses—storm and tempest first made the breach. Rye harbour was choked up, Hastings harbour was swept away, Winchelsea was almost swallowed up alive in the thirteenth century; and when it was rebuilt in a safer situation, the capricious

capricious sea *forsook* it. Then French and Spanish spoilers came, and then political and municipal ferments, Treasury intimidation, and corrupt elections, and a goodly array of *mandamuses* and *quo warrantos*: and petty freemen racked learned brains in solemn trials with disquisitions upon *freedom*. Thus we find a solemn cause in the 'State Trials' before Lord Hardwicke, on one Henry Moore's claim to be 'free of Hastings,' wherein he at length established that right for every 'eldest son of a freeman born after his father's freedom within the borough, without respect to residence.' The Reform Bill dealt hardly with their electoral rights. Schedule A extinguished Seaford and Winchelsea, and Rye only found better terms in Schedule B. Now the Queen's writs run here as elsewhere, and no Chancery is held, and the Court of Shepway, and the Brotherhood and Guestling Court at Romney, are forgotten things, save when a new Lord Warden, of undying energy, resuscitates them for a moment, and by the force of a kindly imagination recalls the departed glories of the Cinque Ports; and although bailiffs and jurats are still living entities, those representatives of England's old marine aristocracy till peasant farms on aguish marshes, or wrap grocer's candles in the print of some ancient custumal, mourning over their ancestral greatness, with an occasional petition to Parliament, or a howl of despair to that great receptacle of all neglected mediævalism, the Sussex Archæological Society. And yet there they stand—those two 'ancient towns,' Rye and Winchelsea—with the ruins of Camber Castle midway between them, all the more interesting in their decay; the one with its quaint gables, deep roofs, and paved highways, unlike any other English town you ever saw; the other with its ivied walls and venerable gateways and streets so green with grass, that a century ago the herbage 'was let some years for 4l.'

It was at Rye and Winchelsea that our fleet came to anchor in 1350, when Edward III. fought in person against the Spaniards, and 'having none to fight with any more,' ordered his trumpets to sound a retreat. It was a little after nightfall, Froissart tells us, when the King, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Lancaster (John of Gaunt), who was then too young to bear arms, 'but the King had him on board because he loved him,' the Earl of Richmond and other barons, disembarked, took horses in the town, and rode to the mansion where the Queen was, scarcely two English leagues distant, and which appears to have been the monastery at Etchingham—'who was mightily rejoiced on seeing her lord and children, for she had suffered that day great affliction from her doubts of success; for they had seen from the hills of the coast the whole
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of the battle, as the weather was fine and clear, and had told the Queen, who was very anxious to learn the number of the enemy, that the Spaniards had 40 large ships: she was therefore much comforted by their safe return.*

Although Mr. Hussey prefers the tradition that Cæsar effected both his debarkations, in the two successive years of his invasions, in Kent, as the most likely to be the *brevissimus in Britanniam trajectus* mentioned by him, Professor Airy concludes them to have taken place at Pevensey.† If we adopt the Astronomer Royal's theory, it will increase our interest, as we stand beneath the herring-boned masonry of that gigantic ruin, to reflect that the two great conquerors of England here first leaped on English shore. Be this as it may, there are few places in England where the antiquary may spend a pleasanter day than Pevensey. The castle of the 'Eagle Honour,' as it was called, from its long possession by the great Norman family of De Aquila, rises, a great mediæval fortress, in the midst of the walls of a Romano-British city: for Anderida, the great city of the Andred's Wood, that covered much of ancient Sussex, was (there can no longer be much doubt) situated here. Courses of Roman tile remain in these ancient walls; upon which the Conqueror must have looked before he gathered his forces together and advanced along the coast to Hastings.

And there stands Herstmonceux, or the Wood of the Monceux (a Norman family), with its more peaceful associations, which never since the Conquest changed owners by purchase till 1708, one of the earliest brick buildings (after the Roman period) in the county, and described by Horace Walpole as having remained to his time in its 'native brickhood, without the luxury of whitewash.' We sicken at the mournful end of Thomas Lord Dacre, its owner in 1524, executed at twenty-four for a heedless night fray in Hellingley Woods. In our own days the parish of Herstmonceux has become associated with the fame of the learned and excellent Arehdeacon Hare, who passed there the latter years of his life.‡

But we must not leave the seaboard for the Weald without a few words on its great annual ingathering—the herring season. By October 10th all the boats have been manned, and reports of inshore 'takes' by the summer boats have quickened the labours of the hardy crews to be ready for sea. The man that has so gently tended the ladies' bathing-machines all the sum-

* 'Chronicles' (ed. Johnes), vol. i., p. 289.

† See 'The Invasion of Great Britain by Julius Cæsar.' By Thomas Lewin, Esq. 2nd ed. 1862.

‡ 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xcvi. †

mer months, and the ear-ringed yachter, whom the most indolent of London visitors had thought still more indolent than himself, have been converted suddenly, and as by magic, into the most courageous and venturesome of those who 'go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters,' fit to command a crew and craft over any seas. Nor is the business unprofitable. The take last year was an unusually good one; the share of some boats, divisible among seven or eight boat-owners, amounting to no less than 700*l.* or 800*l.* At Christmas they come into harbour for a short holiday; with the new year they sail westward for the Lizard for the no less perilous pilchard fishery, which lasts them till the spring is far advanced, when they again return to refit and repair, and become landmen for a while.

We must pass more rapidly through the north-east of the county, which, though pre-eminent in sylvan beauty and pastoral scenery, yet possesses, perhaps for that reason, fewer features of historic interest. It is singularly undiversified by towns. East Grinstead, its only representative, must have been a great place in its day. Hence probably it was that, till 1832, it sent two members to Parliament, and that the county Lent assizes continued to be held there till 1799, alternately with Horsham; notwithstanding that the rickety old court-house had tumbled about the ears of judge and jury in 1684. Another, and perhaps a better, reason, however, for the privilege was that, from the badness of the roads and the wild character of the people, it was not safe for the judges to venture far beyond the borders.

Time would fail us to speak, as we ought, to those who love the picturesque,—of the Down and Beacon of Brightling, the grand twin-sister eminence with Crowborough of the forest district; or of that once Royal Forest of Ashdown, which kings laboured to preserve, but the lawless days of the Rebellion depopulated; to those who revel in ecclesiastical lore, of the church of Etchingham, with its sandstone mellowed into grey, so simple in construction, so bold and beautiful in its outlines; to those for whom baronial grandeur has charms, of the ancestral honours of the house of Nevill, and their great place of Eridge, with its noble trees and its seventy miles of rides and drives; to those who delight in storied pile and ruined hall, of the solitary tower of Buckhurst (the only remains of the mansion for centuries of the Sackvilles till they got the lordlier Knowle); of the 'Branbertie' of Domesday, and Brambletye of Horace Smith, the home of the Comptons, in the tale of fiction as in fact dismantled by Parliament troopers, and in two centuries a ruin; of Bayham, to whose setting glories the house of Pratt has in these latter days lent lustre, with its emerald lawns and grey ivied arches reflected in
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the bosom of its own sweet lake ; of Bodiam, all round and martial, and still defiant, as of yore in the palmy days of the Dalyngruges ; or of that Hospital, in which the will of the good Earl of Dorset, unfettered by Mortmain laws, still feeds and harbours many a pensioner.

But chief of all in interest, the palace of Mayfield, the home in earliest times of the primates, three of whom lie buried here, and, in later days, of the munificent Gresham, the favourite of Court and City, the restorer of our finances, the architect of our Exchange. This, too, and not Glastonbury, is the scene where strove with the Evil-one the most earthly of Saints—the restless, reckless, and inflexible Dunstan.

There is not much myth about the Battle of Hastings (for so we must be content to call it, in spite of recent attempts to revive the name of the battle of Senlac). On that undulating upland, and in that steep morass, raged on Saturday, October 14th, A.D. 1060, from nine till three, when its tide first turned, as fierce a battle, as real a stand up fight between the army of England and the great Norman host, as any which has ever decided the destinies of countries. There is no important battle, the details of which have been so carefully handed down to us. How the Conqueror's left foot slipped on landing—the ill omen—and how his right foot 'stacked in the sand'—the good omen of 'seisin';—how the ships were pierced, so that his host might fight its way to glory without retreat ; and how he merrily extracted an omen for good even while putting on his hauberk the wrong side foremost ; how brother Gurth with the tender conscience counselled brother Harold with the seared conscience to stay away from the fray, lest his broken oath to William should overtake him ; and how, as they reconnoitred the vast Norman host, the elder brother's heart had failed him, had not the younger one called him scoundrel for his meditated flight ; the prayerful eve in the one camp and the carousing eve in the other, 'with wassails and drinkhails ;' the exploits of valiant knight Taillifer between the lines ; how the Normans shot high in air to blind the enemy ; and the dreadful *mêlée* in the 'blind ditch Malfosse shadowed with reed and sedge ;' and the Conqueror's hearty after-battle meal, when he was chaired among the dying and the dead ; and that exquisitely pathetic touch of story which tells how Edith, the swan-necked,—for the love she bore to Harold,—when all others failed to recognise him, was brought to discover his mutilated corse among the slain ; and the Conqueror's vow, so literally redeemed, to fix the high altar of the 'Abbey of the Bataille' where the Saxon *gonfanon* fell—all these, and a thou-

sand other minute circumstances of the memorable day, stand out in as clear relief at this distance of time as the last charge of Waterloo, or the closing scene at Trafalgar.

Sussex has little occasion to feel humbled by having been the scene of this well-contested field. Whatever the inhabitants of the British isles have since been able to effect for their own greatness and for the happiness of the human race, is attributable in no small degree to the issue of that fight. Thenceforth the Saxon was guided and elevated by the high spirit and far-reaching enterprise of the Norman, and the elements of the national character were complete.

ART. III.—*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Vols. I. and II. London, 1861-2.

IN reviewing a book by the Dean of Chichester, we do not feel ourselves bound by that delicacy which usually forbids any reference to the personal history of living authors. For Dr. Hook has long been known to the public, not only by his literary productions, but far more by the great and important practical work which he has performed, and by the conspicuous part which he has taken in the movements and in the controversies of our age. We are not left to speculate whether the writer of the volumes which bear his name on the title page be a young man, or one somewhat advanced in years; whether a man whose life has always been that of a secluded student, or one whose time has been largely occupied by the active duties of his calling; or to what particular section of theological opinion the new biographer of the English primates is to be referred. If we know anything of the history of our church for the last quarter of a century, we already know all these things as to Dr. Hook; and there is no reason why we should affect to be ignorant of them, any more than if we were dealing with some eminent statesman or warrior. Indeed the Dean himself refers to his own history in such a manner as to set us at our ease in this respect. After mentioning 'the artistic skill with which Hume has clustered the facts around a central personage, and portrayed the principles of the age in connexion with the character of the sovereign,' he tells us that,—

'At an early period of life the idea suggested itself to the author of the present work that a similar interest might attach to the history of the English Church, if, placing the primate in the centre, we were to connect with his biography the ecclesiastical events of his age

age, and thus associate facts which are overlooked in their insignificant isolation, and customs which, abstractedly considered, are valued only by the antiquary. A vocation to pastoral duty in the manufacturing districts demanded and exhausted his energies for five-and-thirty years; but he sought his recreation in the study of ecclesiastical history, and he resumes, in his old age, a task which he unwillingly relinquished.'—(i. 2.)

This book, therefore, is in its origin a parallel to the *Lives of Judges*, by Lord Campbell and Mr. Foss—each the work of a man who, in withdrawing from the long-familiar bustle of professional labour, sought and found in literature that occupation which was necessary for a vigorous and active mind. In like manner, Dr. Hook, on being transferred from the chief pastoral superintendence of a vast manufacturing town to preside over the cathedral of a quiet little old-fashioned city, has employed his well-earned and welcome leisure on the execution of a plan which he had formed in the years of his youth; and the result is such as might have been anticipated. The book bears throughout the stamp of the author's personality. We should not have looked in Dr. Hook's pages for evidence of that entire devotion to the subject in hand, of that depth and originality of research, of that minute and thorough knowledge, which might have been fairly expected from a writer of a different class; nor can we pretend to have found these merits in any very high degree, although it is certain that the author has done his work diligently and conscientiously. In many places it is evident that his information regarding various matters treated in the volumes before us has been lately acquired; and not unfrequently things are brought forward as if they were new, which will be less so to the present generation of students than they were to the students of Dean Hook's earlier days. But on the other hand, if his knowledge of details be recent, it is evident that the main story has long been familiar to his mind, that his view of it has long been settled, and that he thus has something to start with which gives him a command over the details as they are discovered, with a power of appreciating and arranging them; and if things are now generally studied by the younger clergy which were not studied forty years ago, there were among the ordinary clerical studies of that day subjects and books which are now neglected, but which yet are of great value and importance. Nor has Dean Hook forgotten what he learnt in his early years, but the knowledge then acquired is often brought with good effect to bear on his new subject. Throughout we see a man who has known much of men and of life; the pure Anglican divine, who at every step has been accustomed to make good his cause against Romanism on the

one hand and against Puritanism on the other. Above all, there is the great advantage of strong natural good sense, controlling and guiding his judgment and his pen—a specially English quality, which in Dean Hook has been improved and ripened by long and large experience. If, indeed, there be any characteristic which is particularly noticeable in him, it is his utter unlikeness to those with whom he was at one time popularly classed, but on very superficial grounds—the party which had for its organ the ‘*Tracts for the Times*;’—it is his distrust of idealisms, his leaning to the real, the possible, and the practicable, his remembrance that men are neither angels nor machines, his inclination to abate from the rigour of theories and to secure such good as is attainable. He is content to take a plain view of things, to forego all the glory that might be gained by mystery, and subtlety, and paradox, by unintelligible opinions and stormy or hazy language. But, strongly manifest as is his practical turn of mind, he is wholly free from that vulgarity which refuses to make allowance for merit of other kinds than his own. If, for example, he considers that Anselm failed as a primate of England, he is desirous to do him justice as a theologian, a philosopher, and a saint, and regrets that, from the sphere which Anselm in these characters adorned, he allowed himself to be called away to duties for which he was less fitted.

In plan the book resembles some others which have appeared since the idea of it was first entertained by Dr. Hook—such as Lord Campbell’s ‘*Lives of the Chancellors*,’ and Miss Strickland’s ‘*Lives of the Queens of England*,’—a work which we see that the authoress has lately turned into a complete series of English history, by the ingenious expedient of publishing as a supplement the ‘*Lives of Bachelor Kings*.’ It differs from a collection of lives of men eminent in any particular line—such as statesmen, divines, admirals, generals, or lawyers—in this respect, that it groups the story of every age around one official personage—one chosen, not for his personal superiority to others, but because he belongs to a succession of those who have filled (whether well, or ill, or moderately) some particular place. The first of these methods would be purely biographical; the other has more affinity with history: and accordingly, Dean Hook tells us that ‘the work now presented to the reader is designed to be a History of the Church of England’ (i. 2). We need not say, however, that the history would not have taken this form if the author had intended it to be a stiffly dignified composition. On the contrary, he holds himself at liberty to tell his story in a free and unfettered style—to enliven it with such illustrations, anecdotes, and digressions as occur to him. He neither affects the pomp of Gibbon
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nor the brilliancy of Macaulay. Sometimes it may be thought that he condescends rather more than need be to very young readers; sometimes we may be reminded of his high fame as a preacher by a tone which savours somewhat too strongly of the pulpit; sometimes, we may think that he is a little too familiar and gossiping. But if we notice these trifling matters, it is only in order to say that they do not at all really detract from the pleasant, readable, and instructive character of the volumes.

Dr. Hook's tone is, as we have already said (and as, indeed, is hardly necessary to say) entirely that of an Anglican churchman. Yet this does not exclude liberality of opinion; for there is throughout that true liberality which consists, not in treating everything with equal coldness, or in suppressing the writer's own convictions, but in allowing for the different position and principles of other men. However much he may dislike the papal usurpations, he does not think it necessary to treat every pope, or every adherent of the papacy, as a noxious creature, to be hooted at and hunted down. He writes as becomes a member of a church, which of all Christian communions may be styled the most truly historical, inasmuch as its reformation was not based on any new ideal of Christianity, but on a return, in so far as the change of circumstances allowed, to the ascertained doctrines of primitive times; a church which neither disdains history like some religious bodies, nor falsifies it like the Church of Rome.

Perhaps it may be partly to Dr. Hook's practical turn of mind, perhaps partly to habits formed in controversy, that we ought to ascribe that fondness for drawing parallels between ancient things and things of our own day which will strike every reader of these volumes. Sometimes this appears simply in the shape of illustration: as when we are told that King Offa's donation, on which the exaction of Peter-pence was grounded, was not originally a national tribute to the Papal see, but that the king intended to 'become an *annual subscriber* towards the fund raised to pay the expenses of Divine service at Rome, and for the support of indigent pilgrims who might visit the city' (i. 253); or where the mingled splendour and discomfort of an Anglo-Saxon court are illustrated by a comparison with an officer's hut at Aldershot, where 'guttering candles' throw their light on 'a splendid uniform,' and 'a table with splendid specimens of *bijouterie* and expensive works of art' (i. 319); or the comparison of mediæval palmers to modern writers of leading articles (ii. 42); or the curious passage in which the effect produced by Peter the Hermit on his age is illustrated by the cracking of the great Westminster bell (ii. 41). Sometimes the parallel is used in
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order to pay a compliment, as where, by Archbishop Baldwin's expedition to preach the Crusade in Wales, accompanied by the justiciar Ranulf de Glanville, 'we are reminded of the manner in which the cause of the African Mission was supported on a late occasion by the co-operation of one of our most gifted prelates, in conjunction with the most eloquent of our lawyers and statesmen' (ii. 560). In one place, compliment of this kind is combined with a prophecy which the diversities of taste in hymnology will hardly allow to be fulfilled. After having told us that Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, compiled the Sarum Offices, which 'became the model ritual of the Church of England,' and that the Bishop of Salisbury became precentor of the Episcopal College, Dean Hook goes on to say:—

'The title is still retained by the indefatigable, learned, and pious prelate who occupies the see of Salisbury at the present time; who has indeed proved himself to be the worthy successor of Bishop Osmund, by helping to prepare, and by giving his sanction to, a hymn-book for his diocese, which is likely soon to become the use of the whole province.'—(ii. 165.)

But more commonly the parallels between past and present times are made to convey a caution against thinking ourselves wiser or better than our forefathers. Thus, in speaking of the popular religious party throughout the Middle Ages, Dean Hook usually styles it 'the religious world,' by way of a hint to the frequenters of Exeter Hall that, if they had lived in those days, their zeal would probably have been shown not in protesting against the Church of Rome, but in enthusiastically embracing and forwarding its superstitions. So we are told that the generation which at first scouted George Stephenson's projects is not entitled to despise the contemporaries of Roger Bacon for thinking him a magician (i. 7). If the seventh century quarrelled about the Roman and the Scottish tonsures, we are admonished by a reference to the late scenes in St. George's-in-the-East, that even the nineteenth century has something to learn as to the right way of estimating the externals of religion (i. 13). If Dunstan was (as Southey supposed) a ventriloquist, and used his ventriloquism for the interest of his religious party, he was no worse than 'many a modern man of genius, who with the pen of a ready writer, and with strong party feelings, communicates to the public, under a pseudonyme, garbled statements, of which he would be unwilling to acknowledge himself the author' (i. 388). If tricks were played with relics in the middle ages, do not secretaries and auditors of modern institutions 'cook the accounts'? If there were sham miracles in those days, are our modern missionary societies very particular as to the truth of stories

stories which 'appeal to the sentiment of piety and the enthusiasm of benevolence'? (ii. 282).^{*} If bribery and corruption were practised in the Papal Court, have we never heard that 'during the mania of railroad speculation, the votes of members of either House of Parliament might be influenced by a judicious distribution of shares?' (ii. 233). If the British Christians were disinclined to attempt the conversion of the Saxon invaders, are not 'some of our contemporaries less to be justified, who refuse to support a mission to Central Africa simply on the ground that it is not supported by some favourite missionary society?' (i. 12). Even the share which mediæval bishops took in war must not be too rashly condemned as scandalous; for 'a bishop in those days did not consider a command in the field of battle more incompatible with his sacred office than we should regard a seat in Parliament at the present time' (i. 367). Indeed, the fighting of ecclesiastics in the middle ages may plead something like the authority of Dr. Parr; for 'within our own memory, the polemic in the field of politics fought with his pen to recommend himself to a party, and to establish a claim upon its patronage.† In the eleventh century the same feelings animated the military polemic, with the only difference that hard blows were supposed to be more efficacious in enforcing an argument than hard words' (ii. 113). Nay, even persons now alive, and of higher spiritual pretensions than Dr. Parr, are not without their likeness to those combative old bishops:—

'Let us not be too severe upon the prelates thus engaged in warfare. What they did was done with the full consent of the religious world, as it then existed, and amidst the applause of many who accounted themselves truly pious. It is the animus rather than the action which is to be regarded. In the nineteenth century we do not indeed see prelates wielding the battle-axe and hewing in pieces the corporeal members of pagans or of heretics; nevertheless destruction is annually hurled at innumerable Christian souls by the Bishop of Rome; and when we pass from the vicinity of the Coliseum to that edifice in the Strand of London, where in the days of our childhood we faced wild beasts with terror, we still hear the roar not of beasts but of men—fierce as the Ephesians of old;—gathered from all quarters, from church, tabernacle, and chapel, from the lordly palace and from the cobbler's stall, from north to south, from east to west; from Durham to Gloucester, and from Norwich to Winchester; and we find that the curse as it is uttered in London differs from the curse as it is fulminated in Rome only in form and not in spirit. . . .

'So long as Papist curses Protestant and Protestant curses Papist

^{*} We have recently called attention to the marvellous stories related by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy. See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxi. p. 174.

† A note refers to Parr's preface to Bellendenus.

we must not judge severely of those whose fanaticism in the twelfth century carried them from the strands of Britain or from the hills of Rome to fight what they believed to be the Lord's battle on the plains of Palestine.'—(ii. 569-570.)

Here and there, indeed, the application of these parallels is a little equivocal. We are, for instance, left in some doubt whether, in one of the sentences already quoted, our author would absolutely justify the fighting bishops (which their own contemporaries did not, except in the case of crusades), or whether he would turn our modern bishops out of the House of Lords. So, when he tells us that 'Hildebrand's idea was that which has been propounded in our own days by one of the most consistent and philanthropic of our statesmen—the avoidance of war and the maintenance of order by the establishment of a universal referee. Thus do extremes meet' (ii. 30)—we are not quite sure whether the intention is to applaud or to condemn the old hierarch and the Manchester statesman together. And the like may be said of a passage where the appropriation of ecclesiastical income to reward political service in the middle ages is paralleled with the Ecclesiastical Commission, in which, 'instead of going to the support of prebendaries and canons, or of the parochial clergy, a certain portion of the Church property is employed to remunerate the Commissioners. The chief Commissioner receives the income of two prebends and a living; the second, of two prebends;' while 'their secretary has the income of five livings,—his work being considered equal to that of five clergymen' (ii. 364).*

A good deal of this sort of writing, indeed, appears to be not more than half serious: rather an indulgence of the author's humour than intended either to teach us or to provoke us. For our own part, we are quite willing to let the Dean have his good-natured fling at us and at our neighbours; and whereas it might be thought that these passages can have no interest but for the present generation, we rather believe that to any one who may look into the book a century or two hence, they will appear the most curious passages in it. They will give him some lights which he might not easily find elsewhere, but some of them will probably puzzle him not a little.

The *Lives of the Archbishops* are to be divided into five books, each of which, it is to be presumed, will fill a volume, as is the case with those already published. The books are respectively to contain—'I. The Anglo-Saxon period; II. The Anglo-Norman period; III. The Reactionary period; IV. The Reformation; V. The Modern History' (ii. 70). Of these, the

* We are obliged to ask, what is the value of a prebend, and what of a living?
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first and second, extending to the death of Archbishop Stephen Langton, are now before us.

To begin with the Anglo-Saxon period is a necessity which must somewhat hinder the attractiveness of the first portion. We all know that Milton is continually rebuked in these days for having likened Anglo-Saxon history to 'the wars of kites or crows, flocking and fighting in the air;' yet we imagine that, after all, the feeling of readers in general is rather with Milton than with those who take it on themselves to correct him. To say that the history of England during those ages *ought* to be interesting—that if it is not found so the fault is in the reader—is to introduce considerations which are really beside the question. Nor is it of any use to tell us that, if we would but go deep enough into the study of the subject, we should find it interesting; for ornithologists might probably say the same of those airy feuds from which Milton draws his contemptuous simile. The question of interest is really to be decided, not by persons who have made Anglo-Saxon history the subject of conscientious antiquarian study, or by those (for we suspect that there are such) who have got up a smattering of it for the sake of display, but by ordinary readers, who judge by a comparison of that period with later times of English history, or with the history of other countries. A few points there are which are remembered by every reader of our commonest school-books; but the great mass of the story, extending as it does over more than six hundred years, is utterly forgotten. In the long line of the archbishops, how few have any place in the memory even of persons whose acquaintance with such matters is above the average! Augustine is, no doubt, remembered, and something of his story—the scene between Pope Gregory and the English boys in the slave-market, the conversion of Æthelbert, and the quarrel between the Italian missionaries and the bishops of the older British church.* Theodore may possibly be known as the monk of Tarsus under whom the whole English Church was consolidated, and the knowledge of his native Greek is said to have become as common in this country as that of Latin. Dunstan is,

* We venture to question the correctness of a note relating to Augustine, whom Gregory the Great, in writing to the missionaries bound for Britain, had styled '*præpositus vester*.' 'In the first edition,' says Dean Hook, 'I used the word *provost*, but there appears to be something of an anachronism in this. *Provost* had not as yet a technical meaning, and it has now no other' (i. 51). In the second edition, therefore, the words are translated 'your leader.' *Provost* (*præpositus*), however, *had*, in Gregory's time, 'a technical meaning,' inasmuch as it was the name given in the Benedictine rule (c. 65) to the second person (or *prior*) in a monastery; and Augustine seems to have held this office in the monastery on the Cælian Hill, from which the English mission was sent forth. See the Benedictine Life of Gregory, in Migne, '*Patrologia Latina*,' lxxv. 366.

indeed,

indeed, as familiar a name as Becket, or Cranmer, or Laud; and Odo may perhaps be remembered, although more faintly, on account of his connexion with Dunstan. Aelfric is sometimes mentioned, not for anything that he is known to have done, but because he *may* perhaps have been the same Aelfric from whose homilies some passages have been extracted as evidence of the Anglo-Saxon belief on the Eucharistic doctrine.* The name of Alphege is preserved by some churches which are dedicated to it, and by the circumstances of his murder by the Danes. And Stigand is remembered as the last of Anglo-Saxons who was deposed in order that the Italian head of a Norman abbey might take his place. But these are about all that can be said to retain any hold whatever on the minds of ordinary readers; and we question whether even Dean Hook himself could now pass a very brilliant examination in the lives of the Brihtwalds and the Nothelms, the Plegmunds and the Eadsiges, whose history he has investigated, written, and in all probability forgotten. The Dean has, however, known how to enliven the duller portion of his story by the introduction of amusing matter here and there. Thus in the *Life of Tatwine* (A.D. 731-735) we find a curious account of the manner of education and of the state of knowledge in that archbishop's time (i. 196-206), and other such digressions occur throughout.

On a point as to which the reader of Church history finds himself obliged to form some opinion,—the continual recurrence of miracles,—Dean Hook has some very sensible remarks (i. 35-7), of which we shall quote a part:—

‘It is only in modern times that we have learned to distinguish between credulity and faith, and to understand that, as the object to be reached in all our investigations is truth, one enquirer may fall into

* See i. 436-8. Dean Hook tells us elsewhere that John Scotus Erigena ‘wrote with freedom and learning upon the doctrine of predestination, but the work which made the greatest impression upon the public mind was his treatise “De Eucharistia,”’ in opposition to the opinions of Paschasius Radbert; and, assuming the identity of Scotus with that John who was one of the great Alfred’s literary assistants, he is ‘inclined to think that to his influence the orthodoxy of the English divines on this subject may be, in some measure, traced’ (i. 322-3). To us it seems clear that Alfred’s John was a different person from Scotus; and it is now generally supposed that Scotus did not write a special treatise on the Eucharist, but that his views on it were set forth in his *Commentary on St. John* (of which the extant portion stops short of the critical part of the sixth chapter), and, perhaps, also in a short letter to Charles the Bald, which no longer exists. And, while his views, in so far as they can be gathered from his remaining writings, were certainly opposed to those of Paschasius, they seem also to have differed considerably from the doctrine of Aelfric and from that of the English reformation. (See Floss, in Migne’s ‘*Patrologia*,’ cxxii., *Praef.*, p. xxi.; Christlieb, ‘*Johann Scotus Erigena*,’ Gotha, 1860, pp. 70, 78-9.) Berengar and his opponents, in the eleventh century, wrongly attributed the treatise of Ratramn, ‘*De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*,’ to Scotus; and hence has arisen much confusion in later times.

as great error by believing too much as another by believing too little. But before this principle was recognised, and when the only fear men had was lest they should not believe enough, they encouraged themselves in credulity; and whereas we should think it sinful to give credit to the report of a miracle without carefully examining the evidence, our conviction being that credulity weakens the cause of Christianity, the ancients were, on the contrary, too much inclined to regard an investigation of evidence, not as a legitimate exercise of the reason with which our Creator has endowed us, but as an indication of an infidel temper or a want of faith.'—(i. 38.)

Early in the work we have intimations of a theory which somewhat tinges the whole—as to the independence of the English Church in Anglo-Saxon times. On this account Dean Hook is disposed to dwell rather strongly on the shortcomings of the Italian missionaries, whose proceedings after their first establishment in this island he regards as wanting in boldness and enterprise (i. 113-120); and, from remarking on these defects, he goes on to show how the mission of Birinus to Wessex, which was sanctioned by Rome but unconnected with Canterbury, paved the way for the union of the whole English Church. This is a matter to which it is well that attention should be drawn, as it has too commonly been overlooked.

We cannot but think that, in his wish to disconnect the Anglo-Saxon Church from Rome, Dean Hook has done some injustice to the great missionary Boniface, whom he represents as 'miserably deficient in judgment, though excelling in zeal' (i. 237). Surely there was nothing inconsistent (as the Dean appears to suppose) in Boniface's falling back on the English Church for assistance in his labours, although he had received his commission from the Bishop of Rome. For he saw that Englishmen were the men best fitted for missionary work among the kindred people of Germany; and, on the other hand, he did not see that antagonism which Dr. Hook imagines between the English and the Roman Churches of that day. To Boniface Rome was venerable, among other reasons, because from it the second conversion of England had proceeded; and, although after having entered on his missionary career he never revisited his native land, his communication with it was constant, his interest in the English Church was unabated. He found that his connexion with Rome gave him advantages in dealing with the princes and the people of France and Germany which were not to be had by any other means; the more he saw of the disorderly Irish missionaries who rivalled and thwarted him in his exertions, the more did he naturally feel himself inclined to draw close the bands by which he himself

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was connected with Rome; and, if we may take the success of his mission as a test, his policy appears to be amply justified as the best which could have been adopted in the circumstances with which he had to deal.

On the whole, it seems to us that the relations of the Anglo-Saxon Church with that of Rome are less correctly stated by Dean Hook than by another late writer, Professor Pearson, of King's College, London, whose volume on 'The Early and Middle Ages of England' is full of information and written with much ability, although somewhat disfigured by that tone of dashing dogmatism which seems to be now regarded as necessary for a Professor of Modern History:*

'If,' writes Mr. Pearson, 'in little matters of detail Gregory's plan was not carried out, there can yet be little doubt that the Anglo-Saxon Church looked up to Rome as its original and as its ultimate court of appeal. In troublesome times communication might be suspended; the whole connection was perhaps regarded as settled by custom, which no one cared to dispute, rather than as a matter of abstract right. In fact it would be easier to prove the devotion of the Saxons to Rome than their dependence upon it, though the latter no doubt was real. There is one instance on record where the primate adhered to the fortunes of a fallen pope, and did not attempt to conciliate his more fortunate rival. But the pilgrimage of Anglo-Saxon kings and a nameless number of the people to Rome, the dues self-imposed to support a hospice there, the fierce zeal of Boniface for the papal claims, are all proofs of a filial sentiment to the august mother of their faith.'†

We believe, indeed, that in this period Rome exercised over the English clergy the influence of advanced religious fashion. That many hung behind, and refused to follow its 'developments' in doctrine and in practice, is to be explained by the fact that the great mass of the clergy is generally distrustful of

* Nor is Mr. Pearson always to be relied on for correctness of statement. At p. 368, for example, he displays a power of crowding blunders into a narrow compass, which might be envied by Mr. Thornbury himself. Henry II., it is said, after his reconciliation with the Pope, 'was now unopposed master of the English Church, and he gave away its bishoprics to Becket's sworn enemies, Ridel, John of Oxford, and Richard of Ilchester, or to foreigners, such as William Longchamps and Richard de Tocliffe.' Mr. Pearson adds in a note, 'Longchamps was a native of Beauvais, and de Tocliffe archbishop of Poitiers. Similarly, the primacy was offered to the Lombard Vacarius.' On this it may be remarked that (1.) Richard Tocliffe (who seems to be indebted to Professor Pearson for the prefix *de*) was the same with Richard of Ilchester; (2.) he was not a foreigner, but a native of the diocese of Bath—probably of the town from which his local name was taken; (3.) he was not archbishop, but archdeacon, of Poitiers; (4.) nor was Poitiers ever an archiepiscopal see; (5.) Longchamps was not appointed by Henry, but by Richard I.; (6.) the primacy was not offered to Vacarius, but to Roger, abbot of Bec, whom Selden and others have confounded with him.

† 'The Early and Middle Ages of England,' London, 1861, p. 86.

novelties,

novelties, rather than by supposing that they acted on any settled and consciously entertained principle of national or primitive Christianity. Those who had intercourse with the Continent were regarded as the party of progress and of superior enlightenment; and the decay of the English Church under the calamities inflicted by the Danish invasions gave greater and greater advantages to this party. If England was less Roman than France, the reason seems to have been simply that it was less civilised and more remote.

But it is time that we should pass on to Dean Hook's second volume, which in the interest of its subject far exceeds the first. Although the second volume is considerably the larger, the period embraced in it is much shorter than in the other—being little more than a century and a half, instead of nearly five centuries. Hence there is room for greater fulness of narrative, while the facts are better known and more interesting; and among the archbishops of this time, beginning with Lanfranc, the contemporary of Gregory VII., and ending with Stephen Langton, the contemporary of Innocent III., are some of the most famous names that are to be found in the whole of the long series from Augustine to his successor in our own day.

The introductory chapter of this volume deserves to be mentioned, as giving a clear and sensible view of some of the chief points which require notice in the circumstances of the time. One great cause of the collisions between the Crown and the Church was that, in Dean Hook's significant phrase, 'the Norman kings were none of them gentlemen. They were not gentlemen, because from their earliest years the vindictive and other passions were encouraged and indulged' (p. 8). And the part which the Church played in opposition to these princes—the strength which it found in its contests with them—are well explained in the following words:—

'Power was required to restrain the king, and this power was sought by the Church. The Scriptures of the Old Testament were studied with a zest equal to that of the Puritans of a subsequent period, and the idea of a theocracy was prevalent and popular. The people groaned beneath the tyranny of the barons; they too often missed a protector in the sovereign; they found a friend in the priest, who very frequently rose from their own ranks to the high position he occupied in society. Priests and bishops were foremost among the demagogues of the day; and in the contentions which we shall have to recount between the primates and the kings of England we shall find the people invariably on the side of the Church. Every Church movement was a popular movement. The Church formed the revolutionary party; and among the people, degraded, and to a great extent enslaved, the prevalent feeling was that any revolution would
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be better than the existing state of things. The king became more exacting, from the necessity under which he was placed of supporting mercenaries to defend himself against the assaults of barons, Church, and people. The Church defied his mercenaries, because the anathema of the ecclesiastic, when directed against the ruling powers, was sure to meet with a deep response in the heart of the people, who, even to barons and monarchs cased in armour, became formidable from their numbers.'—(pp. 5-6.)

The action of the Church as the protector of the weak, with the accompanying evil to which it was exposed in the temptation to go beyond its proper function, are forcibly stated, and there is a very clear and impartial estimate of the advantages and the disadvantages of monasticism, as to which the Dean agrees rather with the opinions which we ourselves have lately expressed than with the more romantic views of M. de Montalembert. Among other subjects which are discussed are the Crusades,—as to which the author is careful to point out the good which resulted from them, notwithstanding all that was mistaken in the design, faulty in the execution, or unsuccessful in the result as to their immediate object (pp. 48, seqq.);—and the influence of the institution of chivalry, and the rise of universities. In connexion with the last of these subjects, the author is led into a defence of liberal education, as distinguished from the special training for a profession; and we extract a passage which may be read with interest even by those who are already acquainted with the brilliant Lectures in which Dr. Newman (although not without some display of his Roman peculiarities) has lately advocated the same cause—

'A liberal education is to the present time the characteristic of what is called a university education. By a liberal education is meant a non-professional education. By a non-professional education is meant an education conducted without reference to the future profession, or calling, or special pursuit for which the person under education is designed. It is an education which is regarded not merely as a means, but as something which is in itself an end. The end proposed is not the formation of the divine, or the physician, or the lawyer, or the statesman, or the soldier, or the man of business, or the botanist, or the chemist, or the man of science, or even the scholar; but simply of the thinker.

'It is admitted that the highest eminence can only be attained by the concentration of the mind, with a piercing intensity and singleness of view, upon one field of action. In order to excel, each mind must have its specific end. A man may know many things well, but there is only one thing upon which he will be pre-eminently learned, and become an authority. The professional man may be compared to one whose eye is fixed upon a microscope. The rest of the
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the world is abstracted from his field of vision, and the eye, though narrowed to a scarcely perceptible hole, is able to see what is indiscernible by others. When he observes accurately he becomes, in his department, a learned man, and when he reveals his observations he is a benefactor of his kind. All that the university system does is to delay the professional education as long as possible; it would apply to the training of the mind a discipline analogous to that which common sense suggests in what relates to bodily exercise. A father, ambitious for his son that he might win the prize at the Olympian games, or in the Pythian fields, devoted his first attention not to the technicalities of the game, but to the general condition and morals of the youth. The success of the athlete depended upon his first becoming a healthy man. So the university system trains the man and defers the professional education as long as circumstances will permit. It makes provision, before the eye is narrowed to the microscope, that the eye itself shall be in a healthy condition; it expands the mind before contracting it, it would educate mind as such before bending it down to the professional point; it does not regard the mind as an animal to be fattened for the market, by cramming it with food before it has acquired the power of digestion; but treats it rather as an instrument to be tuned, as a metal to be refined, as a weapon to be sharpened.

'This is the system which the old universities of Europe have inherited.

'Philology, logic, and mathematics, are still the instruments employed for the discipline of the mind, which is the end and object of a liberal education.'—(ii. 63-5.)

Dean Hook remarks that all the old authorities for the history of the Anglo-Norman time, with the exception of the letters of Becket's antagonist, Gilbert Foliot, are on the side opposed to the Crown. This statement is, indeed, somewhat too broad; for such chroniclers as Ralph de Diceto and William of Newburgh are certainly not to be reckoned as violently hierarchical and adverse to the royal side, even as to the question between Henry II. and Becket; while Robert of Thorigny is in general a strong partisan of Henry, although as to that particular question he observes a remarkable silence until he reaches the point at which all men professed to agree in reprobation of the Archbishop's murder, and in reverence for him as a martyr. But, be this as it may, the Dean is determined to be impartial, and in as far as possible to make up from his own resources for such defects as have been left in the evidence by the prejudices of former ages, by the ravages of time, or by the timidity of some chroniclers who were unwilling to go against the stream of opinion current in their own class. As the authorities are all on one side, and are strongly tinged by the *'odium theologicum*, which is of all
passions

passions the most unscrupulous in the discoloration of facts and the aspersion of character,' he is—

'inclined in the personal disputes between the kings and the archbishops to take the most favourable view that circumstances will permit of the sayings and doings of the former. The kings were generally right in principle, though placing themselves in the wrong by the ungovernable temper which was their curse, if not an hereditary mania.'—(ii. 68.)

And in truth he sometimes advocates the royal side to a degree which is rather surprising.

Dean Hook considers that Archbishop Lanfranc was the author of the Norman Conqueror's ecclesiastical policy, 'which the successors of the Conqueror endeavoured to enforce, and which some of the most distinguished of the successors of Lanfranc, such as Anselm and Becket, endeavoured to put aside' (ii. 143); but we must hesitate to follow our author to the full extent of his opinions in this matter. No doubt William and Lanfranc understood each other, and worked cordially together; and while William was the one sovereign of the time to whom Gregory VII. did not venture to dictate, there was no great sympathy between Lanfranc and Gregory. The Archbishop did not enter into the scheme of papal dominion: he was not very zealous for Gregory, as opposed to the antipope Clement; while on the other hand, in the eucharistic controversy, where Lanfranc was the chief advocate of transubstantiation, Gregory took little interest, and was willing to tolerate the opinions of Lanfranc's opponent Berengar.* But that Lanfranc supposed the King of England—whose kingdom had been gained under a banner consecrated by Pope Alexander II.—to have any right in ecclesiastical matters which had not belonged to him as Duke of Normandy, or in which other sovereigns did not share,† we must hesitate to believe. As a specimen of the liberties of the national Church, Dean Hook tells us that—

'When there were two or more popes in existence, as was frequently the case in the miserable schisms of the age, the right of choosing his

* As to this controversy, Dean Hook seems to overrate the amount of previous acquaintance between Lanfranc and Berengar (ii. 90). The old biographer of Lanfranc, in saying that Berengar wrote to him, '*quasi familiari suo*,' (Migne, Patrol., cl. 36), means, apparently, that they were not on such terms as would have warranted the familiar address.

† This claim was asserted by William Rufus, as appears from a speech of the Bishop of Durham to Anselm. '*Quod enim dominus tuus et noster in omni dominatione sua præcipuum habebat, et in quo eum cunctis regibus præstare certum est, hoc ei quantum in te est inique tollis*.' Eadmer, '*Hist. Novorum*,' l. i. (Migne, clix., 384.)

pope was vested in the king; so that the clergy were not permitted to acknowledge any one as pope until the royal consent had been obtained.'—(i. 144.)

England had, no doubt, the right to choose its Pope in cases where the cardinals had made a disputed election; for the decision in such cases was settled by the general adhesion of Western Christendom to one or the other of the rival Popes. But that the part which England was to espouse should be determined by the King alone, appears to us both an unlikely and a very inexpedient arrangement. Elsewhere, sovereigns claimed no such exclusive power of decision. Henry IV. of Germany was supported by councils of German and Italian prelates in his opposition to Gregory VII., and Frederick Barbarossa in his opposition to Alexander III.; and that the mere will of a king who, in addition to being 'not a gentleman,' might be notoriously a man of no religious feeling, should impose a pope on the English clergy, in opposition to their own judgment and to the majority of Latin Christendom, would surely have been a very questionable advantage for them—a piece of national liberty in church matters which they might possibly have regarded as very like slavery.

The contest between Church and State began under Lanfranc's successor, Anselm. Among late writers in general, there has been a disposition to treat this eminent man kindly. His genius as a philosopher and a theologian—his saintly reputation—his sufferings for his cause and his behaviour under them—his engaging personal character, as represented by his biographer Eadmer—all bespeak our interest, while we look with natural dislike on the brutal and profane William Rufus and on the able but unscrupulous Henry Beauclerc. But Dean Hook's view of Anselm is far less favourable. While allowing him credit for ability, learning, and sanctity, he thinks that the Archbishop was a man at once unpractical and impracticable—a prey to a subtle form of pride, which, unsuspected by himself or by his friends, swayed him in all his actions and led him into grievous and calamitous errors:—

'For three-and-thirty happy years Anselm lived [at Bec] an object of adulation, whose sayings were recorded as the dictates of wisdom, whose word was law. The men revered him, the women loved him, the religious world honoured him as a saint, the profane world regarded him as endowed with virtues more than human. Notwithstanding his many and great virtues, Anselm, nevertheless, was only a man, and was not exempt from the faults and frailties ever incident to humanity. We are not surprised to find the sin of spiritual pride, notwithstanding the semblance of humility, developing itself in his character, imperceptibly to himself, and not acknowledged by his admirers.

Through spiritual pride, with its concomitant self-complacency, he never imagined it possible that he could be mistaken in his judgment; and while he expected an immediate acquiescence in his opinions on the part of others, he treated all who differed from him, not with anger, for he did not often lose his temper, but with pity, which, implying superiority, was especially provoking to those who had been previously irritated or contemned. It is to this fault of character, together with his ignorance of human nature, that we may trace much of the trouble to which he was subjected in his later years, and no small portion of the evils of which he was the unconscious cause.—(pp. 182-183.)

We can quite believe in the possibility of such a character as that which is here so forcibly sketched; but we do not think that Anselm's character was of this kind. The description seems to us inconsistent, not only with Eadmer's account of him, but with the tone and spirit of his own works. That William Rufus was a bad man, Dr. Hook very fully allows; but he believes that a more prudent tactician than Anselm would have known how to manage him, and the whole course of the contest between the two is represented as a string of displays of 'want of tact' on the Archbishop's part (ii. 186-189). There is, indeed, something like a vein of caricature throughout the account of Anselm, and, as we have already seen that Dr. Hook on principle makes the best that he can of the Kings, so it seems as if in this instance he were resolved to make the worst that he could of the Archbishop. Thus, we are told that, after having declined two invitations from Hugh, Earl of Chester, Anselm came to England on being asked a third time, because he had been 'assailed in his weak point. The Earl's salvation might depend on his receiving spiritual consolation from so holy a man' (ii. 188). When the King and the Archbishop had had a difference as to the amount of the present which Anselm was expected to offer on his promotion, we are ironically told that—

Anselm returned to Canterbury self-satisfied; he had done his duty; he had made his offering; the rejection of it had exonerated him from all suspicion of simony; he had maintained his dignity; he had given good advice to the king. What more could the world, the Church, or his conscience require of him?—(ii. 198.)

So, after another collision, it is said that 'the Archbishop returned to Canterbury, there to receive the adulation to which he was accustomed from monks and women; and he is represented as satisfied that gross abuses should continue, because he had been prevented by formalities from correcting them in the way which he would have best liked; while 'one thing' only 'weighed upon his mind—he had not yet attained the pall' (ii. 204).

Again,

Again, when a question arose as to the equipment of the soldiers whom the Archbishop sent as his contingent for an expedition against the Welsh, it is said that they were such as 'even Falstaff would have been ashamed to pass through the good city of Coventry' with (ii. 217). Anselm is represented again and again as lecturing the King in an unbecomingly 'supercilious' and oracular tone. He is blamed for William's relapse into vicious courses after having vowed amendment in a dangerous sickness (ii. 198). Even his attack on the courtly fashions of curled locks and pointed shoes is represented as if he warred against these follies on their own account, whereas, in truth, they were offensive to him as the outward symbols of a luxurious, unmanly, and grossly vicious life. And, besides these smaller matters, it seems to us that Dr. Hook has strained things to the utmost on the opposite side. For instance,—one of the points in dispute between William and Anselm was the practice of keeping bishopricks and abbacies long vacant, while the income during the vacancy was appropriated by the King; and even this Dean Hook defends as follows:—

'The temporalities of an episcopal see during a vacancy were then, as now, in the hands of the king. But in modern times, when the majesty of the law has been asserted, ecclesiastical property is carefully husbanded, and the accumulation paid over to the incumbent on his appointment, the corporation sole never having ceased to exist. In the eleventh century, as the property of a minor, though made over to him when he came of age, was applied by the suzerain to his own purposes during the minority, so William assumed the possession of all the property belonging to a vacant bishopric or abbey; and, in order that the royal coffers might be filled, he prolonged the vacancy to an indefinite period by refusing to nominate to the office.'—(p. 186.)

But on this we may remark, that the practice of William Rufus was entirely a novelty; that in Saxon times the revenues of a vacant abbacy or bishoprick were applied, under the care of the bishop or the archbishop, as the case might be, to religious or charitable uses; that under the Conqueror they were, as now, 'carefully husbanded, and the accumulation paid over to the [next] incumbent.*' And, as the practice of seizing the income for the King was novel, so, too, it brought with it a temptation, which had not before existed, to prolong the vacancy for the sake of the profits. Nor is there any force in the supposed analogy with the case of lay landowners during their minority; land was held in feudal times under the obligation of military service—an obligation which a minor could not fulfil; and minority was

* See Collier, ii. 66; Lingard, i. 534.

a thing neither caused by the King, nor capable of being lengthened out by him; whereas the vacancy of sees and abbeys beyond a reasonable time was entirely due to the King's will. We need not dwell on the waste and spoil, or on the cruel grinding of the tenants, which seem to have been usually committed during such vacancies, for the King's profit, and to the damage of future incumbents; but the main objection to the system is of another kind, namely, that for the sake of putting into the King's purse money which did not belong to him, the spiritual superintendence of abbeys, dioceses, or provinces, was left in abeyance for years. We are sure that Dean Hook would be one of the last men deliberately to make light of this objection; and we must avow that we have been utterly surprised at finding him inclined to defend or to palliate the abuse in question.

Again—as to the choice between Pope Urban and his opponent, which became a subject of dispute between the Archbishop and the King, we are told that—

‘Anselm was clearly in the wrong. His first step should have been to call upon William to keep the promise formerly made to the archbishop, and to declare publicly whether he would admit the claims of Urban or those of Clement. As Anselm, while abbot of Bec, had received Urban as his pope, if the king had chosen Clement, the archbishop might have resigned. But he had no right whatever to make his election irrespectively of the royal authority.’—(ii. 205.)

Here it seems to us that the case is put unfairly against Anselm. For, although the King had not made a declaration whether he would adhere to one or to the other of the rival Popes, Anselm had expressly intimated to him, before receiving consecration as Archbishop, that he held himself bound by the acknowledgment of Urban, which he had made as abbot of Bec; and William, by favouring his promotion to the archbishoprick, notwithstanding that declaration, must have been considered as pledging himself to the side of Urban. But for the understanding that there would be no difficulty as to the question of Pope or Anti-Pope, Anselm would not have accepted the primacy; and when he signified to the King his intention of seeking the pall from the Pope (which was then an essential form for the exercise of metropolitan authority), the King's question, ‘From which Pope?’ and his furious declaration that he would have no Pope owned except by his own authority, were really a breach of a positive engagement, on which Anselm had staked the whole course of his future life. Indeed, as to the contests between Anselm and the sons of the Conqueror, it seems to us that Dean Hook has really said as much as is necessary for the Archbishop's justification, in admitting that ‘the bad men, William
and

and Henry, to whom he was opposed, thought nothing of the Church, but simply of their own authority' (ii. 266). It is true that Anselm's opposition was carried on in the interest of the papacy; and we fully agree with Dean Hook in thinking that 'the experience of ages' has shown that what was then regarded as the liberty of the Church involved 'the most oppressive spiritual despotism.' But we are not inclined to blame Anselm for having acted according to his lights, and it is evident that the pretensions of the Anglo-Norman kings, especially when asserted by men of such character as theirs, were equally faulty on the other side.

In short, while we agree with Dean Hook that Anselm was a man of thought and speculation, rather than one well qualified for active life—while we believe that, although William Rufus could not have been managed quite so easily or so entirely as our author supposes, yet something might have been made of him by skilful management—it appears to us that Anselm—in some respects the greatest of all the English primates—has not met with entire justice at the biographer's hands. Moreover, as the Dean does not profess to write the literary history of the Archbishops, Anselm has the disadvantage of appearing here in that part of his character only which is the most open to dispute, while we are obliged to take almost wholly on trust those merits which made him the greatest teacher of the Church since Augustine of Hippo.*

Passing over the lives of Ralph of Escures, of William of Corbeil, and of Theobald, we come to the more famous name of Thomas Becket. But the very fact that so much has lately been written about this Archbishop makes it the less necessary for us to discuss his character and history; nor are we inclined to enter here into any disputes with the champions who, from very various quarters, have lately risen up to do battle for him—extreme Romanists and Hildebrandizing Anglicans—theorists who regard him as the champion of an oppressed nationality, or those whose favour is ready to wait on any opponent of any royalty. Dean Hook, it is hardly necessary to say, does not belong to any of these classes. He justifies Becket's opposition, as Chancellor, to the hierarchical claims which he afterwards asserted (ii. 350). He is little inclined to regard him as a saint. He thinks him wrong as to the question of exempting the clergy from secular jurisdiction (ii. 397). In the 'Constitutions of

* We may notice that a dialogue, bearing the title of 'Elucidarium,' which has by some been ascribed to Anselm, and which Dean Hook quotes largely as the work of Lanfranc (ii., 98-105), is really by a somewhat later author, Honorius of Autun. See Migne, clxxii. 15, or the 'Hist. Littéraire de la France,' t. xii.

Clarendon' he sees nothing but old English (and, therefore, in his view, *right*) principles as to the relations of Church and State (ii. 409). His general view of the Archbishop's struggle is thus summed up:—

'The tendency of Becket's principles was to supersede a *civil* despotism, and to establish, which is worse, a *spiritual* despotism; but in point of fact he was a high-principled, high-spirited demagogue, who was teaching the people how to struggle for their liberties; a struggle which was soon to commence.'—(ii. 397.)

In so far, then, as Anselm and Becket had the common object of establishing a Papal despotism in opposition to that of the English Crown, Dean Hook disapproves of both alike; but it would seem that the tendency of Becket's proceedings to work out civil liberty, has procured for him a degree of sympathy which is denied to Anselm. At all events, the later archbishop is treated with far greater indulgence than the earlier.

Dean Hook and Mr. Pearson agree with other late writers in wishing that the materials for the history of Becket may soon find some more satisfactory editor than Dr. Giles; and in this wish every one who has any knowledge of Dr. Giles' volumes must heartily concur. There is only one quarter to which we can look for the means of producing a new edition—the fund granted by the Lords of the Treasury for the publication of the 'Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland;' and, indeed, it may be said that our future estimate of Dr. Giles' labours will depend on the eminent person with whom the selection of works for that series rests. Without the aid of public money a new edition is not to be expected; while it may pretty safely be assumed that, but for the existence of Dr. Giles' edition, there would have been no question as to the propriety of including the lives and correspondence of Becket among the volumes to be issued by the Master of the Rolls. If, therefore, a new edition in that series be granted, we shall be able to think of Dr. Giles as a useful pioneer; if it be refused, we must regard him as having prevented, by his unhappy publication, a good work, which but for him would almost certainly have been done.

If a new edition be undertaken, we may expect it to contain, in addition to the materials collected by Dr. Giles, not only the metrical Life by Garnier, which has been published by Professors Bekker, of Berlin, and Hippeau, of Caen, and the supplementary pieces which Dr. Giles himself has sent forth through the medium of the 'Caxton Society,* but probably other things of

* As to one of these, a composite biography on the plan of the 'Quadrilogus,' which Dr. Giles ascribes to a supposed 'Philip of Liège' (*Anecdota Bedæ, &c.*, Pref.

of importance which have never yet appeared in print. There may, indeed, be a question as to the expediency of publishing the Life by Bishop Grandison, of Exeter, which appears to be almost entirely compiled from books already printed.* Nor even if it were possible to recover a compilation which is said to have been executed by a monk of Croyland, and presented by the abbot of that monastery to Archbishop Langton,† would it be worth printing, unless it contained some elements peculiar to itself. But in all probability there must be valuable materials yet unprinted. The Life by William of Canterbury, for example, which has until lately been known only by the extracts in the 'Quadrilogus,' is said to exist in a complete state in Winchester College; and, if it be considered how much has been brought to light by Dr. Giles, we can hardly suppose but that there still remains an ample gleanings to reward some more painstaking inquirer. But even in the absence of new materials, the purgation of the text from the innumerable blunders which disfigure it—the critical analysis of the Lives, so as to show which of the writers borrowed from which, and to what family of tradition each one is to be referred ‡—above all, the arrangement of

Pref. xvii.), we should have something to say, if this were a fit place for discussing the subject. As it is, we shall only guard ourselves against being supposed to agree in the editor's views as to the authorship.

* In a hasty examination of the Bodleian MS., the only thing which struck us as new in the Life itself (as distinguished from the miraculous supplement) was the account of the Archbishop's forebodings on the day of his murder. The substance of the passage is given by Professor Stanley, in his 'Memorials of Canterbury,' pp. 58-9, ed. 3. Grandison probably copied this from some older book; if so, what was it? and does it still exist?

† We have not observed that any modern writer has noticed the passage in which this compilation is mentioned. The continuator of Ingulf states that Abbot Henry, being unable to attend the translation of St. Thomas, in 1220, but wishing to do honour to the occasion, sent the Archbishop a book of the martyr's Life and Passion, 'a monacho monasterii sui Croyland egregie compilatum. Quae itaque compilatio gloriosi martyris originem, vitam, studia, gesta, exilium, agonem, passionem, canonizationem, et quod excellentius est epistolas dicti martyris, quas vel ille aliis, vel alii illi, vel pro illo, vel contra illum, seu de illo scripserunt, locis competentibus congruenter insertas, una cum Catalogo Eruditorum ejusdem martyris, luculenter continet et declarat.' (Hist. Croyland. ap. Fell, *Rerum Anglic. Scriptores*, 474.) The peculiarity of the work appears to have consisted in the interweaving of the correspondence with the narrative.

‡ We may here offer a solution of two questions which have puzzled a late biographer of Becket, Mr. Robertson. (1.) After having stated that the writer known as 'Anonymus Lambethensis' is the only ancient authority for calling Becket's mother *Roſsa*, but that Fox, in his 'Acts and Monuments,' gives her the name of *Rose*, Mr. Robertson asks, 'Whence did he derive it?' (p. 14). The answer is, that Fox was acquainted with the Lambeth MS., which he elsewhere mentions as 'having the name of the author cut out' (i. 253, ed. 1684). (2.) He has thrown doubt on the statement that Becket resigned his archbishopric into the Pope's hands at Sens, chiefly on the ground that the story becomes more distinct in proportion as the writers are more remote from the scene. 'What likelihood is

of the vast mass of letters (including those of John of Salisbury,* Arnulf of Lisieux, Peter of Blois, and others, which bear on the story of Becket) in one series, with proper regard to chronology, and sufficient (although not too much) annotation—these would be enough to exercise the skill of the future editor; and by performing them even in a tolerable degree, he would entitle himself to the hearty gratitude of all students of English or of ecclesiastical history. Indeed, we cannot think of such a book without envying the fortunate readers, whom it would enable to learn with ease and pleasure, in a few days, more than the plodding industry of their elders has been able to discover in so many months, in the face of the difficulties raised, almost as if with deliberate malice, by the late editor of ‘*Sanctus Thomas Cantuariensis*.’

It might, perhaps, be worth while to collect the notices of Becket which are scattered over foreign chronicles; although these notices, in so far as we know, are scanty, and of no great importance. Thus in the Chronicle of St. Laurence’s at Liège, it is related that among the archbishop’s fellow-students at Paris was one who, as abbot of St. Laurence, long after erected the first altar of St. Thomas of Canterbury that was seen in that region.† So, in the Chronicle of Andres, a monastery near Ardres, and in that of St. Bertin’s, by John of Ypres, we have some slight details as to the archbishop’s last days on the return from exile.‡ But it seems pretty clear that, when the fame of St. Thomas was up, a connexion with him was often feigned for the glory of particular places or persons. The story related by Matthew Paris, as to a supposed interview at Harrow with the Abbot of St. Alban’s,§ appears to be of this kind. In like manner it seems unlikely (on grounds of chronology) that he can have had among his fellow-students at Paris, Conrad, Bishop of Würzburg, who was a

is there,’ he asks, ‘that Alan should have been so very circumstantially informed as to an incident of which FitzStephen and Grim speak so uncertainly?’ (p. 343.) Without going further into the matter, we may remark that Alan, who was elected prior of Christchurch, Canterbury, in 1179, had been, until 1174, a canon of Benevento, where from 1172 the archbishopric was filled by Hubert Lombard, the companion of Becket’s studies at Pontigny, who must necessarily have been one of the highest possible authorities as to the events of his exile. (Gervas. Dorob. ap. Twysden, X. *Scriptores*, 1456; Ciaconius de *Vitis Pontificum*, i. 1103, ed. Rom. 1677.) Thus it may be that Alan’s statement rests on independent information of the very best kind.

* We have very lately received from Germany a work entitled ‘*Johannes Saresberiensis, nach Leben und Studien, Schriften und Philosophie*, von Dr. C. Schaarschmidt, Leipzig, 1862.’ In so far as we have been able to examine this volume, it appears to contain an excellent account of John’s life, writings, and opinions.

† Chron. S. Laurent. Leod., ap. Martene, Coll. Ampliss. iv. 1090.

‡ D’Achery, Spicil. ii. 811-2; Martene Thesaur. iii. 657.

§ Hist. Major, 123-4; Vitæ Abbatum, 91-2, ed. Wats.

Crusader in the end of the century, and was murdered in 1202;* and although it may be true that Ludolf, Archbishop of Magdeburg, was his fellow-pupil at Paris, we can hardly suppose that he studied there *under* Becket, as is said by a writer in Leibnitz's collection.† We even suspect that M. Guizot, in the natural feeling of satisfaction at finding his estate near Lisieux connected with a celebrated name, has been less critical than he would have otherwise been in telling us, on the authority of local tradition and of 'the most learned Norman antiquaries,' that Becket during his exile visited the abbey of Val Richer, and spent several months there, engaging in the spiritual exercises and in the bodily labours of the monks ('Mémoires,' iv. 140-1). As the grounds on which the Norman antiquaries have founded their opinion are not given, it is not in our power to test their value, but the story appears to us altogether improbable. As the Val Richer was within the English king's territories, it is hardly to be imagined that Becket would have ventured to the place while under sentence of banishment; and, although he may possibly have turned out of his way to visit the abbot while proceeding from Sens to Rouen, in his return to England, his visit in that case could not have been such as M. Guizot describes. We need hardly add that, in such of the old authorities as we are acquainted with, there is no mention of Val Richer.

In connexion with the name of Becket, we may notice a theory which has lately been put forth by the Rev. W. W. Shirley, a gentleman who has carefully studied the Becket documents, and of whose abilities and knowledge we wish to speak with the most sincere respect. Mr. Shirley, in a very valuable paper 'On some Questions connected with the Chancellorship of Becket,'‡ supposes that the office of Chancellor was raised, during Becket's tenure of it, from the sixth to the second place among the great offices under the Crown; and he grounds this opinion chiefly on the fact that FitzStephen, in his account of Becket's Chancellorship, says, 'Cancellarii Angliæ dignitas est, ut secundus a rege in regno habeatur:'—

'On this passage,' says Mr. Shirley, 'I would remark, first, that the expression *secundus a rege* is certainly meant to be translated "second from the king," not "second to the king," the chief justiciar being the one subject of higher rank.'

To us it seems that this translation is certainly wrong. In classical

* This statement is made by Dean Milman, *Hist. of Latin Christianity*, iii. 412, ed. 2, but without naming his authority.

† *Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicensium*, iii. 353.

‡ Published in the 'Oxford Historical Society's Reports,' 1861.

Latin, 'secundus a rege' means 'next to the king,' as will appear from the references under the word *Secundus* in the common dictionaries.* The same is the sense in the Latin of the Vulgate Bible, which might naturally be expected to govern the mediæval usage;† and that such was the case, may appear from a passage of the chronicler Ekkehard, who describes Albert, afterwards Archbishop of Mentz, as having been, while Chancellor to Henry V. of Germany, 'per omnia secundus a rege.'‡ We have, therefore, no doubt as to the translation of the words. But, supposing this settled, what do they mean? The Chancellor was certainly not next to the King in dignity, for between them were the Princes of the Blood, the Primate, and at least one great officer, the Justiciar. Nay; since FitzStephen's words do not bear the sense which Mr. Shirley puts on them, and so fix the Chancellor's place as second among the great officers, it is not certain that in Becket's time he stood so high. The only solution that occurs to us is to be got partly by the help of the passage in Ekkehard, and partly by a consideration of the words 'in regno.' The nearness to the King which Ekkehard speaks of was evidently not a matter of precedence, but of intimacy; and FitzStephen seems to use the words 'in regno,' not as meaning 'within the realm,' but with the intention of confining his view to the constitution or government of the kingdom. And thus, although princes, archbishops, and not only the justiciary, but other great officers, may have been higher in dignity than the Chancellor—although favourites may, in fact, have possessed the King's ear to a greater degree than he—the Chancellor may still have been 'secundus a rege in regno,' as being officially the Sovereign's most confidential adviser. Or whatever the chancellor's place may have been in order of precedence, FitzStephen may have meant, by styling him 'secundus a rege in regno,' that he had the chief share in the government—as (to take a much stronger instance) the First Lord of the Treasury is now usually Prime Minister, although his office confers no precedence on him, and his rank may be no higher than that of Privy Councillor. Into the question at what time the Chancellor was raised from the sixth to the second place, we do not here undertake to enter.§

There

* Thus Hirtius says, that in Cappadocia the priest of Bellona was 'imperio et potentia secundus a rege.' De Bello Alexandr., 66.

† e.g. 'Et quomodo Mardocheus judaici generis secundus a rege Assuero fuerit.' Esther, x. 3.

‡ Ekkehard, Chron., A.D. 1112 (in Migne, cliv. 1024). The points of likeness between the history of Becket and that of Albert—who, from having been an anti-hierarchical chancellor, became a very hierarchical primate, and the bitterest opponent of the Sovereign to whom he owed his See—have been often remarked.

§ Mr. Shirley is inclined to doubt whether Becket was Henry's first chancellor, on

There is not much of interest in the life of Becket's respectable successor, Richard. The next archbishop, Baldwin, died as a crusader at Acre, after having distinguished himself chiefly by a quarrel with the monks of his cathedral, whom he attempted to supersede in their privileges as to the election of archbishops by transferring these to an intended college of secular canons.* We need not say that he is well abused by the monastic writers; and his successor, Hubert Walter, although he accommodated matters with the monks of the cathedral, and therefore receives something like fair treatment from their chronicler, Gervase, is cruelly abused by Thorn, the chronicler of the rival Monastery of St. Augustine.* Hubert Walter was a man of remarkable ability in many ways—not, perhaps, a great divine, but eminent as a military leader, both in Palestine and at home, as a judge, and as a statesman.†

Last of the primates included in these volumes is Stephen Langton—a man memorable for his struggle against King John, in behalf of the Pope's usurpation of the power to bestow the see of Canterbury, and afterwards for the part which he took in wringing from John, in opposition to the Papal influence, the recognition of English liberties by the Great Charter. In the first of these contests Dean Hook is against Langton; in the second, he is with him. At pp. 694-6, he even suggests such arguments as can be offered in mitigation of John's abject submission to the Pope; ‡ but we must think that this is somewhat

on the ground that a document in Rymer is attested by 'N. Epo. Ely, et Cancellario.' Mr. Foss had supposed *et* to be a mistake for *T.*, the initial of Becket's Christian name, and therefore had resolved the signature into two, but Mr. Shirley is not satisfied with this. There is, however, in the '*Anglia Sacra*,' a contemporary Life of Nigel, Bishop of Ely, in which his political circumstances at the accession of Henry are so fully spoken of (i. 627), that his chancellorship could not have been unnoticed if he had ever held the office; and all other evidence tends to show that Becket was appointed Chancellor in the very beginning of the reign. We have, therefore, no doubt that Mr. Foss's conjecture is right.

* *e.g.* 'Vir juris ignarus, et, quod pudet dicere, laicus et illiteratus.' Ap. Twysden, *X. Scriptores*, col. 1841.

† Hubert Walter was, beyond all doubt, brother of Theobald Walter, who emigrated to Ireland, and founded the Ormonde family. The connexion of that family with Becket is less distinctly made out. We mention the matter chiefly in order to point out that Carte seems to be mistaken in supposing 'Thomas FitzTheobald, of Helles,' who is said to have married Becket's sister, to have taken his designation from a district called Heilly, in Tipperary. (Pref. to '*Life of the Duke of Ormonde*,' xii.) For there is in Kent an ancient chapelry named Helles, now united to the parish of Darenth; and both Darenth and Helles were the property of the See of Canterbury, until exchanged by Herbert Walter with the monks of Rochester for Lambeth. Hasted's '*Kent*,' i. 247-251; '*Rymer*,' new ed., i. 65.

‡ At p. 696 the Dean says that 'the precedent had been set by the Emperor of Germany, Lothair II., in 1133,' and cites the story of a picture which represented Lothair as doing homage to the Pope, and bore the inscription—

'Rex venit ante fores, jurans prius urbis honores
Post, homo fit papæ, sumit quo dante coronam.'

But,

what inconsistent with the doctrines elsewhere propounded as to the dependence of the English Church on the Crown, and its independence of the Papacy.

Langton had in his earlier years been eminent as a teacher at Paris, and he was a voluminous author—his chief work being a Commentary on a large portion (if not the whole) of the Old Testament. Dean Hook gives references to libraries where some of his writings are still preserved; and we may add that the Library of Canterbury Cathedral contains his 'Morals' on Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Tobit, Esther, Ezra, Maccabees, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the lesser prophets.* Langton's works, however, have never found an editor, and we are not aware that any living man has taken the trouble to ascertain whether his Commentaries differ in any appreciable degree from mediæval commentaries in general. The title, 'Moralia' (borrowed from Gregory the Great, who gave this name to his Commentary on Job), seems to promise one of those vexatious and interminable expositions in which the writer uses Scripture as a peg to hang his fancies on, without apparently having any idea that the sacred writers may probably have had a meaning of their own. Stephen Langton died in 1228, having superintended the translation of Becket's relics into a magnificent shrine, and having encouraged the introduction into England of the Mendicant orders, which were to play so large a part in the later history of the middle ages, as the busiest agents and the surest instruments of the Papacy. The policy of Gregory VII. had achieved its highest triumphs under Langton's contemporary, Innocent III. But by attempting to carry it too far, the successors of Innocent excited a formidable spirit of opposition; and Dean Hook's next volume is to show the operation of this spirit during 'the period of reaction' until the Reformation.

In taking leave of the author for the present, we must again express our high sense of the value of his book. We do not think with him in everything, and it would be easy to point out such mistakes as almost every one who comes later can usually note in the work of those who have gone before him.† But we heartily

But, besides that 'Frederick Barbarossa denied the legality of the act of his predecessor,' it would seem that the picture and the motto misrepresented the homage, which was really done for the Countess Matilda's inheritance (held by Lothair under the Roman see), as if it had been done for the imperial Crown. See Gieseler II., ii. 81.

* Catalogue, by the Rev. H. J. Todd (afterwards Archdeacon of Cleveland), Lond. 1802, p. 111.

† We ought, perhaps, to mention that the Dean in his preface acknowledges the assistance of the Rev. W. Stubbs, author of a very useful list of English bishops, entitled 'Registram Sacrum Anglicanum.' Although this gentleman is unfortunate

heartily like his general spirit, and we are sure that Dean Hook has bestowed on his task much loving labour, with an earnest desire to find out the truth, both as to facts and as to opinions. To the idler reader, it will convey much information in a very pleasant form; to the student who is acquainted with severer works, of a wider range, it will give the means of filling up the outlines of Church-history with life and colour. It is well for us all to know something about the prelates whose history Dr. Hook has written; and for many of us it is no small matter to know what so eminent a man as Dr. Hook thinks of them. In the long line of Augustine and his eighty-nine successors, there have been men of very various qualities; some of them noted as scholars, as theologians, or as statesmen; while many, who cannot be described as in any way distinguished, have filled the Primacy with credit to themselves and with advantage to the Church. There have been archbishops saintly and of no remarkable sanctity, proud and humble, rigid and pliable, wholly hierarchical and almost wholly secular. And it can certainly not be said that the highest qualities have always secured the most successful administration of the office. Under such princes as William Rufus and his brother, Lanfranc could no doubt have contrived to acquit himself of his duties at once towards the Church and towards the Crown better than the more profoundly learned and thoughtful Anselm; and in later times, Laud—able, learned, munificent, and conscientious as he was—was yet so far wanting in practical wisdom that he bore a chief part in provoking the temporary ruin of the Monarchy and of the national Church. In many cases, an archbishop whose chief merit consisted in nothing more than a stately and dignified bearing, has served the Church more effectually than it could have been served in the circumstances of his time by a man combining the highest gifts of eloquence, learning, and piety. As circumstances vary, so too do the qualities which are required to deal with them; and that which, in one age, is the most valuable of qualifications, may be quite unsuited for another. Yet, however this may be, it may be certainly laid down that in such a position as the Primacy of England, the man ought always to hold himself subordinate to his office—that solid rather than dazzling qualities are required, nay, that brilliancy of any kind is even dangerous—that any fondness for personal display (under whatever name it

nate in being the subject of certain weekly eulogies which would not be too little for an Ussher or a Mabillon, we believe him to be a really learned and conscientious student, from whom much good service may be expected.

may

may be veiled) cannot fail to degrade the man and to dishonour his function.

‘Among the archbishops,’ says Dean Hook, ‘there are a few eminent rulers distinguished as much for their transcendent abilities as for their exalted station in society; but as a general rule they have not been men of the highest class of mind. In all ages the tendency has very properly been, whether by election or by nomination, to appoint “safe men;” and as genius is generally innovating and often eccentric, the safe men are those who, with certain high qualifications, do not rise much above the intellectual average of their contemporaries. They are practical men rather than philosophers and theorists, and their impulse is not to perfection but *quieta non movere*. From this very circumstance their history is the more instructive, and, if few among the archbishops have left the impress of their mind upon the age in which they lived, we may in their biography read the character of the times which they fairly represent. In a missionary age we find them zealous but not enthusiastic; on the revival of learning, whether in Anglo-Saxon times or in the fifteenth century, they were men of learning, although only a few have been distinguished as authors. When the mind of the laity was devoted to the camp or the chase, and prelates were called to the administration of public affairs, they displayed the ordinary tact and diplomatic skill of professional statesmen, and the necessary acumen of judges; at the Reformation, instead of being leaders, they were the cautious followers of bolder spirits; at the epoch of the Revolution they were anti-Jacobites rather than Whigs; in a latitudinarian age they have been, if feeble as governors, bright examples of Christian moderation and charity.’—(pp. 40-41.)

ART. IV.—1. *Regulations for the Volunteer Force*, 1861.

2. *Constitution et Puissance Militaire de la France et de l'Angleterre*. Lient.-Col. Martin, 3^{me}. Imp. Lanciers. *Spectateur Militaire*. 1861.

3. *The Three Panics*. Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. 1862.

FOUR years ago we were defenceless enough to satisfy our worst enemies, and to alarm our most confident friends, always excepting the author of ‘The Three Panics,’ who deserves in spite of his good intentions to be classed with the former rather than with the latter. We were quite unprepared to meet any great attack which might have been made upon us on a sudden outbreak of war, while our tempting condition of insecurity rendered us the more liable both to be involved in war, and to be the object of such an attack. Of our long coast-line, no one assailable part was safe during a temporary absence of our fleet. Our mercantile ports were at the mercy of any frigate that might elude

elude our cruisers. Our great dockyards and arsenals were more or less open to bombardment by sea, as well as to the more remote contingency of an assault by land. Our metropolis itself was shamefully exposed to an enemy, if once disembarked. Our regular army of 60,000 men, which had many other places of vital importance to protect, was insufficient in numbers for its defence alone; and even when we added to that army 100,000 imperfectly trained, or untrained, militia, with 14,000 pensioners, and 14,000 yeomanry, we were unable to make up the number of 200,000 which we might have had to encounter on our own soil. We felt our weakness, and our neighbours saw it. We were properly subject to anxieties at home, and naturally so to threats from abroad, which it is easy now to laugh at or to ignore.

Mr. Cobden would fain persuade us that the sensations of insecurity which we have at times experienced, and which he has divided into three special periods of panic, were altogether uncalled for; and that because we did not actually encounter wide-spread desolation or sudden destruction at the termination of any of these periods, we had not after all any cause for alarm. On the same principle the careful man who insures his ship, his house, or his life, is a reckless spendthrift as long as his merchandize is safe, his house unburnt, or his health good. Mr. Cobden has either not yet met with, or not appreciated, the old French proverb,—

‘ S’il fait beau, prends ton manteau ;
Quand il pleut, fais ce que tu veux.’

Nothing would have induced him to believe beforehand, that the States of North America would, in the year 1862, be overrun by a million of soldiers and overwhelmed by a hopeless debt. If a more far-seeing Government had, by the adoption of wise measures, by extensive preparations, and at an apparently extravagant cost, prevented civil war from breaking out among those States, he might easily prove now by similar reasoning that its statesmen had done their best to bring ruin upon that united nation, and to ensure the break-up of its pattern constitution.

We knew, then,—for it had become a bye-word with us,—that steam had partially bridged the Channel; but we continued, with intermittent feelings of uneasiness, to rely principally upon naval protection until we realised the fact that a gallant and imperial ally was outstripping us in the process of converting a sailing into a steam fleet. This touched us on our most sensitive point. The startling announcement rang through the land, that our first, our only prepared line of defence was endangered. Retrenchment and reform ceased thenceforth to be popular. Savings were
not

not to be weighed against security, nor the ballot against bulwarks. Batteries began to make their appearance on the coasts; a Royal Commission was appointed (on the 10th August, 1859) to inquire into the 'Present state, condition, and sufficiency of the Fortifications existing for the Defence of the United Kingdom;' and the judgment of the nation has confirmed the obvious general conclusions which were contained in the Report of that Commission, dated February, 1860—that certain vital points and important places ought to be rendered secure against any attack that could be made against them both by sea and land—that they should be surrounded by land-forts sufficiently distant to secure them from the effects of rifled artillery, and protected by sea-forts to act in combination with floating batteries, and comply with all the conditions of modern warfare.

But while it was seen that we wanted fortifications much, it was felt also that we wanted soldiers more. It was not only that our troops were insufficient to protect the public arsenals and dockyards without the addition of fortifications; but we could not even spare from our field-force the more limited number that would be required for their defence with the aid of permanent works. The first construction of such works involved a heavy outlay, and the cost of maintaining them would be considerable; but the augmentation of the regular army to anything like the numbers that were necessary to the security of the country was out of the question.

The difficulty was apparent, and our countrymen proceeded to act upon the same principle in military affairs, that they are accustomed to apply to the concerns of civil life. They helped themselves. They set to work to provide for their own defence in the same spirit in which they have established voluntary institutions of a literary, scientific, artistic, and charitable nature—for their aged and their young, their rich and their poor, their criminals and their unfortunates. Uniforms appeared in the towns, bugles resounded through the villages. Peers and plebeians put their heads together in council, and their shoulders in the field. The best men in the country devoted to the work willing labour and valuable time. Those who were richer aided those who were poorer, and those who could not give leisure or physical strength, sent in their subscriptions. Balls and bazaars swelled the resources. The Government accepted the movement; the Act 44 Geo. III., c. 54, was revived; and a Volunteer Army has been formed, which consisted in round numbers on the 1st August, 1861, of 23,470 Artillery, 2750 Engineers, 600 Light Horse, 670 Mounted Rifles, and 133,900 Rifles, making a grand total of upwards of 161,000 men. Since that date, the Artillery have

have increased 3 per cent., the Engineers 5 per cent., the Light Horse 11 per cent., and the Rifles a quarter per cent., while the mounted Rifles have decreased nearly 3 per cent. The total enrolled strength up to the 1st April last was 162,740 officers and men, in 1351 corps, comprising 2200 troops, batteries, or companies. Of these only one-eighth were non-effectives; and out of the remaining 140,000, about 80,000 are highly efficient. The cost of this army, as provided in the Estimates for the present year, is 123,000*l.*, divided into 6000*l.* for general Staff; 67,000*l.* for Adjutants and expenses of Officers temporarily employed; and 50,000*l.* for instruction.

The establishment of a Volunteer force, in one form or another, had been desired for many years by civilians as well as by military men; and partially successful attempts had previously been made to form isolated corps in different parts of the country. A great step was gained when the rifle came into general use in an improved form and at a low price. It was at once remembered that the great success of British soldiers in former centuries was principally due to their unrivalled skill in the use of the bow, and it was foreseen that similar advantages might be gained by training the present generation to shoot with the rifle. A natural wish gained ground to erect practice-butts, and to introduce rifle-shooting, like archery of old, as a national pastime. It was hoped that the interest thus excited would aid in the formation of corps, and contribute to a strong defensive movement; but it was not foreseen, nor could any one have imagined, that so large a proportion of the population would in a time of peace convert themselves into drilled and disciplined soldiers—that they would for a time abstain altogether, as so many have done, from the more interesting portions of their military duties, and would, month after month, go patiently through the comparative drudgery of drill, in spite of many obstacles, until they had attained to so high a degree of efficiency. This was a strong test of the earnestness of the movement; and the admirable way in which it has been undergone furnishes proof of an amount of patriotic zeal which Mr. Cobden will find it difficult to quench, and M. Martin to discredit.

Herein lies the great difference between the Volunteers of the present day and their predecessors of 1588 and 1803. The former are assisting, while there is yet time, to place the country in security, in order to prevent the idea of a hostile invasion from being seriously entertained; the latter assembled to oppose expeditions of great magnitude, pompously organised, and avowedly destined to that object.

At the commencement of the present century, when Napoleon

distributed 150,000 men in six camps along the French coast, and called them 'the Army of England,' double that number rose in arms on the English side of the Channel to oppose them; and the general feeling which existed throughout Great Britain at that time, and which exists in still greater force at the present time, cannot be more forcibly described than in the words which the late Sir Charles Pasley used in writing, in 1808, on the all-exciting subject of the Military Policy of the country:—

'Certainly, of all the spectacles presented by history in modern times, none, if we have the good fortune to survive the present contest, will be regarded with greater admiration by succeeding ages than the noble effort exhibited in this island, when, at the commencement of the present war, threatened with a formidable invasion which our ordinary military establishments were incapable of resisting, four hundred thousand Britons started at once from the various occupations of civil life, and voluntarily took up arms in defence of their country.'

There is no doubt that half a million of men would now offer their services, and be ready to do their duty to the best of their power, against any foe or combination of foes that might threaten the country; but it would be many months before any of them could be made as efficient as the 160,000 who form our existing Volunteer army. M. Martin, indeed, considers that we must have sadly deteriorated. After first alleging that the Volunteer movement of 1803 was decried with fury by the majority of military men, and that the large forces at the disposal of the British Government in that year (which he gives at 83,840 Militia, 34,162 Reserve Corps, and 474,627 Volunteers) existed but on paper, he adds that, instead of 500,000, we can now only raise 150,000 Volunteers, in spite of newspaper excitement and discourses pronounced '*après boire*.' M. Martin knows, on the one hand, the weak point of this new armament, 'with which we are seeking to dazzle the eyes of Europe,' while he denies that Continental nations are as much 'stupified' by it as we would wish to believe, and appears to consider that no amount of time or labour will ever make the Volunteers efficient. Mr. Cobden founds all his fallacies, on the other hand, upon the following statement, which was made by the late Lord Hardinge to the Sebastopol Committee: 'Give us a good stout man, and let us have him for sixty days to train him, and he will be as good a soldier as you can have.' This would be a very extraordinary statement if it were intended to be taken in the extended sense in which Mr. Cobden has applied it; and its correctness would not be admitted by army officers generally, though

though men carefully trained during such a period might, no doubt, do good service in some cases if they were mixed up with older soldiers. But Mr. Cobden proceeds to take it for granted that good *officers* are to be manufactured in a somewhat similar period, that the moral qualities necessary to officers and men are to be imparted to them in like manner, and that the organisation of the different departments is to be perfected with equal facility; and he cannot understand how, under these circumstances, any longer time can be wanted to form an army than would necessarily elapse between a cause of quarrel and a commencement of war.

By way of demonstrating how unreasonable our 'panics' have been, he argues that we are not to consider the French as 'a set of buccaniers,' who will 'throw fifty thousand men across the Channel in a single night,' and that in any supposition of sudden attack we 'overleap all reliance upon our diplomacy or our fleets.' 'Take away,' he says, 'the liability to surprise, by admitting the necessity of a previous ground of quarrel and the delays of a diplomatic correspondence, and you have time to collect your fleet, and drill an army.'

We are strongly tempted to believe that he must have derived these ideas from a French friend and skilful statesman; but whether this be the case or no, we are sure that the friend in question will not now become acquainted with them for the first time, and will long ago have enjoyed a laugh over them at the expense of his unsuspecting Englishman.

Mr. Cobden affords us an amusing insight into his communications with this friend, by reproducing an old story about Mr. Ewart. That sensible Member of Parliament made an application to M. Ducos, the French Minister of Marine, in 1853, on the subject of the French armaments, and received a reply which appeared in all the newspapers; but Mr. Cobden now lays before us a description of the question and a summary of the answer, as they are contained in a note from M. Ducos to a colleague. Mr. Cobden 'had not the honour of a personal acquaintance with M. Ducos, but happened to be on terms of very intimate friendship with one of his colleagues, with whom he was in correspondence at the time, and from whom he received the following note, which had been written to him by the Minister of Marine, at the moment of receiving the letter of inquiry from Mr. Ewart.' We will not quote the whole of this note, but we will give the pith of it in the following extracts:—

'Mr. Ewart asks me in confidence, and whispering in my ear, if we are actuated by sentiments of rivalry in pushing our armaments! I declare that I cannot understand it. We have not armed one vessel,

we have not touched one gun, we have not equipped one soldier, we have not recruited one cabin-boy; and they ask us seriously if we are a very thunderbolt of war? . . . Ah! my dear colleague, you see that all the geese do not come from the United States or swim in the Seine. You perceive that the question from London makes me quite merry.'

Mr. Cobden is innocently astonished even now in remembering that 'this excellent attempt to allay the public excitement produced no apparent effect.' But, verily, good intentions, and an anxious desire for the welfare of mankind, do sometimes lead our countrymen to commit the most egregious absurdities. This was worse than Mr. Pease's visit to St. Petersburg to convert the Emperor Nicholas to a peace policy during the Russian war. Imagine a French legislator writing to the Duke of Somerset, to obtain information as to our own objects in fortifying Portsmouth. In the mean time, as Mr. Cobden has considered this anecdote to afford good evidence in support of his opinions, and has thought it worthy to be reproduced in his pamphlet, it is plain that he has never seen through M. Ducos' joke. He still believes, no doubt, that the geese are those who would prevent war by being prepared for it; while the wise would, in the opinion of the witty French Minister, as well as in his own, postpone their preparations until the danger is upon them, cackle in the mean time in fancied security, and hiss at all others, who, differing from them in opinion, prefer to adopt measures for ensuring safety.

But the opinions in this respect which Mr. Cobden puts forward, and the reasoning by which he endeavours to support them, are deprived in part of the mischievous tendency that they would otherwise possess by being so peculiarly ill-timed. Our gallant neighbours on the Continent have thirty-seven* iron-plated vessels built or building to our twenty-five; whereas we ought to have fifty-five to their thirty-seven; and the alleged superiority of some of our ships does not go far to compensate for this serious deficiency in numbers. Being still below the standard at which they aim, and what they call their ordinary establishment, they would continue to tell us, no doubt, with M. Ducos, that they have not

* These numbers, about which there has been of late some dispute, are thus made up:—The French have 6 iron-plated frigates afloat, and 10 building; 12 iron-plated floating batteries afloat, and 2 building; and they have commenced to build 7 more of the latter at Bordeaux and Nantes. Mr. Cobden desires that we should arrange with them for a mutual reduction of naval armaments. The only proposition that we could now make is that they should suspend their operations until we have caught them up, passed them, and attained our proper position in advance of them. We imagine that even Mr. Cobden or Mr. Ewart would hesitate before they attempted to negotiate such an arrangement.

equipped one little boat, or recruited one cabin boy. They have also a regular army of 409,000 men under arms, besides a reserve of 203,000 liable to be called out in two or three weeks, and a national guard of 265,000, making a total available force of 877,000 men; as against a regular army of not much more than 90,000 in this country, besides,—say 80,000 militia, and 160,000 volunteers; and we cannot anyhow make up a total of 400,000 men. A more reflecting and observant statesman would have abstained, at such a moment at any rate, from recommending a policy of procrastination in defending the heart of a mighty empire. It is not so long since the army of France, while still on a peace footing, crossed the Alps, with its Emperor at its head, and drove the Austrians, who were supposed to be fully prepared for war, out of Lombardy in a few weeks. The question of the 'Trent,' too, would have led only the other day to immediate war with the Northern States of America, if they had persisted in their refusal to give up the Southern Commissioners whom they took from that vessel; and we escaped from that war only by showing that we were strong and ready. A European war might be suddenly forced upon us in like manner at any future time, without our obtaining a single month for the completion of our military arrangements; and Mr. Cobden would hardly, we suppose, consider that this was a sufficient interval for full preparation, though he does not give us any precise estimate of the length of time that ought in his opinion to be allowed in such cases for diplomatic correspondence. With these recent cases before us, we need hardly go back for further illustration to the practice of the first Napoleon, who, when he determined upon striking a blow, was not usually in the habit, any more than other great commanders, of giving any unnecessary leisure for preparation to those on whom it was destined to take effect. But we cannot help being reminded of that celebrated occasion on which, while preparations for embarkation were kept up at Boulogne with redoubled activity, and the 'army of England' was hourly expecting to go on board, the whole force was suddenly put in motion for the Rhine, and was far advanced on its march towards that river before it was known either in London or Vienna that the camp on the coast had been broken up. A total number of 271,000 men were marching from different directions to effect the object in view; and judicious combinations produced the usual result. After a campaign of fifteen days, and with a loss of 8000 men, 80,000 of the enemy had been taken or destroyed.

On the subject of preparation, the few pages that follow the quotation above given from the 'Military Policy' are well worthy

worthy of perusal, and the following extract from them affords an appropriate answer to Mr. Cobden's main argument:—

'We may find that brave, well-organised, well-disciplined armies, that strong and well-provided fortresses, cannot spring up all at once like the work of magic because a free people wills it should be so, because a people who feels the want of them too late, who feels too late that without them the existence of the country hangs by a thread, has been sleeping in security in the idle belief that a nation of freemen, animated with a general determination to resist a foreign yoke, can never be subdued.

'This maxim, which men so triumphantly apply to the prospects of this country, is one of those prejudices which is contradicted by the testimony of all history, but which, as it flatters our comforts, our indolence, and our national pride, has been too generally received by us, and may do us infinite mischief.'

But none can now give Mr. Cobden a better idea of the time and trouble which must be devoted to the formation of an efficient army than the Volunteers themselves. They will prove to him that he is guilty of simple absurdity when he speaks of 'drilling an army' as he would of preparing a speech, or writing a pamphlet, or making judicious arrangements for a ragged-school picnic, or for the annual meeting of a scientific association—all of which require, by-the-bye, an amount of care and forethought which those who have not undertaken them are not aware of. M. Martin also will enlighten him further as to the result of employing undisciplined forces and raw troops. That officer has 'looked through all the campaigns in which Volunteers have been employed,' has raked together a number of cases in which inferior troops have misbehaved themselves, and has paraded them before his readers, to show how little dependence is to be placed upon our Volunteers; forgetting all the time, or not knowing, perhaps, how much trouble those Volunteers have taken, by drilling in small bodies, manœuvring in large bodies, and submitting to discipline when under arms and on duty, to acquire military proficiency.

M. Martin, indeed, arrives under this misapprehension at a conclusion which is still more satisfactory to him. The British Volunteers must, he conceives, inevitably turn out a failure, because the Volunteers of all other countries—of France, Spain, America—have failed before them. In proof of this position he refers to the 10,000 Frenchmen who fled, under Dumouriez, before 1500 Prussian hussars in 1792; and the 2000 Spanish cavalry who ran away from the battle of Talavera, although, according to the Duke of Wellington, 'they were neither attacked

nor

nor threatened,' but 'frightened only by the noise of their own fire.' He points out that Washington, in 1775, and McDowell, in 1861, were subjected to the same disadvantages of whole regiments leaving their colours on the eve of battle. He asserts that all irregular troops, 'Volunteers or others,' have constantly exhibited the same qualifications—want of constancy, excess, cruelty, pillage—from which their countrymen suffered more than their enemies. Dumouriez's soldiers were brigands and assassins, and other French soldiers '*égorgaient*' the unhappy Dillon for endeavouring to retain them on the field of battle. Some Spanish soldiers massacred General Saint Jean at Gommio Sierra, and fastened his corpse to a tree. The American soldiers killed their officers, and threatened General Wayne '*de le couper en morceaux*.' The Swiss soldiers assassinated the General-in-Chief d'Erlach, after the affair of Fraubrunnen. 'All these soldiers belonged to troops badly disciplined, to irregular militia—in fine, to Volunteers, "*qui n'en font jamais d'autres*."'

These instances, and others which might be added to them, afford, no doubt, interesting examples of the unpleasant positions in which commanding officers may occasionally find themselves, and more particularly when they have French troops to deal with. The troops of that nation, regular and irregular, have exhibited the qualifications which M. Martin would especially ascribe to Volunteers over the whole continent of Europe, and have at times desired nothing so much, since 1815, as an opportunity of indulging them in this country. We cannot but remember that the inhabitants of the south of France, when Wellington entered that country from Spain, found more profit and protection from their enemies than from their friends in arms. The Irish patriots would not, if they read history on these subjects, be so anxious as they sometimes affect to be for French assistance, in spite of all their wrongs. We must say, however, that we do not ourselves anticipate any very shocking fate for the commanders of British Volunteers. We may feel sure that there has been no idea of anything of the sort hitherto, or else we should not have heard of such a dispute as that which occurred with regard to the command at the late review at Brighton. We do not suppose that it would occur to our Volunteer Rifles, or to our Volunteer Artillery, or even to Colonel Bower and the hunting gentlemen in his admirably organised corps of Light Horse, if half the Continent were to invade the country, either to sacrifice Lord Clyde, or to cut Colonel McMurdo into morsels, or to tie Lord Ranelagh's corpse to a tree. If the Volunteers are ever called out for active service—of which there is no fear as long as they are numerous and efficient—we believe
that

that they will be found to be 'brigands and assassins' by their enemies only. We expect them to remain with their colours on the eve of a battle; and we give M. Martin full warning that, if ever it falls to his lot to charge 10,000 of them with 1500 of his '*Lanciers*,' he will not find them in any hurry to run away. We agree with him when he says that the reviews at 'Wibledom (*sic*) and Brighton will deceive no one as to their efficiency'—a subject on which we shall have a few words to say presently—but we do not think he is just in comparing our Volunteers either with the half-starved, ragged patriots of Dumouriez, or with the French National Guard, of whom General Geneau wrote in such disparaging terms, when he reported that he should require 10,000 regular troops without, and 30,000 with them, to defend Lyons.

We would, however, remind M. Martin of Wattignies and those other victories which the genius of Carnot achieved after the defection of Dumouriez, with volunteer troops, shoeless and hungry, responding to the cry, '*la patrie est en danger*.' It was, as Napoleon said, '*le plus beau fait d'armes de la Révolution*,' that was thus performed at Wattignies; and in further reply to his historical assertions, we will quote from Lord Macaulay's epitome of the arguments that were used in 1697 against the maintenance of a standing army in this country:—

'Some people, indeed, talked as if a militia could achieve nothing great. But that base doctrine was refuted by all ancient and modern history. What was the Lacedemonian phalanx in the best days of Lacedemon? What was the Roman Legion in the best days of Rome? What were the armies that conquered at Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, at Halidon, or at Flodden? What was that mighty array which Elizabeth reviewed at Tilbury?* In the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries Englishmen who did not live by the trade of war had made war with success and glory. Were the English of the 17th century so degenerate that they could not be trusted to play the men for their own homesteads and parish churches?'

It is precisely because we are of the same mind with M. Martin

* We have now learned from Mr. Motley's researches to estimate more correctly the worth of that army. 'There were,' he says (*History of the United Netherlands*, vol. ii. p. 515 et seq.), 'patriotism, loyalty, courage, and enthusiasm in abundance;' but 'there were no fortresses, no regular army, no population trained to any weapon.' 'On the 5th of August no army had been assembled—not even the body-guard of the Queen—and Leicester, with 4000 men, unprovided with a barrel of beer or a loaf of bread, was about commencing his entrenched camp at Tilbury. On the 6th of August the Armada was in Calais Roads expecting Alexander Farnese to lead his troops upon London.' Good fortune and gallant sailors saved us from this calamity; but the undisciplined mob which was assembled under an incompetent commander on shore would have done little to avert it; and we have in this case a sufficient proof of the difficulty of improvising an army in an interval of 'diplomatic correspondence.'

in preferring well-disciplined troops, that we differ so materially from Mr. Cobden. Our good friends MM. Ducos and Martin would not (if by any chance they should become our enemies) desire to see us in a worse plight than that in which he would place us—of vainly endeavouring to extemporise an army while the Foreign Secretary for the time being exerted himself by diplomatic scheming to play the part of a fortress, and gain time; in anxious fear lest his devices might not have the desired effect, and with the full knowledge that his utmost efforts must have but an indifferent result. But, in truth, there are stronger grounds now for turning a deaf ear to this male syren, and avoiding his procrastination-plan. Improved weapons have made the art of war more difficult of acquirement and more scientific than it was before. Rifled muskets and elongated bullets are useless in the hands of any but carefully trained men. Well-equipped troops are more powerful than ever against the raw levies and half-armed mobs which Mr. Cobden would place at our disposal, and which M. Martin appears to fear more as friends than to despise as enemies. Success will very much depend in future warfare upon cool firing, accurate aim, well-judged distances, ability to adapt movements to the nature of the ground, and fearless exposure or careful concealment at the proper moment. Longer periods will be required for the training of troops and the manufacture of armies. If Mr. Cobden will effect an arrangement with all our possible enemies, and particularly with those in Europe and America, by virtue of which we shall be ensured a minimum of twelve months for preparation before being called upon to engage in war or to defend ourselves from aggression, then we will heartily acquiesce with him in the propriety of reducing our army, disbanding our Volunteers, and cutting down our military and naval expenses to a happier figure. Until he is able to do this we must continue to congratulate ourselves upon the fact that, with the progress which our Volunteers and our fortifications are making, we are approaching nearer to the condition of the 'strong man armed' who 'keepeth his goods in peace.'

We mention these two—the Volunteers and the fortifications—together, because there is, in fact, a very strong natural connection between them. The forts and other works which are being enlarged or constructed would be useless without garrisons, just as the number of troops that would be sufficient to garrison those works would be unable to defend the same positions without the assistance of fortifications. If it should so happen at any future time that there are no Volunteers, or an insufficient number of Volunteers, to man them, it would be necessary to organize some other

other force for that especial purpose. Such a force would necessarily be more expensive, and might be less efficient; and it would not therefore be likely to meet with Mr. Cobden's approval any more than the Volunteers themselves. The magnitude of the forces which are required for the defence of a military position depends upon its natural advantages, and upon the time and labour that have been judiciously bestowed upon its preparation. The more completely it is fortified, the smaller is the number of troops required for its defence, and the more safely may it be intrusted to partially trained men. Continuous permanent works, with citadels at intervals, and advanced works in front of them, form the most perfect fortifications, and may be defended with the least difficulty; and detached forts connected by intrenchments of a temporary character demand larger garrisons. Unconnected detached forts provide a secure retreat for a beaten army, enable it to recruit its strength before resuming the offensive, and are good auxiliaries to an inferior army intrenched behind them; and detached field-works or other field intrenchments are of great service, when they can be rapidly thrown up, for securing a position by means of troops inferior in number or training against an advancing enemy.

The introduction of the rifle into common use has very much increased the importance of all works of fortification. It will be a hopeless matter in future to assault judiciously constructed works, even of weak profile, by daylight. With a level space, or a gentle slope, devoid of cover, in front of such works, and trained riflemen behind them, they will be unassailable while an enemy can be seen advancing upon them; but the relative advantages on the side of the attack or the defence during hours of darkness are comparatively unaltered. The range of 8000 yards may be assumed as that from which a bombardment may now be effected; and in order to protect any place from the fire of modern artillery, a circuit of something like thirty miles requires to be included and held, when hills do not intervene, against a regularly organized attack. Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight properly fortified will be far more secure with a garrison of 20,000 men than they would be if they were unfortified with 60,000; and by this example the importance of combining the Volunteers and the fortifications will at once be partly realized.

It will also be seen that the more efficient and numerous the Volunteers become, the less do we need fortifications or works of any description, except such as may be thrown up at a time of expected attack; and it is further apparent that the important question, as to whether it will be desirable to prepare any permanent works for the defence of the metropolis, must depend
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very much upon considerations of this nature. If we could count upon always having a sufficient number of effective Volunteers to defend it, in combination with the regular army and militia, without fortifications, and to secure all other important points at the same time, such works would clearly not be required; but the more the combined forces available are below that standard, the more are they necessary to its security. It would be under their support only that a good defence could in that case be conducted, by means of troops to be more hastily mustered, and additional works of a temporary character to be thrown up as they were required.

There is a tendency with many to look at the movement from too narrow a point of view. They argue thus:—The Volunteers will only be useful to resist invasion; the French are the only people who can invade us; and their only function, therefore, is to secure us against French invasion. Reflecting people see higher objects to be gained by it, and greater advantages to be derived from it. Besides affording moral training of a most important character to all classes—(and not least to the shopmen whom Punch has lately ceased to quiz)—as well as a magnificent example of the patriotic feeling which pervades the country, the spontaneous establishment of such a force has a better effect than an augmentation of the regular army. The one induces confidence in us; the other would naturally occasion distrust towards us. In time of peace, the Volunteers will do much to protect us from insult and provocation, to which we must always be more subject in a condition of weakness, and which are very likely to lead to war. In time of war, besides being a source of actual strength, they will be a nucleus round which greater numbers will collect to place the country in a condition of actual security. This will liberate our fleets for other duties than that of merely guarding our coasts, and thus be the indirect means of protection to our colonies and our commerce; and it will enable larger bodies of regular troops, as well as a greater number of vessels of war, to be employed upon any foreign expeditions that may become necessary.

As far as we can judge from the experience that has been gained up to the present time, the tendency of modern improvements is to make wars more sudden, more bloody, and more costly, but to shorten their duration. Improved means of transmitting intelligence and providing transport, more perfect weapons, stronger materials of defence, and the very necessity that exists for a better state of preparation, will all contribute towards such results. The British nation has learnt in practice the inexpediency of frittering away its resources upon petty expeditions, undertaken
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with inadequate forces, or ill-found, or badly organised. It has proved the advantage of being able to put forth its strength, and to strike heavy blows, in the early part of any struggle in which it has the misfortune to be engaged.

The different duties of the Volunteers must obviously be classified under four different heads, comprising the Defence of—1. The Coast; 2. The Commercial Ports; 3. The 'Vital Points;' 4. The Metropolis. We shall consider these in due order.

The most exposed portion of the coast of Great Britain, which lies between the Humber and Penzance, is 750 miles long, and contains altogether about 300 miles on which a landing might be effected. The total distance between the Thames and the Tamar, over which the most careful protection against invasion by large bodies is required, is about 350 miles, and the whole assailable coast-line may be taken in the aggregate at 1600 miles. A landing might be attempted, either by small forces on different parts of the greater distance for purposes merely of plunder or destruction; or on the shorter distance, in the neighbourhood of certain important places, with objects of a more serious character. It is equally impossible to fortify in a permanent manner all the landing places of which an enemy in force might avail himself, and to provide for their all being defended by regular troops; and it is still less possible to protect the whole coast from insult by such means. It must be remembered that any assailable part of it may be attacked in time of war, in moderate weather, without previous notice being given; and that the state of the atmosphere alone would determine the distance at which the enemy could be seen as he approached the coast.

Our systems of telegraphs and railways are already far advanced towards perfection, and are being continually improved for defensive purposes. Information might be afforded of any threatened attack, instructions forwarded for the transmission of troops, and arrangements made for their transport, all within a comparatively short period; and, if desirable, an alteration in their destination might be effected while they were on their journey, by telegraphing to an intermediate station. But some time would necessarily elapse before troops at any distance from a threatened point could receive their instructions, and there would then be much to be done before they could be ready for service on the coast. After assembling in marching order, they would have to proceed to the railway, to embark on it, to travel by it to the vicinity of the point attacked, to disembark from the railway vehicles, and finally to march a greater or less distance to the shore, according to the position in which their presence was required. All this would take up more time than would be occupied

occupied by the enemy in throwing a portion of his troops on shore, and securing a position for covering the disembarkation of the remainder. The most favourable moment for opposing the landing would be lost, and the enemy would avoid danger while carrying on the most perilous proceeding connected with his expedition.

'But,' says Mr. Cobden, 'if you are unable to drill an army while the diplomatists are in correspondence, where is your navy? You have time to collect your fleet before war is actually declared, or at all events before a hostile force arrives off your coasts.' Captain Cowper Coles, too, would invest 6,000,000*l.* in 20 cupola ships, and would have them ready to act in aid of that fleet. Though he approves of the Volunteers, he would do away with works of fortification, and rely upon his coast-flotilla, as being the best defence alike for our coasts, our dockyards, and all our ports. But there is, unfortunately, one difficulty which prevents us from agreeing either with Captain Coles or Mr. Cobden; and it is a very serious one. We cannot be sure that either our Channel fleet or our flotilla of cupola-ships (when we get them) will ever be in the right place at the moment of danger. Indeed, we may almost take it for granted that they will be in the wrong place, because, as M. Ducos says, 'all the geese do not swim on the Seine;' and it would, of course, be an important part of a French scheme of invasion to provide that any expedition sent forth to effect a landing on our shores should keep as far as possible from our Channel fleets. They would either draw off our fleet by a feint, or they would embrace an opportunity of its being at a distance from the scene of intended attack; and moreover, if we are to depend upon our fleets for protection, we cannot afford to neglect a feint, because it might, upon being neglected, be turned into an effective expedition. It would take the British fleet more than thirty hours to get from Plymouth to Sheerness, at twelve knots an hour; and more than fourteen and sixteen hours from Plymouth to Portsmouth, and Sheerness to Portsmouth, respectively, at the same rate of steaming. If the French attempted to land at seven or eight o'clock on any particular morning in the neighbourhood of the Downs, and if our fleet had been telegraphed for from Portland two hours previously, that fleet, would, provided all went well, reach the place of disembarkation in the middle of the next night, in time to learn that the French had completed their operations some hours before, and that their vessels had dispersed.

It is quite true that a small number of 'iron-sides' would, if they could be let loose amongst a fleet of transports and landing-boats, and permitted to destroy them without interruption, be an excellent

lent means of defence, and sufficient to beat off the enemy, and that even one steam-ram would be in the midst of them like a wolf among so many sheep. But the French have vessels of this description as well as ourselves, and in greater numbers; and they would take good care, unless they were like M. Ducos' geese again, that there should be with their fleet of transports more than one 'La Gloire' for every 'Defence' or 'Resistance' that we could bring against them. It would be well for us, indeed, if the British commanders, coming from different distances, arriving at different times, and anxious to fight at any odds, were not crushed in detail on their way to the appointed rendezvous on such an occasion by the squadrons, already in junction, which would be employed by the French for that purpose.

The assailant of a long coast-line must always have great advantages over its defenders, and particularly so when he has a powerful fleet, convenient places of embarkation, sufficient means of transport, plenty of troops, and good boats for landing them. He is independent now of the direction of the wind, though not of its force or of the waves; he has the choice of time and place, and he knows precisely the points at which the mass of his forces will be most required; while the defenders are obliged to watch for the development of his plans, and frustrate them as best they may when they have discovered the object of them. The south coast of England and the north coast of France have been most conveniently arranged by Nature for the despatch of warlike expeditions from the one to the other; and, fully agreeing with Mr. Cobden in desiring that these opposite coasts should be devoted to unfettered commerce, for which they are equally well suited, instead of to rival armaments, we only differ with him in regard to the means by which that object is best to be attained.

Mr. Pitt spoke feelingly on this subject in 1786, when bringing before the House of Commons his proposition for extending the fortifications of the kingdom. To prove the utility of these fortifications he first appealed to the unfortunate and calamitous position in which the country had been placed during the previous war, and he added:—

'A considerable part of our fleet was confined to our ports to protect our dockyards; and thus we were obliged to do what Great Britain had never done before, to carry on a defensive war—a war in which we were under the necessity of wasting our resources and impairing our strength, without any prospect of any possible benefit by which to mitigate our distress. . . . Shame and affliction were brought upon us by the American War. Was the House ready to stand

stand responsible to posterity for a repetition of similar misfortunes and disgrace? Were they willing to take upon themselves the hazard of transmitting the dangers and calamities which they themselves so bitterly experienced?

We are not aggressive now, any more than we were at that time; we wish for nothing so much as peace. Our neighbours are more restless, and they are outstripping us a second time in the reconstruction of their navy. Their institutions are less stable, and their army is a master that they are obliged to propitiate. They have troops enough and to spare in constant readiness, and their railways may be made available, whenever the occasion arises, to convey those troops to different ports. Numerous steam-transports would be found for their conveyance very soon after war was declared, and boats of improved construction for landing them on our shores. We ought not only to be prepared to repulse them on their arrival, but further to show them always a front so formidable as to prevent them from seriously entertaining the idea of an attack.

We will suppose, then, for the sake of argument, that we are at war with France, and that the French have made arrangements for an attack upon us in great force, while we have, at the same time, been getting ready to receive them. A French fleet appears off Plymouth, and a British fleet proceeds thither to attack it. While a great battle is being fought there, the French move down their troops upon their seaports, and, embarking them in the course of the evening, they direct them at once upon three or four points of the coast between Brighton and the Thames, that they may reach their respective destinations early on the following morning. Men on horseback gallop to the nearest telegraph-stations as soon as the flotilla is caught sight of from various points; telegrams are sent to Whitehall and Pall Mall, to the private residences of the Ministers and the Commander-in-Chief, and to the naval and military commanders in the vicinity; and the important announcement is made in second editions of the newspapers in large type. But it would be as useless, if there were no troops within reach, to depend upon the instructions consequent upon these telegrams as upon the notices in the newspapers for opposing the landing of the enemy. We must now describe the special means of resistance which ought to be kept in readiness with that object.

We will distribute the invading army into four great divisions, each containing 50,000* men; and we will allot to each of these divisions

* Each great division of 50,000 men could be transported for so short a distance in vessels having an aggregate of 50,000 tons; each would require two and a half miles

divisions a separate bay for its attempt at landing. The different vessels approach the shore, and drop their anchors; and the flat-bottomed landing-boats, which have been prepared for the purpose, come alongside. Accommodation-ladders are passed down; the infantry, who are the first to land, make their way into the boats; they sit down, to screen themselves as much as possible; the commanding officer in each boat takes his seat in the bow; and they pull to land in compact order, under cover of a heavy fire from the fleet and from any small craft and armed boats that may accompany them. As the foremost boats touch the shore, the officers jump out, followed by their men; and they endeavour to advance in skirmishing order, expecting that the next detachment will supply them with support. The men of this first detachment will probably be selected for the duty, and will make good use of any shelter that they can find. They will not, like those that follow at a later period, be loaded with their baggage and provisions; their business being to drive back, if possible, any force that may be assembled to oppose them, and at any cost to hold their own until their comrades can join them.

A comparatively small force will suffice to check each of these attempts, if it be on the spot, and if it be well posted before the boats leave the ships; but it must afterwards, to be of any avail, be increased in proportion to the time that has been lost. Before the adaptation of steam power to naval purposes,

miles of beach and anchorage; and each night, with good means and appliances, be disembarked with guns and stores in 12 hours in fine weather.

When the British troops landed in Egypt in 1801, 17,500 men in 200 vessels reached Aboukir Bay on the 1st of March, but were detained by bad weather till the 8th March. At two o'clock on that morning they commenced operations; 5500 men were placed in 150 boats, and they pulled for the shore at 9 A.M. under a heavy fire. Out of the 27,000 French troops who were then in Egypt, 2000 lined the beach, flanked by 12 guns on one side and the castle of Aboukir on the other. The boats reached the land in admirable order; six minutes afterwards the force stood in battle array, and in an hour 5000 men were established on the heights beyond. The remainder of the force was landed under their protection.

The British army, of about 30,000 men, was conveyed to the Crimea in 1854 in 84 vessels, 34 for artillery and their horses. These were anchored on the 14th of September, in six lines, at half a cable apart, and did not occupy a mile of anchorage. They were miserably supplied with the means of landing guns and horses, and a platform upon two boats, which was extemporised for the purpose, soon broke up. Their principal aid was derived from the 'Minna' and 'Brenda,' and other small steamers, from which the troops stepped ashore across a smaller boat. They landed their infantry in one day, but the surf impeded their further operations. The French embarked 29,000 men, 68 field-pieces, and 2900 horses and mules, in less than 100 vessels. They carried over large flats on the outside of those vessels, with bows opening like a ferry-boat, each capable of supporting half a battery.

Besides large transports, they have of late constructed *vaisseaux-de-débarquement* of a superior description.

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the portion of coast to be guarded against attack on a large scale was very much smaller, and there was not, therefore, the difficulty that now exists in defending it. In 1804 a movable brigade was formed at Shorncliffe, for the protection of the coast of Kent, and was rendered highly efficient under General Moore during that and the following year, by its equipment, discipline, and tactical instruction, and by its being ready to move at a moment's notice. This brigade afterwards formed part of the Light Division in the Peninsular War, and its services in that capacity were no doubt owing in a great measure to the high training which it then received. When we are next threatened with invasion we shall want a number of brigades of this description, stationed as near as possible to the places at which their services are likely to be required; and, in aid of such a force, it will be desirable to employ as many Coast Volunteers as are found ready to undertake the duty, and can be maintained in a condition of efficiency. They would be made well acquainted, by constant practice, with the defensive capabilities of the assailable portions of the coast in their immediate neighbourhood, and would be organised more especially with a view to their defence. They would throw up field-works, and might in some cases be advantageously provided with works of a more permanent character for the protection of those bays and beaches near them which offered peculiar facilities to an enemy; and they would remain ready to defend those works, and to assist in protecting other threatened parts of the coast, on the shortest notice. Five thousand men would be an ample force to secure the coast against any one of the four great divisions of the invading force above referred to; and, indeed, any attempt at landing in the face of well-trained men, amounting to only half that number, would probably be unsuccessful. One-tenth of these should be cavalry, two-tenths artillery, one-tenth engineers, and six-tenths infantry.

If invasion were imminent, camps would be formed in convenient localities, and moveable brigades kept ready for immediate service, composed of various troops, according to circumstances. On the first alarm of the approach of an enemy the Coast Volunteers would be called out for active service, and would repair to the threatened spot, where they would be posted by their officers (in combination, of course, with all the regular troops which could be brought up in such an emergency) in the disposition most suitable to the nature of the ground as the attack was developed. During the progress of the enemy's boats from his vessels to the shore, their principal object would be to pour upon them the most destructive fire that

could be made available, from shot, shell, and rifle-bullets; to sink as many of the boats as possible; and to disable the greatest number of men out of the crowded masses in the remainder. Rifled guns and muskets will be of great advantage in this part of the operations. The guns will be placed under cover from the fire of the ships, thirty or forty feet, as nearly as may be, above the level of the sea; the riflemen will be scattered along the shore, behind rising ground, sand-hills, breast-works, and any natural or artificial cover that can be procured; and all must be dispersed as much as possible, to diminish the results of the enemy's fire, and to obtain a converging or a cross-fire upon his boats. The cavalry will be placed behind any natural cover near the beach that is available, or behind banks of earth thrown up for their protection, to keep them safe and ready for duty at the moment when their services are required.

If a cool and accurate fire has been maintained by the defenders upon the boats during their progress towards the shore, the enemy will be in no condition afterwards to resist a close attack upon gaining the beach. They must be assaulted vigorously as they do so. Their gang-boards must be knocked away from the boats if they attempt to use them; and, if not, they must be charged by infantry and cavalry as they struggle out of the water. A soldier up to his waist in the sea, after jumping out of a boat, is a most helpless animal, and the first detachment will probably fall an easy prey to well-trained and determined men; but if it be otherwise, they must be charged again and again, and, if possible, either taken prisoners or destroyed before their supports arrive. A similar course must be pursued towards each succeeding detachment, if the attempt to land be persevered in. Should it be so, and should the defenders be obliged to retreat, they must still continue to keep up as hot a fire as they can upon their assailants, and to harass them to the utmost, with the knowledge that reinforcements are being despatched to their own assistance with all possible speed.

It will thus be seen that, supposing our fleet to have suffered reverses, or to be out of the way, or to be unable for any other reason to act against a hostile expedition threatening our coast, our security depends upon whether we can collect on the threatened spot a sufficient number of men and guns to repel an attack at the moment of its being made. Five thousand men is, as we have already stated, the greatest number that we should require to have in immediate readiness for this purpose upon the most convenient bay or the most tempting beach. In other places 500 would suffice, and in others, again, 50 would be more than enough. We want readiness and efficiency rather than numbers. If we
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can rely upon having in time of war as many efficient soldiers at each assailable part of the coast as are required for the defence of that part, we shall then be in a condition of security as far as our coasts are concerned. If we cannot do so, then we shall be liable at such a time to insult and loss on those parts of the coast which are not so defended. This will be a glorious object for the Volunteers to keep in view in further perfecting their organisation. Acting in aid of the regular forces and militia, they will be able to do very much towards preserving British soil from insult. Those who dwell on the coast and near it will be, of course, and indeed have already been, the first to undertake duties of this description.

The defence of our rivers, harbours, and commercial ports, will become a difficult matter in any future wars with maritime powers possessing iron-plated steam-rams; and the measures to be adopted for the protection of the Mersey, the Tyne, the Clyde, and other centres of commerce, will require serious consideration. Coast batteries at the mouths of the rivers, or the entrances to the harbours, though securing them against the entrance of smaller craft, will be of little avail by themselves in some cases for preventing more heavily-protected vessels from running into them, and doing an infinity of mischief in them. Floating batteries will be of still less use, because they cannot be made so strong for defence, nor so powerful for offence, nor so steady for accurate firing, as shore batteries, or batteries constructed upon solid foundations. Until we can procure larger and stronger guns than have yet been constructed, which shall crush in the sides of an armour-plated vessel, we have no other means of protecting these important places than by stationing at them steam-rams, to act in concert with the most powerful batteries that we can give them; but we can in this manner place them in a greater or less state of security according to their position, their relative importance, and their liability to attack. These ports are already partly supplied with Volunteers (as well as with batteries), in proportion to the energy, wealth, number, and patriotism of the population in their respective neighbourhoods; and those Volunteers are, many of them, in a highly efficient condition, and prepared to do good service in case of attack. Besides perfecting themselves in drill, discipline, and shooting, they will do well to practise defensive movements and operations against an enemy supposed to be landing in their neighbourhood, who may endeavour to spike the guns in their batteries, or to destroy their shipping in dock, or to set fire to their storehouses, or to levy contributions, or to take advantage of any particular source of weakness which their locality may present. In thus gaining

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additional experience as to the best modes of acting in their own defence, they will not only render themselves more valuable, but will also acquire increased interest in their military labours. They would remain at their homes, or in the midst of their neighbours and friends, amongst whom they would be billeted, if necessary, even in time of war, when they could not with advantage be taken away for any other duties. They would want nothing but their uniforms, arms, ammunition, and accoutrements. They would be able to procure food and all necessaries, including medical attendance, as in time of peace, or at any rate without difficulty, in the places in which, or near which, they were in the habit of residing.

The VITAL POINTS to which we have referred are the Royal Dockyards and Arsenal, with Dover and Portland. The Dockyards and Arsenal ought to be rendered secure at almost any cost from sudden attack or bombardment by sea, as well as from assault by land, in the event of an enemy being able to gain a footing in the country. Besides being required for purposes of construction, they are more especially necessary during war as places of refuge for disabled vessels, as secure rendezvous, and as bases of operations for the fleet.

The efficiency of the Navy could not be possibly maintained without docks and basins for repairing, re-coaling, and refitting the different vessels of the fleet in security from time to time. Skilled mechanics must always be ready in such places, with spare machinery and all requisite materials at their disposal. Without such appliances, which are far more necessary in these days of steam than they were before, our fleets would soon become useless; and they also want safe anchorages, in which to ship provisions, stores, and ammunition. It is further essential to our commerce that there shall be localities in which convoys of merchant vessels can safely assemble, and in which those vessels shall be able to find refuge when they are pursued by an enemy's cruisers. The question as to how such places ought to be protected from attacks by sea is a difficult one, and is still undecided. Some would protect them by forts, others by ships, and others again by a combination of the two; and this last is the method recommended by the Defence Commission. If security is to be obtained against steam-rams and iron-plated vessels, it will be necessary to combine this compound system with solid artificial obstructions. Such obstructions were used with good effect by the Russians during the Crimean War, both at Sebastopol and in the Baltic. In applying them, the channels to be defended should be narrowed, as far as is consistent with other objects, and hostile vessels should be compelled

pelled to pass at slow speed within close range of the forts and batteries. These will of course be armed with the heaviest guns that can be constructed, and perfectly protected, by armour-plating or otherwise, from the fire of the ships. In any case it would be reversing the proper order of things to employ the fleet for the protection of the dockyards, instead of the dockyards for the repair, assistance, and security of the fleet.

But it is not so much the sea defences as the land defences of these places that we have now to deal with. It is of the utmost importance that they should be well fortified and well garrisoned, and it is scarcely less necessary that Dover and Portland should also be secure. The former is a stronghold opposite the nearest part of the coast of France, which must be held for three reasons:—1. Its naturally strong position, which has been fortified at great expense, and its harbour, would, in combination, be of great advantage as a *tête-de-pont* to any invading force that could obtain possession of them. 2. It would afford a valuable dépôt for assembling fresh troops or collecting Volunteer forces, a useful entrepôt for stores and munitions, and a place of refuge upon which any body of men inferior to the enemy in numbers might retreat for a time. 3. It is a strategical fortress in advance of the metropolis, from which movements could be made upon the flank of an enemy disembarked either to the east or the west, to check his advance and impede his communications. Portland would also, with its insular position, its fine harbour, and its breakwater, be a most valuable port to an enemy. Its anchorage is secure, it is easy of access, and it would be defended by him, if he obtained possession of it, with comparative facility. For these reasons it has now been strongly fortified at moderate cost.

The Government will no doubt complete the fortification of these vital points with as little delay as possible; and when this has been done there is no good reason why their garrisons in time of war should not be almost exclusively composed of Volunteers. They would require 20,000 men for Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight; 15,000 for Plymouth; a like number for the Thames and the Medway, including Woolwich, Chatham, Purfleet, Deptford, and Sheerness; 8000 for Pembroke; 6000 for Dover; and 3000 for Portland—making a total of 67,000 men out of the 160,000 of which our Volunteer force is composed. This includes also a garrison of 1500 men for a work which the Defence Commission has properly recommended to be constructed, but which has not yet been decided on, at Shooters' Hill, for the protection, not only of the establishments at Woolwich, but also of the metropolis from that direction. The Volunteers are a most valuable

valuable acquisition for garrisoning these fortified places; and it is a duty for which a portion of them are peculiarly well adapted. When so employed they will be lodged partly in bomb-proof and other barracks, and partly in billets. They will be near considerable towns, and will have no difficulty in procuring anything that they can require. Tents or huts could be supplied by contract on short notice; stores and ammunition the Government must keep in readiness on the spot.

These, and other measures which we have already considered, will all have, indirectly, a most important effect upon the defence of the metropolis. The Channel is of course our first line of defence, guarded by the fleet. The coast is the next line, which may, and indeed must, as we have shown, be intrusted in a great measure to local corps and Volunteers. The commercial ports and vital points may also be principally protected or garrisoned, as far as land-service and coast-batteries are concerned, by the Volunteer force; and the regular forces and militia will therefore be most of them liberated for active duty in the field. Under these circumstances no invading force of less than 200,000 men would venture into the country; and the metropolis would be the undoubted object of its attack. We do not believe in the feasibility of the projects that have been put forward for the simultaneous advance of the different divisions of such a force from the Avon and the Exe and other points; nor should we expect it to come from the Humber, or even from the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk. To have any chance of success it must be landed in three or four divisions on the south or south-east of the country; and these divisions must march in support of each other upon London without any unavoidable delay. This march upon London (if it ever come off) will not occupy many days; and, as long as there is any chance of its being undertaken, we ought to be prepared with prompt as well as vigorous measures for its prevention. Any attempt on the part of the enemy to land separate expeditions destined to converge upon London would be to our advantage, as we should then, with our admirable means of internal communication, be in a good position to beat them in detail. As the coast between Portsmouth and the Thames is that which ought to be most carefully guarded by coast corps, so also the positions between that coast and London are those which should receive the most serious consideration. The railway junctions form important strategical points which would be attacked, and ought therefore, as far as possible, to be protected. The coast being the second line of defence, as above explained, flanked by Dover and Portsmouth, it follows that Canterbury, Ashford, Tunbridge, Red Hill, Guildford, and Reading

Reading would be upon the third line, and Chatham and Stroud (or Shooters' Hill), Croydon and Norwood, Kingston and Windsor, on the fourth line. The first great battle would be fought, probably, not far in advance of the third line; and the enemy would in no case, we will hope, be in a position to force the fourth line, even if he were able to attempt it.

Although we might not have time to drill an army, as Mr. Cobden proposes, while war was impending, and while the final preparations for an invasion were being completed, yet we should have ample means and opportunity during that period for throwing up temporary works in front of these positions. Thousands of 'navvies' and other workmen would be at once employed upon them under the guidance of the Engineers. Much might be done towards strengthening them after the enemy had appeared off the coast, and while he was landing; and the work would proceed with increased zeal and greater confidence after he had so far developed his plans and given indications of his probable lines of march. If he were successful in making good his landing, he would then of course be harassed day and night, and confined as far as possible to the ground on which he stood. Every impediment would be thrown in the way of his advance by such troops as could be employed for the purpose; each point would be disputed, and he would be continually compelled to clear the way before him. No chance would be missed of annoying him by demonstrations on his flanks or in his rear. Every available man would be summoned by telegraph, conveyed by railway, and hurried to the scene of action; and by the time he reached the third line above indicated, both men and works would be in a condition to receive him.

The Volunteers would render important aid in these proceedings. Those who found themselves in rear of the enemy, or on his flanks, would close upon him as opportunity offered, and add to his difficulties to the best of their power. They would surprise his outposts, cut off his stragglers, and keep up a distant fire from all sides upon any bodies of his men who became exposed to it on the march or in camp; and the long-range weapons of the present day would enable them to do this with advantage. Those who were brought up in front would assist in checking his advance upon the positions which were being prepared to stop it, and in destroying or carrying off anything that might be of use to him. The Engineers would assist in blowing up the bridges and viaducts in his front, would superintend the throwing up of intrenchments, and, while utilising all obstacles favourable to defence, would level buildings, walls, bridges, and all other cover which would be likely to favour his operations.

operations. The artillery would pour shot and shell upon him from any heights available for the purpose, and would occupy the batteries prepared for their reception. Those riflemen who were not fit for more active exertions would man some of the intrenchments in which it was proposed to make a decisive stand with a view to a general engagement.

But the Volunteers who would do these things effectually must be prepared to remain in the field. Their active service against the enemy would not probably extend over more than a few weeks; but a proportion of them ought to be made independent of house and home for that period of time; and others might be required to keep watch along the coasts for many months. There are no corps that carry knapsacks or any kind of kit at present; and it is certainly not necessary that they should all be so burdened. Those who are destined for garrison duty, or for service in commercial ports, need not carry more than their muskets, their great-coats, and sixty rounds of ammunition in their pouches. But those who are intended for coast-duty and general service ought to be better provided. Volunteers would not want, for temporary use, such heavy kits as regular soldiers. Light knapsacks, each containing a flannel shirt, a pair of trowsers, socks, boots, towel, soap, a 'hold-all,' and a tin of grease, and weighing from 12 to 15 lbs., would be all, besides the above—a mess-tin and cover, and provisions according to circumstances—that they would require. Tents, and cutting and intrenching tools, would have to be carried for them; and, indeed, a complete system of transport might, acting as they would be in this country only, be organised for them, which would, by leaving them unfettered, no doubt render them more efficient. It would be necessary for this purpose to select four men out of every hundred, or to attach that number to each company, for superintending these and all necessary arrangements. One would be made responsible for matters of transport, and for the tents, baggage, stores, and tools; a second for the provisions and cooking; a third, when necessary, for the care of the sick and wounded or disabled; a fourth for the spare arms and ammunition. The baggage would consist of a stated allowance for each officer, non-commissioned officer, and private; and it would be reduced to the smallest quantity consistent with efficiency. The whole might be conveyed for each rifle-corps by means of five covered spring-carts, with one horse and one driver each, to every hundred men. A field force equipped in this manner, with its proportion of cavalry, artillery, and engineers, all similarly accompanied in proportion to their requirements, would form the élite of the Volunteer army; and we shall hope to see, when the necessity arises,

50,000

50,000 men so trained and prepared in different parts of the kingdom. It would be an advantage to organise at least a few model corps of this description beforehand, in order that the system might be tried in practice, and that it might be ready for more general adoption in a time of emergency.

But it is not in this country alone that the necessity of an organised defence by Volunteer forces has been experienced. Happily we are no longer afraid to 'put arms' into the hands of our colonists any more than to make soldiers of our home population; and they feel that those who would have most to lose from foreign aggression should combine in strength to resist any possible attack. Acting upon these principles, the Canadians and the Australians are loyally providing in opposite directions from us for their own defence, in a manner which is no less wise than it is meritorious. The Canadians have 1500 miles of frontier to defend; and it is possible that an unsuccessful and exasperated soldiery in want of occupation and excitement may be only too ready to find an excuse for attacking them before many months are past. They are therefore carefully discussing and considering—though an unexpected hitch has recently occurred in the provincial parliament—how they can best, by enrolling militia and volunteers, a certain number for active service, and others as a reserve, assist in securing their own safety.

The Australians, though more remote from European and American strife, have much to protect, and have also been preparing to resist any force that would be likely to attack them. A Volunteer movement commenced in Victoria in 1855, in consequence of the Russian war. It was afterwards promoted by feelings similar to those which gained ground in the mother country; and by the end of 1860 the force numbered upwards of 4000 men, of whom 300 were cavalry, 600 were artillery, and the remainder, with the exception of 250 naval volunteers, and one company of engineers, were rifles. This force, which has since increased to 4700 men, is under the military command of the major-general commanding the regular troops, and under the immediate orders of an officer of the general staff of the army. The local government are empowered by law to raise 10,000 men; but they have hitherto abstained from going to so great an expense, and have contented themselves with accepting the services of coast-corps, because the country could only be attacked from the sea. The estimates for 1862, on account of the Volunteer service, amount to 23,408*l.*, or about 5*l.* per man; and they include 3000*l.* for prizes and incidentals, 4000*l.* for clothing, and 7000*l.* for drill-instruction for the different arms. They also provide extra pay for the commanding colonel, pay for certain officers, serjeant-majors, and

and buglers, and the means of practice and instruction. The uniforms are very simple, consisting of loose frock, trousers, and forage cap, of different colours, with white, black, or buff accoutrements. Rifle-ranges and practice-butts are supplied by the Government, as well as clothing for the men; but bands and all luxuries are paid for by the funds of the corps. In 1861, and again in the present year, the force was called out to a general encampment, and kept under canvas for four or five days; and on these occasions all the details of camp-life were practised. The Government found transports, tents, and rations; but the men received no pay, and they provided bedding, cooking utensils, and all the other things that they required.

During the war in New Zealand, in 1860, when troops were much wanted, the local Government readily agreed to part with all the regular troops from Victoria, and garrison duty was performed by the Melbourne Volunteers for several months during their absence. None of the corps were embodied, but each corps was called upon to provide its quota for the day's duty, according to roster. The men received 6s., and the non-commissioned officers 8s., per day, when actually on duty. The officers took garrison duty in their turns without pay. A large proportion of the rank and file consisted of clerks and employés in banking or mercantile houses, or tradesmen's assistants; and the perfect success of the system was due in a great measure to the public spirit and self-sacrifice of their employers, who were thus deprived of their services at periods over which they had no control. We are glad to be able here to refer to this very honourable little episode in colonial history, which is not as well known as it ought to be.

The Victorians, acting in the belief that their emergency was more pressing, have indeed been more liberal of public funds, more energetic in individual action, and more practical in their training than ourselves. They felt that they could not rely upon the omnipresence of the British fleet, and they saw the necessity of providing other safeguards against the risk of a visit from a hostile squadron, either from Europe or from America. They have gone beyond us in many other ways, and we are not inclined to follow them in all respects. But it is certain that additional training in camp would be of great advantage to the British Volunteers; and still more so, if it were conducted with reference to the special object of defending some part of the coast in the mode above described. Sir Charles Napier's idea on this subject was not a bad one. He despaired, in 1852, of the Government ever taking measures to place the country in a state of defence, and was then hoping that Volunteers might

might come forward to assist in that object. In writing to Lord Ellenborough, he said, 'Those more remote could come the night before, sleep in standing tents kept for them, have next day's exercise, sleep a second night, and march home the next day;' and again, 'A corps after a night in camp would be twice the value the next day, for by such details the moral feeling of soldiers is raised nearly as much as by more powerful means which these small details prepare them for.'

In the mean time our Volunteers have been by no means inactive in the present year; they have had reviews and field-days in abundance, and there is still a long list of those which are to come, in their admirable organ, the 'Volunteer Service Gazette,' extending into September, and including the proposed encampment on Ascot Heath on the 2nd of August. The season commenced most auspiciously at Brighton, on Easter Monday. The 20,000 men who stood on White Hawk Down on that day formed a noble spectacle; and their subsequent march past the Grand Stand, as well as their manœuvres against their colleagues of the Inns of Court, appropriately employed to represent the Enemy, were a gladdening sight on a charming day. The reflection that the third of the 'Panics' had been succeeded by the confidence due to an advanced stage of preparation must have been satisfactory to every mind but that of Mr. Cobden. We hope never to see another Easter Monday without such a review. It does unmixed good, by affording a legitimate object for wholesome exercise to many who need it, a practical lesson of great value to all who take part in it, an example of patriotic feeling to all who witness it, and a useful hint to those in other countries who read of it. It takes some away from less manly and less ennobling pursuits, demonstrates to others deficiencies that they would otherwise not perceive, and gives vent to the martial spirit of which neither manufactures, nor commerce, nor prosperity, nor peace, have deprived the nation. The great interest which was felt in the review was testified by the comments in the press, the numbers on the ground, the crowds collected in London to witness the return of the gallant corps, and in other ways; and we had ourselves the pleasure of travelling from London to Brighton in the morning, in company with the wife of a Russian merchant, who had come from St. Petersburg for the express purpose of seeing her son, a member of the London University Corps, and the 'tallest man in it,' go through his part of the ceremony.

Those who watched closely the way in which the different corps took up their ground, and went through their subsequent manœuvres, could not but observe that the Commanding Officers

Officers and Adjutants were obliged to make up by increased activity for the mistakes of the company officers, and that the commanders themselves were not perfect. The numbers on the field have been aptly compared to those engaged on the English side at the battle of the Alma, and the position of the 'Devil's-own' on the Red Hill to that of the Russians on the heights which were carried by the British troops during that battle, on the 20th September, 1854. But if the generals who were under Lord Raglan on that day had brought their troops into line at right angles to the Russians, as one of the brigadiers of Lord Clyde did to the west of the White Hawk Down, instead of keeping their front to the enemy, they would have ensured inevitable defeat. Even the steadiness of British troops could not have endured, first, partial destruction by enfilade, and afterwards a change of front under fire, such as the Volunteers were obliged to make before they could advance. These and other minor defects—as, for instance, firing from all sides of the squares, at friend as well as foe—must have been perceived more clearly by the gallant Volunteers themselves than by their spectators; and they have since been made occasions of criticism. But it is not generally known, as it ought to be, that the principal mistake of the day above referred to was made by an officer of the Regular Army who had been appointed to a command, and not by a Volunteer; and that the Volunteers themselves had not, after all, so much to answer for in this respect as the regulars who aided them. Regular troops, indeed, seldom go through a field-day without some blunders.

The rank and file have taken so much pains to perfect themselves, that they deserve to be thoroughly well commanded. The officers have been chosen in many instances for their liberal contributions, their activity in the cause, or their local influence, rather than for their efficiency in other respects. There are, however, instances in which noblemen and others, some of whom have served in the regular army, have taken the trouble to qualify themselves, and have become highly efficient. We have one advantage in this country, in possessing a number of retired officers who are glad of an interesting occupation, and of one which brings them into communication with people whom they are glad to meet, and with their fellows generally. But a good Volunteer officer requires to be a man of various qualifications which are not so necessary in an officer of the regular army. He has to command men of all classes, of high education and with considerable fortune—his superiors in rank, perhaps, and his equals, at least, in independence—and he is obliged to treat them with a degree of courtesy which is not always employed
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by an officer of the line towards his men. The Volunteers will forgive much in their officers if they find them attentive in the performance of their duties; but inefficiency is a fault which they cannot pardon, and no man should desire to occupy such a position who has not first educated himself for it, and determined to perform its duties with diligence. We are glad to learn that a marked improvement has lately been observed in the officers and non-commissioned officers, and some of the corps have been brought by them into a state of discipline which is truly admirable. It was noticed very lately that Lord Grosvenor's corps, 900 strong, marched in line for 200 or 250 yards, and when halted did not require to be dressed.

Frequent practice is the principal method to be employed for training the officers as well as the men, and the officers frequently labour under great disadvantages from the want of good opportunities. The men, who have less to learn, can be instructed in small numbers; but the officers cannot be effectually trained without a larger muster of men than it is possible in the general way to collect. It would be a great advantage to both, besides being interesting to the public, if the programme of any considerable operations to be gone through were in all cases to be made known beforehand. This would incite them to the study of military manœuvres, and would create discussion upon the subject; and it would be far more beneficial than the system of keeping the operations secret, and reserving them as a test of efficiency. It would be sufficient if they were published in a cheap form, with a plan attached to them, a month before the proposed field-day.

It is now permitted to each Volunteer corps to choose its own uniform and accoutrements, provided gold-lace is not used upon them, subject to the approval of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county; and the Volunteer Regulations recommend that the clothing shall be similar in colour for each arm in the same county, especially in the case of corps that are likely to be united in administrative regiments, brigades, and battalions. M. Martin, in commenting upon this arrangement, arrives at the conclusion that it will probably have led '*à d'assez grotesques résultats.*' We do not know, of course, how the different costumes that have been adopted would appear to his eyes; but we have not ourselves been able to discover anything of the grotesque about them. On the contrary, they are generally of the most sombre and business-like character. We quite admit the propriety of leaving it to the Volunteers to suit their own tastes as much as possible, but we should be better pleased if they exercised those tastes differently. It

It is of less importance in time of peace, but in a period of war it would be a great advantage in various respects if the Rifle corps were all clothed in scarlet, and closely assimilated in appearance, as well as the Engineers and Artillery, to the regular troops. They would then be more easily recognised by their friends, and saved from the danger of firing upon one another, which is the most disastrous of all mistakes; they would present a more soldier-like appearance; and they would not be distinguishable by their enemies, or even by M. Martin when he comes amongst us, from regular troops.

The Brighton review also afforded a good practical demonstration of the facility with which troops might be moved towards a threatened point on the particular railway which would be most likely to be required for such a duty in an actual case of emergency. On the morning of the review 6922 Volunteers were despatched from London Bridge in 2 hours and 41 minutes, and 5170 from the Victoria Station in 2 hours and 20 minutes, without difficulty. They were conveyed in 16 trains, each composed of an engine and tender and 22 vehicles, and each carrying on an average 20 officers and 735 men; and they reached Brighton in an average of 2 hours and 28 minutes from the time of starting. The Brighton Company borrowed on this occasion 72 carriages from three neighbouring companies, and 79 carriages also brought Volunteers over their railway from other lines; but they had to provide for their ordinary passenger-traffic on that day, as well as for the Easter Monday traffic to the Crystal Palace, which was very considerable, and to convey upwards of 2000 Volunteers along the south coast from the several stations on their own line. Indeed, the total number of passengers who travelled upon the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway on that day was 132,202, including Volunteers and the holders of season and return tickets.

The vast power which the railways of this country place at the disposal of the Government for the transport of troops is little known. It is in practice limited only by the number of troops that are forthcoming, and railway organisation is highly favourable for the concentration of all its energies upon this object whenever it is worth while to interfere with the ordinary traffic.

Connected with the Brighton Railway system alone there are 145 locomotive engines, 1858 carriages or passenger vehicles, and 2588 waggons and trucks or merchandise vehicles, for working 240 miles; on the South-Eastern there are 179 engines, 972 carriages, and 2535 waggons, for 286 miles; and on the South-Western,

Western, 177 engines, 850 carriages, and 3488 trucks, for 444 miles. These numbers might be increased to any amount, if increase were required, at a day's notice, by aid from the gigantic resources of the more extensive systems north of London. Excursion traffic is more difficult to manage in many respects than military traffic. A word from the commanding-officer procures an amount of order in the one case which barriers and policemen fail to do in the other. A hundred thousand men may at any time be conveyed without fatigue from London to Brighton in a single day, and they may further be transported along the coast from point to point, to Portsmouth and Weymouth on the west, and to Dover on the east, without break of gauge. They may also be brought from the north through London, and from the north, *viâ* Reading, without coming to London at all; and, indeed, the means of communication thus afforded are of so much importance to successful defence, that the railway system determines to a great extent in this country, as it has notably done in America, the strategic lines along which offensive operations must be carried on, and defensive movements effected. Railways must become primary objects of attack and defence, and the seizure of important junctions, such as Brighton and Lewes, would form part of any project of invasion that was judiciously conceived.

There is another question of transport, which has attracted less attention, but is also well deserving of notice. We have already shown the importance in a time of danger of having a body of troops more or less numerous, according to the locality, ready to oppose an attempt at landing on any part of the coast at the shortest notice. Where railway communication is available, it would of course be employed, for moving to a distance, or for following a hostile fleet round the coast; but the difficulty still remains, of moving the guns and stores from the railway to the shore, or for shorter distances round the coast, and for doing this without loss of time by means near at hand. For this purpose all the beasts of burden and vehicles of the neighbourhood would, of course, be willingly offered, and many would be speedily used in a period of actual danger; but it is an advantage to organize these matters to some extent beforehand; and a useful step in this direction has been taken by Captain Darby of the Hailsham Volunteers, a country gentleman of Sussex. He has constructed a chart, showing the farms in his neighbourhood, with the number of horses, oxen, and drivers which each farmer is ready to furnish; and on the occasion of the Brighton review the guns of the Hailsham Volunteers were brought to the ground, and
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moved throughout the day, by carters with long whips, who looked as pleased, sturdy, and loyal, in their smock-frocks, as any other Volunteers on the ground.

There is a very general opinion among them at the present time, when many are wanting new uniforms, that if further aid be not afforded by the Government their numbers will diminish. The report of the Commission, which is now engaged in considering this and other subjects connected with them, will be awaited with anxiety; but in the mean time their strength has happily not yet decreased. Compared with the advantage of possessing such an army, any extra charge to the nation at the rate of 1*l.* or 2*l.* for each Volunteer per annum—the former being less than one-third of the cost of a single iron-plated frigate—would be insignificant; and additional assistance should be cautiously rendered to them, more on their own account than from any consideration of further overburdening the public revenue to such an amount. The Volunteer estimates may be expected to increase; but facilities and advantages rather than direct pecuniary aid should be afforded to the different corps. The more they are independent and self-supporting, the more generally will they be composed of men of that class which it is most desirable to see in their ranks. If pay were given to the individual members it would lower their tone, and cause the spirit in which they were established to depart from them. They would degenerate into local militia, and come more under military control, while the sum to be shared by each would hardly be worth his receiving. Their chief merit, which consists in the loyal feelings which they display, would be lost if they indulged their patriotism at the expense of the State.

Any pecuniary assistance which it may be considered desirable to extend to them (and of course such assistance would not be designed to supersede voluntary contributions from those who are unable to give their personal service) should be applied through a finance committee in each corps, in consultation with the commanding officer, and under Government supervision; and it should be given in proportion to the number of effective members. The different metropolitan and provincial corps have all their own peculiar difficulties to contend with. The former often want space for exercise, the latter concentration for training. Some corps have done wonders by small regular subscriptions and economical management, while others are in poverty with ampler resources. Aid to the extent of about 2*l.* per annum for each effective member is what they would now be satisfied with; and there is certainly much force

force in the argument that the officers and others, after converting the experiment, as they have done, into a great success, ought now to be relieved from the heavy expenses which they have in many cases so loyally incurred on account of their men or their fellows. At all events, all the further aid that can be given in assisting them to obtain drill-sheds, exercise-grounds, rifle-ranges, and practice-batts, in convenient situations, will be well bestowed. Many corps have suffered materially from the want of these things; they are expensive as well as difficult to obtain, their value amounting in the aggregate, including those that have already been acquired with those that are still much wanted, to upwards of a million of money; and they are permanent benefits, which can hardly be too numerous, or too much diffused throughout the country. More particularly should the Volunteers be afforded opportunities for field-days, reviews, and sham fights, as well as encampments, on the coast and inland, with a view to special training in the directions which we have indicated.

We look forward to a further system of organization of this description as the next grand step to be taken. We rejoice to see the Volunteers and the fortifications advancing hand-in-hand, and shall be glad to find them ultimately linked together in a complete scheme of defence, after the manner of that which we have depicted. We should then acquire that confidence at home and that respect abroad which are so necessary to the increase of our commercial prosperity. We should feel less that the vast extent and tempting wealth of our empire, which are symptoms of pre-eminence in peace, were sources of weakness in war. Our metropolis would not require permanent works for its defence. The whole island would become a vast fortress secure at all points. The Volunteers would form a material part of its garrison. Being trained, not only to the general duties of the soldier, but also to special services, and being intrusted with individual responsibilities, each man would know his post in the moment of danger, and repair to it. He would feel that he was assisting in his own selected way to provide for the defence of his country, and that by so doing he was responding to Nelson's noble signal, which can never be too often quoted or too extensively applied,—ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.

ART. V.—*English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper.*

IN a recent paper attention was called to some of the features by which English poetry, from Chaucer to Milton, is contrasted with that of our own age. We then dwelt mainly on the peculiarities exhibited by the early Art, its limitations and its excellences, without much inquiry why these things were so. It is our wish here to notice certain further aspects of the same interesting subject, in which the political and social circumstances of the country during the century and half following 1660 will be found to hold a leading position as causes operative on the career of the English Muses. For Poetry, under her own peculiar laws, is, more perhaps than any other pursuit of man, the direct reflection of the spirit of every age as it passes. The mirror she holds up is not so much to Nature at large as to Human Nature. The poet is indeed the child of his century, even when, in the fine figure of Schiller, he returns from his education under a Grecian sky to teach and to purify it. His Art not only gives back the form and pressure to the body of the time, but is itself the impersonation of its most advanced thought, the efflorescence of its finest spirit.

In our brief notice of the writers under Edward III. and Elizabeth it was considered sufficient to indicate this identity between the national and the poetic life. Every one feels instinctively that the spirit shown in the campaigns which conquered half France in one reign, and founded the settlements which were to conquer more than half America in the other—the spirit which animated Wickliffe and Bacon—appeared also in Chaucer and Spenser, Sidney and Shakespeare. There is a congruity pleasing to the imagination between the splendid poetry produced under Elizabeth and her successors and the struggles and vigour of their times. Poetry is here much indebted to history, which by successive advances has revealed to us the inner worth and meaning of that period. Queen Elizabeth, indeed, has always retained a popularity little likely (we think) to be shaken by any attacks of sceptical investigation; but the Commonwealth had been too severely judged, and the really heroic qualities then displayed by many have been tardily recognised. There would almost seem to be a species of law by which the latest past phase in national thought and manners, like the latest past fashion, becomes especially distasteful in its turn: nor shall we escape this fate. Thus English poetry, to Johnson, almost began with Dryden: whilst in the criticism now popular, the stream seems almost stayed after Dryden. We think

think that this reaction against the times just gone by, with which every one is familiar, has accomplished its purpose; that it is time to consider the eighteenth century in a more historical spirit, asking how far the poetical taste then prevalent was the necessary result of other and wider causes, and how far it performed a useful part in advancing the national mind. The law of antipathy above noticed appears to us to have done injustice to the post-Restoration literature (which for convenience we will define as that from 1660 to 1720), and to that which followed to 1800; the aims, the spirit, and the circumstances influencing the writers have been, in consequence, misstated or neglected. It is proposed here—I. To examine the real causes of the change inaugurated by Dryden, its objects, and its development to the time of Pope, noticing briefly what share French literature and ancient models exercised over England; II. To trace the course of the modern school through the different lines into which it diverges under George I., and to point out the chief links that unite the style of this century with its predecessor. We believe it may be proved that the aim of the first writers of the modern school was to give to poetry greater clearness, condensation, and straightforwardness of style, while extending its range to new fields; and that this was done, not under direct foreign influence, but in obedience to a general movement in European thought. In our later pages it will be shown how this critical spirit opened the way for bold and varied experiments in poetry; how a peculiarly high and manly tone accompanied these attempts; how, after a transitional period, when new and old were unconsciously and not always happily blended, poetry burst forth in the more splendid and complete achievements of our own age. It may be seen that the course of literature is here treated as necessary and natural, personified, indeed, in individuals, yet in the main holding on in an irresistible current; sometimes fed only by its own resources, sometimes widened or discoloured by external influences; sometimes, as it were, returning to renew itself from the fountains of its youth. And it may be a lesson of high value if the reader derives from the survey a conviction of that great truth of human progress so long since anticipated by the imperial-souled historian of the Cæsars—that ‘there is a kind of circle in things, through which, like the revolution of the seasons, the minds and thoughts of men pass;’ that there is no final pause, or canon of the perfect and the complete in Art; that hence moderation in judgment is the only safe and wise attitude for a creature whose intellect seems to move, onwards and with increasing purpose* indeed,

indeed, yet ever through the spiral orbit of successive reactions.*

I. It was, we believe, through the poet Southey—a man of whom it may be now not improper to say that he never did full justice to any one of his many remarkable gifts—that the criticism arose which speaks of ‘the French school’ in English literature. This appears to us an ill-chosen and misleading phrase. The epithet so far represents the truth that Charles II. had lived in France, that he received pay from Lewis, and imported to Whitehall a very English imitation of Versailles; that several of the courtier-writers of the time had resided or travelled in France; and that French prose and poetry, then beginning their course, were in the hands of the less serious portion of the literary men of England. But when we turn to our literature itself, few and far between are the direct proofs of this foreign influence. Dryden was undoubtedly the leading spirit in the new style: but, except in some of his long-forgotten plays, in what sense can the author of the ‘Hind and Panther,’ of ‘Absalom and Achitophel,’ the versifier of Chaucer and Boccaccio, the translator of Virgil, Juvenal, and Plutarch, be called a follower of the French school? Pass on from the first of the modern style to the latest of the post-Restoration poets. Can any writer be more characteristically English than Prior, whether in ‘Alma,’ or in ‘Solomon’?—than Pope in the ‘Essays’ or the ‘Satires’? The fact is, that the only two French poets who appear distinctly in an English reflection were neither of them men whose works were capable of any far-reaching influence. Long before the Restoration we have the brief popularity which attended Sylvester’s translation from Du Bartas; long after it the vague hints which Pope took from Boileau in his boyish ‘Essay on Criticism.’ A few short songs and epigrams, translated from the fashionable versifiers after Malherbe, occupy the interval. If, indeed, those who have familiarised us with the idea of a ‘French school’ had examined the contemporary literature of France, they would at once have seen that this influence was imaginary. For the truth is, that France, during the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was distracted by civil war and

* We have heard that, during the last years of a life spent in noble studies, Mr. Hallam employed himself in collecting materials for a History of Public Opinion during the Eighteenth Century. It is much to be desired that, if any portion of this was (as we believe) committed to paper, it might be given to the world—to those, we should rather say, who are sufficiently above the world’s partialities and partisanship to value ‘the one weight and the one measure,’ the just judgment and high-hearted patriotism by which, even more than by his vast knowledge and insight, that eminent Englishman was distinguished.

engaged in that downward process which at the close threatened to leave nothing in that noble country between the huts in which the peasantry starved and the palaces where the Great King was adored with almost Oriental adulation. Hence, after the cold polish of Malherbe, a long interval occurs until non-dramatic poetry was revived, by curious contrast, in the classicalism of Boileau and the naïveté of La Fontaine—writers who can hardly be said to have more affected England than England them. Nor even in the drama is the connexion much closer. What likeness lies between the charming delicacy of Racine, and the rampant coarseness, the Spanish exuberance, of Dryden? between the fine spirit, the high poetic tone, the deep and subtle characterization of Molière, and the clever caricatures of debauched courtiers and countrypeople in Congreve and Wycherley? When our dramatists exhibited excellence, it was not as children of Spain or France, but as countrymen of Marlowe and Fletcher; and it must be confessed that their faults were not less native.

Some theories on Poetry—in fact, the first crude attempts at criticism—were the only distinct post-Restoration loan from France. French writers, now as forgotten as Rymer, who formed his treatise on them, had introduced that pseudo-classical spirit which took the laws for verse (two thousand years after Aristotle) from the mistranslated and fragmentary treatise in which that great critic had imperfectly put together, not an Art of Poetry, but a few interesting deductions from the Drama of his own age. Even the views thus formed, we find, from the curious notes preserved by Garrick,* were disputed by Dryden, with arguments that do more credit to his national feeling than to his taste or knowledge; nor, except ‘Cato,’ was any play we know of constructed after the French rules.

We think then that the epithet ‘French School’ is as little applicable to our poetry from Dryden to Pope as the title ‘Augustan Age’ to Addison’s contemporaries. Yet the name marks a change of style so deep as to appear, if typical writers like Spenser and Pope are compared, almost generic. Even if we take poets at less distant intervals, the difference in manner between Herrick and Sedley (contemporaries during nearly half their lifetime†) is like the difference which we often perceive in our Museums, between the fossils of two contiguous strata. Yet, unlike as they may seem, to the geologist’s eye they are closely related by links lying perhaps in other regions, or by his knowledge of the physical causes which induced consecutive

* Printed at the end of Johnson’s ‘Life of Dryden,’ in Chalmers’s Poets.

† Herrick, 1591-1674; Sedley, 1639-1701.

formations. Turning from the superficial agencies which strike a first sight—what are the larger underlying laws which governed this progress in poetry?—laws in which we shall find the true history of changes not less interesting and important than the transition from the Mollusc to the Vertebrate. There is a real resemblance—one even closer than has been imagined—between our post-Restoration poetry and that of France. But the ground of this resemblance lies in the whole tone of mind that the process of centuries was then creating throughout all the countries of Europe which enjoyed any mental freedom. The sixteenth century witnessed the outbreak against the intellectual and moral system of the middle ages. The seventeenth was that in which the new opinions gained stability and a fixed sphere in politics; and having accomplished this—in the Thirty Years' War, the civil disturbances in France and England, and the extinction of Spanish power in the Netherlands—the same spirit of bold Doubt and Inquiry advanced into remoter regions of thought, and transformed itself into new influences. Within this century—to sketch in the fewest lines a revolution which has never yet been drawn in completeness—we find Astronomy revealed by Galileo, Descartes, and Newton; Anatomy by Harvey; Hydrostatics by Boyle; Mathematics by Napier, Kepler, Briggs, Descartes, and others; the beginnings of Botany and Geology under Tournefort, Ray, and Burnet; the first systematic recognition of science by the foundation of the Academy of France and the Royal Society of England. None of these noble pursuits can be without an influence on literature; but in literature itself we find the same spirit—represented in philosophy by Bacon, Pascal, Malebranche, Descartes, Leibnitz, Hobbes, and Locke; in language and scholarship by Selden, Pococke, Grotius, Voss, Gronovius, and Bentley: nor should it be overlooked that to this century belong at once the writings of the Casuists and of Bayle—men who, starting from the opposite points of Credulity and of Scepticism, ended in the same attempt to reduce under system the 'obstinate questionings' to which the mind of man could no longer find in authority and tradition satisfactory answers. We have not here space to exemplify in detail the tangible influence exercised by this movement over Poetry, although the special traces, in the form of agreement or antagonism, are clearly written on the works of Cowley, Dryden, Butler, Roscommon, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, and almost every versifier of the age. What we would point out is, the common bond that united these writers with the many modes of knowledge to which new avenues were then opened. This may be summed up in one word, the Spirit of Criticism. A truly noble confidence in the powers man has received

received from his Creator led the serious men of the time to doubt, not only the results, but the methods followed by their predecessors in pursuit of Truth—to define more clearly what fields of inquiry are free to man, and to recognise that the Columns of Hercules, if anywhere, were in regions very far distant,—to inquire, analyse, and define. How this high-hearted spirit, which had already produced in France such brilliant and enduring effects, was there repressed, is matter of history: it is one of the few triumphs of the unlettered and vicious king surnamed the Great by cruel irony. But we need not pursue the subject, except in reference to our own country. For, this tone of thought once fully taken up, England, during the greater portion of the eighteenth century, seemed strangely to resume her isolation, and work out her problems for herself. The seas, bridged for a time, closed round her again, and the course of our poetry was directed almost entirely by internal influences, until Scott and Coleridge, looking abroad with the insight of genius, rediscovered the European Muses for us in Schiller and Goethe.

Let us now examine how the predominance of this critical spirit necessitated the great change from the ancient to the modern style. It was the glory of our Elizabethan poets that they clothed in verse not only the aims and passions of their own time, but the main poetical traditions of the middle ages, over which they were able to cast back one last glance as the world swept on and quitted that stage for ever. It was, as we have seen, their defect that, living in an inexperienced age, they were not only unable to discover in all cases the fit form and style for each subject, but that—hampered by models not fully understood, and led away by false foreign lights and the desire to display ingenuity and learning—they fell into the graver faults of conceit in expression and caprice of thought; that they were unable fully to break in the language to poetry, and are hence full of obscurity; lastly, that their own prodigal power led them to neglect that fine finish and perfection of work which, like the polish on marble, at once sets off and gives duration to Art. The recapitulation of these peculiarities supplies the key to the reaction which occupied their successors. To give clearness to language and plainness to thought; to insist on the vast importance of Form and of Finish; to bring down poetry, as Socrates was said to have attempted for philosophy, from heaven to earth; to make her capable of representing not only common life, but the interests of the day in science, and speculation, and politics; to try what moderation and subdued colour might do for this art, as the former age what could be effected by glow and by enthusiasm: this

this was their vocation. It would be impossible, we think, to deny the lofty purpose of this aim, or to overrate its usefulness. So far from being against the spirit of poetry, the qualities which they sought to introduce had distinguished almost all great writers. Who holds the mirror to the whole life of man with more constancy than Homer?—who more lucidly clear than Sophocles?—who, to judge from ancient accounts, combined so much genius with so much reflection of the manners of the day as Archilochus?—who united grace with satire so skilfully as Aristophanes, speaking for himself in productions happily extant?—Nor, to quit that gifted race whose works,

— be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,—

do later poets, Catullus, Horace, and Dante, fail to present the same qualities. Yet these characteristics are on the whole absent from our non-dramatic Elizabethan verse. Their successors had thus full scope for the revolution they effected; nor were they unconscious of their purpose. 'Conceit is to nature,' says Pope, in an early letter, 'what paint is to beauty. There is a certain majesty in simplicity which is far above all the quaintness of wit.' No one will assert that this great poet was eminent in the best simplicity; but from faults of obscurity and conceit, from affectation in thought, and from trick and play on words, he and the writers of his time are not only free themselves, but (whilst their influence lasted) freed our literature. Compare the style of Dryden, the leader in this change, in his youthful '*Annus Mirabilis*' and in his '*Fables*.' Or take Cowley's compliment to a girl—

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The sun that makes it 's not so fair;
The sun, which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea served him for a looking-glass!

It may be safely said, we believe, that verses in this artificial style would have gained little honour after 1660, and fifty years later would have been an impossibility. Close and clear reasoning in verse, again, if not first brought into our poetry by Dryden, was, in his hands, carried to a perfection rarely since equalled. Davies' '*Immortality of the Soul*' has been by partial critics reckoned amongst the Elizabethan glories; yet a comparison will hardly leave room to doubt that his style is diffuse, prosaic, and inferior in the proper qualities of didactic verse to Pope or Dryden. From thoughts of heaven, he says—

the

the better souls do oft despise
 The body's death, and do it oft desire;
 For when on ground the burden'd balance lies,
 The empty part is lifted up the higher.
 But if the body's death the soul should kill,
 The death must needs against her nature be;
 And were it so, all souls would fly it still,
 For Nature hates and shuns her contrary.
 Doubtless all souls have a surviving thought;
 Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
 But if we think of being turn'd to nought,
 A trembling horror in our souls we find.

Compare with this some lines, once well known, and deserving
 always to be so,—

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 Man never Is, but always To be blest:
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way:
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste.
 To be, contents his natural desire;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

And if the reader now calls to mind the passage in which the
 love of life is dwelt on in Gray's 'Elegy,' he will see how vast a
 gain it has been to our poetry to pass through the critical pro-
 cess, to be compelled to think clearly and briefly, to finish accu-
 rately, to take up into itself, in a word, the best elements of
 prose. Let imagination and fancy have their due honours; but
beau comme la prose will always be the last and highest praise of
 the best poetry. Excepting the two or three greatest men, neither
 the Elizabethan age, nor that which followed, combined all the
 essential qualities of this art. But the faults and the merits of
 each are set against the other, and a more complete form of poetry
 was

was only rendered possible by the transit through these successive reactionary stages.

As an essential aid in the process by which books are fitted to train and to represent the national character, this movement in the form or technical manner of verse can hardly be overrated. But form and contents are inseparable in art, and the change in regard to subject and mode of thought is not less marked in the post-Restoration development. It was a necessary condition of progress that poetry should not only introduce the critical spirit into the style and structure of verse, but into the matter treated. Much of what has been condemned as levity or even as irreverence by critics who overlooked the general circumstances of that age was simply the random effort of an inquiring spirit not yet trained by experience, but constrained to a just protest against that fainthearted and sentimental antiquarianism of which we find traces in Herrick, Herbert, Donne, Crashaw, and other writers of the first half of the seventeenth century. Here, as on most other points of advance, we find Dryden taking the lead which was natural to his powerful and fertile mind, although here, it must be owned also, he seems rather to give the literary judgments of a ready-witted gentleman than to show the firm grasp of science or theology which we find in Lucretius and Dante. Examples are contained in his *Epistles to Dr. Charleton* and *Lord Roscommon*. Cowley's noble address to Francis Bacon will be known to many of our readers. It should be compared with Milton's half-unwilling recognition of Galileo's astronomy and with Butler's satire against the Royal Society, petulant and petty, as a proof how decisively Science had now begun to pass into Song. Amongst further specimens more or less philosophical and critical we may name Roscommon's '*Essay on Translated Verse*,' Pomfret's '*Reason*,' Parnell's '*Hermit*,' Addison's '*Account of the Poets*,' Sheffield's '*Lines on Hobbes*,' and Prior's '*Alma*;' until the school of Dryden is worthily closed by Pope in those striking '*Essays*,' for the contradictions and semi-sophistries of which the amazing difficulties of the subject should be rather held accountable than the poet. After this time other general changes, to be noticed in their order, merged this style in that commonly spoken of as the Didactic style of the last century, or in the Fables which from 1700 onwards were for sixty or seventy years a fashionable element in poetry.

We are necessarily unable to touch on more than a few of the points in which this resolute effort to make poetry the clear exponent of the leading thoughts of the day was exhibited. But the attempt in other directions is equally marked—we should rather say, the spirit of the age forced itself equally on verse—in such

such writings as Dryden's clever 'Art of Poetry,' in the political satires where he is easily supreme; in the social satires by which Pope placed himself at least on a level with his master; in the more strictly Whig and Tory poems of Tickell, Swift, and Defoe; in the useful if not eminently successful translations which from the days of the 'Virgil' gradually supplied uneducated readers with some knowledge of old unattainable excellence. Why so much of the poetry here glanced at is known only to those who have recognised that acquaintance with the *whole* poetry of England is essential to the fair training of an English mind, we shall presently notice; here, as final proof how much we owe to our own underestimated Restoration School, we will point out the fate of poetry amongst a nation not less naturally gifted than our own both with the true genius of song and the true genius of progress, but in which the critical spirit underwent a too successful repression.

For in Italy, as in England, poetry, having in the Middle Ages given birth to a few works of high excellence, had lain dormant till the movement of the 16th century. What the Elizabethan writers were to us, Ariosto and Tasso were then to the South—indeed far more, for their fame was European, the fame of our poets confined to an island separated from Europe by the political results of the Reformation. But whilst with us Poetry went rejoicing on her way, reflecting accurately the growth of knowledge and experience as we pass from Shakespeare through Milton to Dryden and Pope, and determined at all risks not to quit hold of the world as it was, Poetry in Italy suffered the blight which, from causes lying far back in her history, so soon overspread the land and ruined the fair promise of the *Cinque Cento*. Fatal influences, of which the treatment of Galileo is the most significant example, triumphed over the free growth of the human mind on that soil where, as the first of its truly modern poets said, 'the plant Man grows so vigorously;' spiritual and temporal tyranny did their utmost to repress thought in every sphere. Any activity of intellect that survived, petrified and wasted itself in a strange imaginative pedantry. We have already described the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto as essentially *retrospective*; their successors, little read and not deserving many readers, soon lost all hold on the mind of Italy and of Europe by reflecting only the learned trifling of the academy or the cloister. Their names are synonymous with false taste, and weakness of thought, and classical study misapplied. The titles of the chief works of Marini, the popular poet of the day, are significant of that disastrous period of Italian reaction—the 'Adonis' and the 'Slaughter of the Innocents.' Even these
names

names will be unfamiliar to many readers; the names of succeeding poems are practically unknown until that long sleep under the bigot and the despot was broken by the passionate music of *Filicaja*, by the harsh trumpet-call of *Alfieri*. *E poi . . .*

Why is it then—to return home—that a tone of censure is commonly, and on the whole with considerable justice, applied to the poets, who were not only called imperiously by events to perform a certain work, but performed it with so much ability? The present distaste for these writers arises in part, undoubtedly, from mere prejudice, ignorance, and reaction. But still we are compelled to ask, why is Hallam's sentence true, that the reign of William III., the central period of the school, Dryden excepted, is 'our nadir in works of imagination'? We think the main reason is involved in the nature of the very work then undertaken. To bring literature under the critical spirit was essential, if it was to march evenly with the advance of thought. There is, however, a sense in which criticism and inquiry, although the necessary preludes to growth, are themselves rather destructive or stationary than creative. But we feel above all things that creation is the proper sphere of Art. Again, although poetry, when neglected as Art, runs almost always into diffuseness and extravagance, yet the conscious study of technical points, the reference to Art as such, have often a disheartening and chilling effect. We wish for results, not means—forgetting that consideration of means is at times essential to the result desired. Many must have felt this even in the case of one who combined judgment and creativeness in so high a degree as Goethe. Milton defined poetry as 'simple, sensuous, and passionate.' Of these elements, it was simplicity alone (taken in a wide sense, as implying the pursuit of Truth besides clearness of expression) which the post-Restoration writers aimed at. It is, however, indisputable that natural description, and the predominance of individual feeling (sensuousness), and most of all the passions themselves, form the great bulk of what the world always looks for in song. It would not be just to our writers to say that they entirely suppressed these elements in favour of those which connect poetry with thought and inquiry. But, finding in the latter their chief work and interest, they were led to separate the imaginative provinces too decisively from the rest. They isolated, as we see in their works, the ode, or song, or ballad; and in part, by consequence of this separation, they met with no very eminent success in these more strictly poetical regions. It is, however, easy to understand why Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast' was once held 'the finest ode in the language.' If compared with Spenser's 'Epithalamion' or Milton's 'Nativity,' it has a condensation,

condensation, a directness, a clearness in form, a straightforward power of phrase, and dramatic character, which not only made it a real advance, but, united with its vigour and resonance, concealed its deficiencies in imaginative force, grace, and truth of passion. Let the reader take the poems just named, with Collins' 'Passions,' Gray's 'Bard,' Shelley's 'Ode to Liberty,' Wordsworth's on 'Immortality,' and mark in these, or similar specimens, the splendid course of our lyrical poetry. We have, first, simple music and passion in Spenser; deeper tones and wider range in Milton; then the clearness and greater completion, though less satisfactory execution, of Dryden; the full lyrical sweetness and variety, the perfect finish, of Collins and Gray; lastly, the union of what is best in these qualities, with a finer insight and sweeter depth, in the poets whose names are the household delights of a favoured generation.

The predominance of the didactic and critical temper is, in our view, the main reason of the imperfect interest which the poetry of the period under discussion awakens. But another reason, intimately connected with this, must be noticed, as, lying on the surface as it were of style, it has been a subject of frequent censure. This is the prevalence of a false and shallow classical tone—often ignorantly ascribed to the post-Restoration writers as a peculiar mark, although it in fact colours English poetry from the days of Wyat and Surrey. Yet there is a noteworthy distinction between this early classicalism and that which, from Dryden's 'Sylvia the fair' to the 'Clarinda, mistress of my soul' of Burns, infects, so far as our experience goes, every poet from 1500 to 1800, with exception of that very small number of true scholars—Milton, Collins, and Gray: can a fourth be added?—who used ancient materials as the ancients might themselves have used them. The early classicalism is so undefined in character, so coloured by the imaginative and personal tone then prevalent, that it hardly affects us with a sense of conscious imitation, except where mythological or pastoral names jar on the reader with pedantic associations. It is very often simply a continuation of that peculiar mediæval classicalism impelled by which Chaucer in his 'Troilus,' or Spenser in his 'Epithalamion,' unconsciously reproduced the spirit that, in Art, clothed the warriors of the 'Iliad' in the armour of the crusaders. Examples occur in Shakespeare's earlier plays:—

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion: such a waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

With

With this charming *naïveté* of Juliet contrast later classicalism in its different stages. Dryden thus celebrates James II.: he compares him to Hercules; but let that pass:—

View then a monarch, ripen'd for a throne!
 Alcides thus his race began;
 O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
 The future god at first was more than man:
 Dangers and toils and Juno's hate
 Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait,
 And there he grappled first with Fate.
 In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest,
 So early was the deity confest. &c.

Next the laureate Rowe's birthday ode, in 1716:—

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
 For this boon, this happy day,
 Janus with the double face
 Shall to thee resign his place;
 Thou shalt rule with better grace:
 Time from thee shall wait his doom,
 And thou shalt lead the year for every age to come.
 Fairest month, in Cæsar pride thee. &c.

Gray's 'Address to Poetry' marks a more profound scholarship, after which the worn-out Roman classicalism died gradually away through a series of feeble versifiers, until, in Burns, it flashed out for a moment in strange contrast with his own pure national style:—

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
 Sharp-shivers thro' the leafless bow'r,
 When Phœbus gies a short-lived glow'r
 Far south the lift—

What a singular union of Ayrshire and Ausonia!

This peculiar mannerism was in itself an after-growth from the impulse towards inquiry and advance which underlies all others in the literature after 1660, and which we have traced to the great general movement of the Reformation and Renaissance period. Men turned to the writers of Greece and Rome, as presenting models in style of unequalled perfection, and still more on account of the noble characteristics of free thought and unshackled expression which, far beyond any other, distinguish the classical from the mediæval literature. But the want of comparative science in history, philosophy, and language—of which we are now only beginning to see that it points to issues not less momentous than those of the *Cinque-cento* itself—rendered the earlier critical

critical scholarship, especially in all matters of Art, premature and partial. It is a doubtful point always how far models can be used without risk of the living death of imitation; but here the models were often ill-chosen, and always imperfectly understood. Hence the deference to ancient writers—often rhetoricians of second-rate merit—which is so prominent in English poetry from the time of Charles I., was, in the main, an injurious superstition. The earlier and sweeter Elizabethan classicalism reached us in part from Chaucer and his age, in part from Italy. That taste, however, struck no permanent root, passing away with other conceits and fancies under the sterner thoughts aroused by civil dissension. Milton is a solitary example of the pure Italian style of scholarship, derived by himself, in accordance with his majestic and self-isolated nature, from personal study and from residence in the South. But the renewed or modern classicalism was unhappily derived from that country in which, through inborn antagonism of spirit, the ancient writers have been less understood than in any other region of Europe. In the hands of the French critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the greatness of Greek and Roman thought disappears—the simplicity becomes baldness, the taste frivolity, the rules of style pedantry. The imagination of Shakespeare himself could hardly conceive a mind more opposed to the Athenian mind than Boileau's. Yet Boileau was the dictator of French taste. It must, however, here suffice to give this general indication, closing our remarks on the first portion of our subject with a few words on another charge against the post-Restoration literature. The censure which ascribes a peculiar effrontery of manners and cynical indecency to these writers is hardly better founded than that which classes them all as of the 'French School.' It can be no secret to any student of our older literature that a delight in coarseness (often surnamed plainspeaking of honest feelings), an over-freedom in tone, are no special heritage of the poets between Dryden and Pope. The contrast often drawn between the plainness of the Elizabethan age and the levity of the Restoration is not much more than a mode of expressing the superficial difference of then fashionable manners. In fact, the great mass of our non-dramatic poetry through the whole period is perfectly fitted still *virginibus puerisque*,—could it any longer attract such readers.

II. As during the sixty years dating from 1660 English thought, and hence English poetry, had been mainly affected by general influences acting on all Europe, so during the next sixty England in a great degree stood apart from her neighbours. At first the development of the country on the re-establishment of peace occupied

occupied all attention. Then followed another time of war, but of war carried on in distant lands, at first with success, later with national humiliation. Meanwhile the course of things in Europe was rapidly leading to that violent struggle between the old ways of thought and the new which expressed itself in the first French Revolution; and even before the reaction of distinct continental influences set in, the same contest was unconsciously raised in England between the stationary and the advancing elements in religion, trade, agriculture, and at last politics. The national intellect, which during the first half of this period had been exercised in the moral and philosophical speculations of the Deists and their antagonists, now quitted this temporarily exhausted field. Turning again to matters less theoretical, it embodied itself in the great discoverers who, stimulated and aided by French and German predecessors and contemporaries, pushed far and wide the domain of science; produced in religion the practical revival of which the force is in full operation yet; in politics, the school of Burke and Fox; in political economy, the school of Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo. Inquiries into the relations between the ranks of the community, leading to a deeper experience of the state of the labouring classes, were a natural result of these advances; nor should it be overlooked that the growth of prosperity and wealth was accompanied by a rapidly developed love of travelling which, limited at first to England, even then produced a reverential love and study of nature, not only renewing the sentiment of Chaucer and Spenser, but allying it with a wider survey of the landscape.

Prepared, according to our belief, by the labour of preceding poets to express whatever in human life and interests was capable of Metrical expression, Poetry reflected all these various tendencies and made them more or less her own. Hence the broken and diversified character of the Georgian literature, the vast interval not only between such poets as Addison and Crabbe, but between contemporaneous writers, between Pope and Collins, Burns and Cowper. For it was an age not only of spontaneous transition, but of bold experiment; and, as ever happens, when new ways are tried, the issues to which men were working were hid from them with more than the common obscurity. Perhaps no century since the Roman conquest has presented so great a change as that which lies between the England at war with Louis XIV. and the England at war with the First Consul of France. Hence also the poetry of that age has an unsatisfactory character from want of a uniform tone. We cannot speak of it as we do of the Elizabethan; it has not that singleness of colouring which pleases us in most well-marked ages of song. Nor amidst these many attempts

attempts could there be invariable success; the new was mixed unconsciously and inharmoniously with the old, and the old retained a strange grasp over what was essentially unlike it. Especially is this true of the poetic diction of the last century, which, though from a different cause, was as unequal to express writers' conceptions as the Elizabethan. Conventional phrases, and with them artificial style (for words often rule thoughts), disfigure every writer from Gay to Burns; nor can more curious instances of this conflict of manners be found than those with which the poet last named has familiarized us in almost every one of his pieces. Yet this disguise of style should not blind us to the new life which was compelled by irresistible laws for a time to conceal itself beneath the vesture of mannerism; nor must it be forgotten that the present age has its own conventionalities of diction not less distant from truth and simplicity than the century which preceded it.

We will name some leading instances of these many roads attempted, in all which we most desire emphatically to point out that poetry but followed the ways already opened by the spirit of the age. The domestic feuds of the time when ministerial and parliamentary government was established appear in Swift; the current theological and moral speculation in Pope and Parnell; the peace and commercial advance under wise Walpole are embodied in the didactic verse of Dyer and Grainger, Somerville and Thomson; Watts marks the beginning of the religious change of which Cowper represents the maturity. The influences of Nature on Poetry reappear in Gray, Warton, and Burns; foreign travelling yields its first-fruits in Goldsmith; Gay gave pictures from common life, viewed from the side of sentiment, Crabbe under the influence of social economy. Nor are traces of the more general currents affecting politics and manners absent, although these cannot be so individually specified, and were not seen in their whole strength before our own century.

Having thus broadly sketched out the course of poetry from 1720, we will discuss in more detail some principal features, taking them, so far as practicable, in chronological order.

It is a common phrase to speak of Pope and his followers. Except with reference to the peculiar type which he impressed on the ten-syllable couplet, we think the phrase conveys an idea opposed to the facts. In regard to subjects and mode of thought—to almost all but the mere superficialities of style—Pope is rather the last of a school than the founder of a new manner. His subjects, it will be enough simply to remark, belong almost exclusively to the class familiar to the post-Restoration writers; and, marvellous as is the perfection of his treatment, they present little

but the consummation of previous tendencies, if we except the 'Rape of the Lock,' which stands single in our literature. His audience were the elegant and the witty, and it is on them and their modes of acting or thinking that his Satires turn. Indeed, we are inclined to go farther, and to consider Pope as in many respects the representative of a style antiquated by the time of his death in 1744. For not only is he the last conspicuous writer whose general tone and sphere of work are drawn from courtly life, but he long outlived the developments in poetry already beginning. The popular song as exhibited by Gay, the political pamphlet of Swift, the description of Nature by Thomson,—all find no representation in the poet of Thames-side; indeed, a sneer (or what is meant to be such) in 'Scriblerus' is palpably directed against the 'Seasons.' It is not, of course, denied that this great writer found some direct imitators; but (except as regards his versification) those who made him their model are now with the many antagonists whose names—names only to us—are preserved in his own brilliant couplets. Amongst those who would have called themselves of his school, Johnson is perhaps the most distinguished; yet in the 'London' and the 'Human Wishes' we feel at once that we have left the courtly and cultivated sphere of life; or rather, that we are in presence of one who painted and scorned them from the opposite vantage-ground of noble Poverty. Parnell again—whose works Pope edited—and Gay, who was his friend, would have ranked themselves, in the old phrase, as 'those about Alexander.' Yet from Parnell we might quote passages in a style generically distinct from Pope's; and in Gay's hands we find the rustic life forcing itself, against the author's will, into what he intended as burlesque pastorals; whilst in the work chiefly associated with his name he frankly abandoned his master's ways to tell the career of Macheath and Polly. Pass on a few years, and we see the same law of subordination to the spirit of the age compelling successively three men who undoubtedly looked to the author of the Satires and the Essays as their model for more than metre, to treat subjects as alien from Pope as the rockwork of his Grotto was from the boulders of Dartmoor or Cader Idris. Poems such as Goldsmith's 'Village' and 'Traveller,' Crabbe's 'Tales' and 'Register,' Cowper's 'Faith,' are not only remote from 'Eloisa' or the 'Rape': they are poems which, except by miracle, could not have been even thought of during the prevalence of that school of which Pope is the most finished representative. And lastly, to take times which are almost our own, what more forcible exemplification of our view could be found than that which arises from comparing the criticism and the practice of Byron,

—the

—the boyish imitation of the 'Bards and Reviewers,' and the magnificent originality of the 'Childe Harold'? 'The disciples of Pope,' says Byron in 1820, 'were Johnson, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Gifford, Matthias, Hayley, and the author of the 'Paradise of Coquettes.' Who this last disciple was we are certainly ignorant; but it may be feared that Pope would have given him a niche, with Hayley and Matthias, in that poem which was not consecrated to the celebration of genius. Nothing but the form of verse connects the five first-named with him in any real sense, and Mr. Darwin himself would be perplexed to trace the development of 'Hohenlinden' from the 'Essay on Man' or the 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.'—But we should not have thought it necessary to dwell on this point if the incorrect phrases of the 'school' and 'influence' of Pope were not so frequent in our critical literature.

All would agree that attempts in the epic and didactic style are a leading feature in the poetry of the eighteenth century. Milton's—the one strictly modern poem of the kind which ranks with the great masterpieces of old—was followed by a few essays in the religious manner—Blackmore's 'Creation' and Prior's 'Solomon.' This was soon transformed into the didactic, in accordance with the undramatic and practically inquisitive spirit of the day, which marks strongly the subjects now chosen in Phillips's 'Cider' (published 1706), Thomson's 'Seasons' (1726), Somerville's 'Chase' (1735), Young's 'Thoughts' (1742), Akenside's 'Imagination' (1744), Dyer's 'Fleece' (1757), and Grainger's 'Sugar-Cane' (1764). The very titles suggest at once the new lines into which the application of verse to actual life had led English writers. Of Thomson's work we shall speak presently; it will be enough here to add that Young is the only one who is strongly tinged by the tone of the 'Augustan age,' and that Akenside exemplifies another characteristic of the time already noticed. With Smith's 'Phædra,' and the 'Leonidas' and 'Athenaid' of Glover, Akenside's poetry represents the advance of our classical scholarship from Roman models to Greek, combined with the speculative admiration of political liberty to which Burke, until the close of his career, gave expression in Parliament. It cannot be said that these poems have escaped the common doom of imitative works; yet Akenside possesses force and nobleness of thought, and Glover a fine spirit and enthusiasm which render the contemporary reputation of 'Leonidas' intelligible. But in both cases the themes chosen must be confessed greater than the poets, although their compositions deserve and reward the attention of intelligent readers.

We have already observed that much of the strictly moral

verse of the period took the unfortunate direction of the fable: a form of writing which only the finest skill and taste can redeem—if it ever be redeemed—from insipidity. On this point, and on the elaborate lyrical poetry, we need not enlarge; nor would the reader be thankful for details regarding the vast flood of occasional verse, epistles, satires, epigrams, humorous narrative, and trivial ditties and ballads, which fill our collections with sketches of the time so lively that we should deeply regret to lose as history what is rarely of much value as song. These, like the fables, represent less the advancing and the moral elements than temporary feelings, or belong to the style which was passing away. They are precious for illustration of manners and for indications of the progress of thought, but except for such purposes their slumber is little likely to be broken. Indeed, the general knowledge that the mass exists and fills long shelves in the vast collections of Johnson and Chalmers has been a serious cause of the indifference towards the poetry of the eighteenth century. Yet it will not be doubted by those who in an impartial spirit have gone through the body of our earlier literature, that the amount of merely mechanical verse bore as large a proportion to the whole produced during the period concluding with the Restoration as during the later period of which we are now speaking; nor can we resist the fear that the series embracing our own age—should so vast a gathering ever be made—will present a similar aspect to the bewildered students of the coming century.

Let us turn from the less interesting survey of the subjects in which these poets only imitated their predecessors to the new tracks of thought and manner by which they are connected with us. Man, as a creature of passion, had been the theme of the Elizabethan writers; Man, in relation to intellect and to society, of those who followed. These, of course, are broad general outlines; nor, when we refer to the eighteenth century as the first which began that free study of Nature and love of description for itself which has been carried to results so marvellous in our own, is it to be understood, as some have too absolutely phrased it, that the interests of Man are wanting in our recent poetry, or of Nature in that of the seventeenth century. Yet if we think of such contrasts as the landscape of Pope's 'Pastorals' or Addison's 'Italy' and that of Shelley's 'Prometheus' or Wordsworth's 'Ruth,' we can hardly escape feeling that we have passed into another and a larger world, where the great elementary features of the universe, 'the common sun, the air, the skies'—sources of so much happiness and of so much of that best wisdom which comes through happiness—are again restored to man. It is a change which seems to give us almost a regained paradise:

when

when we reach this turning-point in our literature we are aware, in the words of the immortal poet who of all poets sympathized most intensely and most widely with the soul of Nature, that 'Spring is coming, and Love, and the winged Zephyr, herald of Spring, runs before, and Flora, in the track of their course, scatters the whole pathway for us with the perfection of scent and the fullness of colour:'—

It Ver, et Venus, et Veris prænuntius ante
Pennatus greditur Zephyrus, vestigia propter
Flora quibus mater præspargens ante viai
Cuncta coloribus egregiis et odoribus opplet.*

But enough. Quitting such thoughts on Nature and her 'happy-making sight,' let us descend to criticism, and examine by what slow steps this glorious element of poetry was expanded to a splendour before which the primitive efforts of a hundred years since now appear feeble and colourless. Passing by the few but admirable lines of Lady Winchelsea, the first distinct natural descriptions appear to be Thomson's 'Seasons' (1726-1730), and Dyer's 'Grongar Hill,' which (we suppose with his 'Walk') was published in 1727. Looking to the former, we may perhaps say that no real poet has left less satisfactory poetry than Thomson. His great work is a compromise between Virgil misunderstood, the pseudo-idyllic style of Pope, the pomp of 'Paradise Lost,' and his own true and delicate observation of Nature.

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crowned
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons pass :
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills. . .
Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.

* *Lucretius*, V. 735. We have followed the undoubtedly true readings of Bentley and Lachmann in the first and second lines. With the sentiment of the last should be compared the verses of the English poet who has most nearly approached *Lucretius* in this passionate intensity,—dreaming of a life

In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.

Shelley, 'Euganean Hills.'
How

How conventional and cold does this southern landscape show by one of our own age! how little penetrated with music or with the spirit of the South!

—To burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.
Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;
Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

Yet Thomson's once famous poem fairly earned its reputation; the pages are filled, in his own graceful words, 'with many a proof of recollected love;' we find Nature there, though in an artificial dress; and whilst we can hardly rank it as a treasure for all time, see easily how great and useful its effect must have been in its own—how unpopular amongst readers trained in the taste of the previous generation. Perhaps in some of his too scanty lyrical pieces we see the genius of Thomson in its sweetest form. 'Thine,' he says, addressing Solitude with the inimitable warmth of a genuine passion—

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Great poet as he was, we may probably say with truth that this sentiment was to Pope unintelligible. We have called him the latest—almost the superannuated—survivor of the courtly period; and it is curious to observe what country life and solitude appeared to him. With his exquisite irony and finish, he thus condoles with Miss Blount 'on her leaving town after the Coronation,' 1715:—

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See Coronations rise on every green:
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of lords and earls and dukes and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan^e'ershades your closing eyes—
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies:
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls.

Under

Under such a poetical dictator it needed courage to publish the 'Seasons,' whilst the fact that the poem was at once successful may warn us not to overestimate the prestige of Pope.

Nearly one hundred years elapsed between Milton's two masterpieces of description and the two by Dyer already named. It is obvious that the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' were more or less models for the 'Grongar Hill' and the 'Evening Walk;' and, setting aside the vast difference in power between the two writers, it is remarkable how little the art of landscape description had changed or advanced during the interval. Like Milton, Dyer, in what we termed before the older method, refers every feature in the landscape to man and human interest, and, in the fashion of the day, moralizes on all he sees. Yet the natural element, as with Thomson, is more prominent, and man begins to be viewed, to use a painter's phrase, as an accessory figure. If we compared Milton's poems with the sublime and gorgeous landscape backgrounds of Titian, the work of Dyer and of his contemporaries might be likened to Claude. Neither can frankly trust himself to paint Nature only, and must have some human subject as an excuse for landscape—how remote from that art which, with Turner and Wordsworth, has unsealed for us the inmost enchanted fountains of natural beauty! But this consummation is distant at the age of which we are speaking. Poets were still influenced by what to us seems an almost schoolboy style of classical criticism; they must still view fields and forests through a learned glass; they are incapable of a pure passion. Indeed, perhaps the pieces decidedly in the artificial manner are not less pleasing than the further-reaching attempts of men like Thomson or Dyer. Tickell's charming picture of Holland House is probably known to some readers. Parnell's 'Health' contains passages of equal beauty:—

Come, country goddess, come; nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace;
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses crowd her early train.
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure, join'd with thee.
O come, thou goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along!
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:

For

For her I mow my walks, I plant my bowers,
 Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
 To welcome her, this summer-seat I drest;
 And here I court her when she comes to rest.

Another direction of this learned landscape is the pastoral in stanzas, into which as the century advanced the eclogue gradually faded. This fashion has given us a few beautiful lines from Shenstone, and a very few from Hammond. They are writers free from carelessness and conceit: yet these merits, too high to be called negative, are not enough to redeem their elegies from the fate which at last overtakes a querulous insipidity.

Near twenty years appear to have passed after the impulse given by Thomson before the description of Nature made a further step; and it is remarkable that this step was due to the deeper study of ancient literature already noticed. It is difficult to estimate the *restraining* influence which that study had held over former poets, into what grotesqueness and licence of conceit even writers such as Spenser or Dryden might have fallen without the example of the exquisite moderation of Virgil and Horace. But it is easy to observe the pedantry and shallowness which our poets too often inherited from this source; and it was no more than a fair compensation that the deeper scholarship which from the days of Bentley had taken root in England should now enrich us with the poetry of Collins (1746) and Gray (1747-57). Few are the poets who have received more praise from those worthy to give it than the authors of the 'Ode on the Passions' and of the 'Elegy.' Yet public taste in its last fluctuation appears inclined to treat them with indifference as artificial and overfinished. We think this opinion essentially onesided and narrow; yet it is a natural reaction. Two great moods of the mind in regard to poetry have always existed, and may be said to have been personified in the 18th and 19th centuries. To the one, spontaneous poetry, whether the work of cultivated men or not—of Shelley or of Burns—has a charm so great as to blind its admirers to the contrasted merits of more conscious and elaborate workmanship. On the opposite side is a taste too strictly confined to clear and finished expression and too impatient of deviations from its own standard. These extremes hold alternate sway; nor is it worth attempting to decide which is least remote from the golden moderation which recognises that form and substance are not opposites, but correlative expressions of vitality, and that Art at once differs from and is the consummation of Nature; above her in aim, and below her in execution. These phrases, we fear, will be thought as indistinct

tinct as the extreme opinions we are combating are plain and 'charted out in their coarse blacks and whites.' Yet readers may be assured that only by aid of this sobriety of taste can they gain that great gift, the pure and lively appreciation which enjoys each phase of song in its turn, polished grace and spontaneous utterance, and is at home equally in the gardens and in the wild places of the imagination. There is a pedantry of naturalism, if we may so speak, no less than of mannerism; and this is probably the exaggeration against which the saner mind should at present guard itself, expecting the day when the popular praise of 'freshness,' 'nature,' 'passion,' 'geniality,' 'heart,' and the like, will give place to that other extreme which is at once so opposite and so near it.

We may afford to pass with a glance the accusation of 'classical coldness' brought against the writers before us, a phrase common in the mouths of the very ignorant, and which they are, unhappily, little likely to take the pains to rectify. Going on now to the poems, it may be said, we think, that such art as that by which Gray has concentrated in the 'Elegy' a little world of thought—thought at once simple and subtle, obvious yet never so expressed before through all the centuries of mortality—set it within a natural landscape of consummate beauty, and peopled it with living human figures—is an example of what the mind can do most perfectly in following the processes of Nature. Such art, again, as Collins has shown in the brilliant personification of the Passions, such as we find in Gray's magnificent summary of English history, so accurate in its picturesqueness, so poetical in its insight, is one of the very rarest successes which human wit can reach. Let us turn again to those few pages, familiar to many from the nursery, pages in truth which to not a few have made (such are the illusions of genius) no small portion in the sweetest imagery of childhood, and admire how much the concentration and care of these fine artists has given us in so little, what variety in subject, what brilliancy yet what modesty in the colouring—what a high, manly, and honesthearted tone in the sentiment:—

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Even so, from the over-elaborate sentimentalism of this age, from the *hysterica passio* (let us say) of 'Aurora Leigh,' even from

from the dimly-fashioned forms that haunt the rhapsodies of Shelley in his longer works, we return with pleasure heightened by contrast to the sane sobriety of the 'Elegy,' to the gray loveliness of the 'Ode to Evening.' *Ars longa, vita brevis.* We are thankful to those who, working in a different spirit from most poets of our century, under limitations and deficiencies easily recognised, by patience—and the genius which is patience—created these perfect forms for the delight of our best moments.

Like that of their predecessors in general, the landscape description of these writers is intimately blended with human feeling; it serves as a text for a reflective morality. Thus, in the ode from which one stanza has just been quoted, the changes of nature form the parallel and the contrast together to the vicissitudes of human enjoyment; in Gray's 'Spring' (an earlier work) the lesson of the year is drawn, but with less skill and subtlety; in the 'Elegy' the living and the landscape elements are mixed with the skill of Titian or of Gainsborough. Description appears in more purity in Collins's 'Evening,' though even in this the final note is of 'fancy, friendship, science;' but the simpler daylight landscape to which 'our own poets' have accustomed us was not conspicuously exhibited before the appearance of Goldsmith's 'Traveller' (1764) and 'Village' (1770). In each of these works we find the human figure and the aspects of Nature united, indeed, in one picture of admirable harmony; but the modern character, if we do not mistake, is seen in the fact that the poems impress us as pictures, not as moralizations. We have, however, already observed how much the eighteenth century was an age of novelty and experiment. Goldsmith's poems, like Falconer's 'Shipwreck' (1762), which so curiously blends the styles of Pope and Thomson, are, in many ways, peculiar and single in their age; and for the origin of the distinctly modern manner, both in description and narrative, we must look to another school.

As the advance in our poetry made by Collins and Gray was much influenced by the study of Grecian writers, so it is remarkable that the step which we owe to Percy and the Wartons was governed by another form of antiquarian research. It would be an exaggeration to say that the Middle Ages were to them what Athens was to the first-named; Gray was also a careful student of our earlier literature, and the Wartons were accomplished sons of that university, one of whose many glories it has long been that there the spirit and genius of the ancients receive true appreciation and honour. Nor were they without many allies in what—if the word may be excused—might be called their Elizabethanism. Beside the researches of men like Gray, Collins, and Mason,
the

the simple fact that in no age has the imitation of Spenser been more common than during the eighteenth century shows how much the tide was already prepared to turn towards our earlier poetry.* Indeed, looking back to the brothers who so much affected the course of our descriptive poetry, it is clear that the mind of Dr. Warton, the father of Joseph and Thomas, was tuned to the same melody as the minds of his better-known children. The following delicately-touched lines must have been written before 1745 :—

On beds of daisies idly laid,
The willow waving o'er my head,
Now morning on the bending stem
Hangs the round and glittering gem.
Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring,
Of Nature's various charms I sing :
Ambition, pride, and pomp, adieu ;
For what has Joy to do with you ?

Joy, rose-lipp'd Dryad, loves to dwell
In sunny field or mossy cell ;
Delights on echoing hills to hear
The reaper's song, or lowing steer ;
Or view with tenfold plenty spread
The crowded corn-field, blooming
mead ;
While beauty, health, and innocence
Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

No great advance on this is exhibited by Thomas Warton, nor, amongst a number of pleasing poems, has he left any stamped with original power. He looked at life and Nature with a learned rather than a gifted eye, through the impressions which he derived from the study of our own earlier literature. He gives graceful pictures in the Elizabethan manner, or that recall the immortal landscapes of Milton. But the influence which he exercised must not be measured by his own creations ; it was probably the wider and the more enduring because it aimed rather at restoration and revival than at novelty. Readers will find two charming specimens of his style in his 'Hamlet' and 'First of April.' We prefer to quote, as more indicative of his mind, a short ode, 'written in solitude at an inn in 1769 :'—

Of't upon the twilight plain,
Circled with thy shadowy train,
While the dove at distance coo'd,
Have I met thee, Solitude !
Then was loneliness to me
Best and true society.
But, ah ! how altered is thy mien
In this sad deserted scene !

Here all thy classic pleasures cease,
Musing mild, and thoughtful peace.
Here thou com'st in sullen mood,
Not with thy fantastic brood
Of magic Shapes and Visions airy,
Beckon'd from the land of Fairy.

* * * *

These lines are one example of many, illustrating what seems to us the most individual feature in this phase of our poetry. The importance of the work left by the Wartons, by Logan, Beattie, and others, lies less in the work itself than in the sentiment which it perpetually embodies. Courtly

* This curious feature of the time deserves study, with a hundred similar details. When will English poetry—after the Greek the most important in the whole world's literature—find a historian of the eventful career in which we can only briefly notice a few aspects ?

and cultivated life, regulated and (though in a lofty sense) conventional tastes and manners, were the themes of the school which culminated in Pope. A love of the wild and the romantic, a deference to fancy, an enthusiasm for solitude and country scenes, distinguish the school which succeeded him. In the first we are in the London of Bolingbroke and Harley, or before 'great Anna' at her solemn *Thé* in the halls of Hampton; or, if away from the palace and the park, our most of country is Stowe or Blenheim. It is always sunlight or waxlight, nor are we ever quite unconscious of ruffles, hoops, and powder. With the new school the scene shifts: the pure agricultural country, itself, farms and shepherds, are not sufficiently rustic:—'Hide me from day's garish eye:' we are with Warton in the abysses of Whichwood, or Logan by a monumental urn set in dim shades by a grotto at twilight; or Beattie carries us to the remote cottages of lowland valleys:—

Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow;
The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie;
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
Or look on Nature with a lover's eye.

LANGHORNE, *Visions of Fancy*, 1762.

Logan has a fine ode on an autumnal scene, which, with Beattie's better-known poems, present this aspect of Nature in its fullness. Like the painted landscape of the time, the tone of these works is subdued and sombre, not without a certain sentimentalism. One might call them Gainsboroughs on paper. Contrast the pictures of that great artist with those of Turner, glowing with sunlight, and rendering every aspect of this 'much-variegated earth,' and the reader will have a fair measure of the difference between the poetical landscape of this century and that of the period we are speaking of. In this, no doubt, the foreign influences which after 1770 began to be felt again in England are concerned, and something of the spirit of Rousseau and Werter colours our poetry with a soft hazy sadness, not unpleasing to those who are wearied by the lurid lights and perpetual purple with which some writers have lately familiarised us. But a great change was at hand; and contemporaneously with the first sounds of political storm across the Channel we find our poets passing to a sterner and more practical view, not only of Man but of Nature. Cowper's landscape takes a range far wider than his predecessors'; but what we would here dwell on is the constant interfusion in it of two elements hardly felt before,—the position and ways of the agricultural poor and the lessons of religion. Crabbe's scope is far more restricted; in its general gloom it may remind us of the writings just noticed; but what

what in Gray and Collins, Logan and Warton, was a musing melancholy, in the Suffolk poet assumes a stern tone of moralization.

As the critical spirit predominates in the earlier poetry of the eighteenth century, so in the latter portion two great tendencies are visible: love of natural description, and attempts at a more vivid and wider delineation of human character and incident. We have now examined the poetry of nature at some length, and may turn to the last portion of the present essay—the gradual development of the tale and the lyrical narrative. That style grew up by steps so gradual and so modest, that the vast place which, with the poetry of nature, it would hold in later days, was totally unanticipated before it had been stamped by the royal hands of Burns and Scott. On the absence of this form of verse from our earlier cultivated literature we have remarked before;* nor can we now attempt to trace the obscure *origines* and descent of the ballad poetry with which the collectors of the last hundred years (so often poets themselves) have, as it were, endowed us. Whilst, however, the greater number were still the fireside delight of English cottages, or lingering in the depths of Yarrow, a few ballads had always retained currency amongst the more educated classes; and from the days of Sidney to Addison, stories like 'Chevy Chase' or 'Fair Rosamond' never wanted the attention of men of taste, and were collected by students like Selden, Ashmole, and Pepys. Meanwhile that bent of poetry to common life, which we have noticed as the growing characteristic of the whole age, whilst on the one hand it produced the 'familiar' pieces of Swift, Prior, Green, and many more, devoted to common life, but common life in its city aspects; on the other suggested the happy discovery that incidents of more natural and rustic character—such as the 'Lovers' Death,' which so struck Gay—might also be suitable for song. This discovery, for it was no less, was contemporaneous with the origin of our descriptive poetry, and might be fancifully said to have furnished figures for the landscapes of Dyer and Thomson. And the development of lyrical narration should specially be noted as the first example of that influence held by genuine Scotch literature over English, of which this century has witnessed a renewal so striking and so potent. Before 1720, we believe, were produced the earliest published collections of truly national songs and ballads in A. Ramsay's 'Miscellany' and 'Evergreen'—collections containing, indeed, much dross mingled with the purer metal, and not a few ancient poems alloyed with modern matter; yet undoubtedly of excellence sufficient to set their mark on an age

* Vol. ex., pp. 448-9.

already prepared to turn an ear to ancient melodies, and a race alive with just sensitiveness to their national glories. Ramsay and his work were rapidly appreciated; and as we find that Gay, when travelling in the North, was Ramsay's visitor at Edinburgh, it may be reasonably concluded that to the spirit he caught in the shop in 'Niddry's Wynd' was due some portion at least of that which places Gay amongst the best song-writers of the century. To the same period belong Mallet's 'Margaret,' Tickell's 'Lucy,' and Carey's 'Sally.' The two styles of ancient and modern ballad coalesced, and from this time onwards imitations of the old Scotch and English song are scattered through the collections. These early attempts exemplify that great feature of the eighteenth century—so often superficially censured as tame and conventional—its adventurous experimental spirit and aim at new lines in poetry. But it was natural that the elements should not mix kindly; that (as in the diction of the time) the city muse should jar with the muse of the country; that the ballad should at times appear (as in Gay's 'Susan') in a half court-dress, at times with the almost over-natural but irresistible pathos of the 'Sally'—a poem which might have been the envy of Catullus, as it was the admiration of Addison.

A second stage is marked by Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry' (1765), a book happily too familiar to require, though it well deserves, a detailed criticism. From about this date we may note a vast advance towards a really vivid and truthful style in our ballads, Goldsmith's 'Edwin' being perhaps the latest specimen of the more conventional manner. But highly as we rate the grace and music of his verses, they cannot claim the excellence of Lady Anne Lindsay's 'Auld Robin Gray' (1771), Miss Elliott's 'Flowers of the Forest,' or Mickle's admirable 'And are ye sure the news is true?' 'one of the most beautiful songs,' as Burns justly observed, 'in the Scots or any other language.' As a less happy result of the same tendency to the Past, we may name the attempt to revive or renovate extinct forms of literature in Chatterton's 'Mediæval Romances' (1768). We have throughout looked at poetry as governed by great general laws, and the creature of national development. This revival of sympathy for the antique forms no exception, although we can here only indicate its sources—in the peace of Walpole's government, which allowed men's interests to revert from present to long past political struggles, and the reaction against the dominant Whig families and principles which set in after 1760. Minor causes and parallels may be found for the work of Percy, Warton, and Chatterton, in the antiquarian researches of Walpole and his friends,

friends, and their first attempts at Gothic romance in books and buildings; whilst the popularity of Ossian's poems was rendered possible by the opening of the Highlands, and the revulsion of feeling towards their wild inhabitants, which followed the pacification of 1749.

To the further development of the lyrical narrative we can spare only a few words. In Scotland, Fergusson's poems, exhibiting the same advance in nature on Ramsay's, as Percy's ballads on Mallet's, appeared in 1773; whilst it is enough to add that Burns' first and best volume was published in 1786. In England a singular general pause in poetry occurs after 1770—a space of silence in that region, prelusive (one might fancy) to the symphonic and exultant burst of song which fills the first thirty years of our own century 'with sounds that echo still.' Two voices alone break the stillness; criticism cannot, indeed, rank either poet amongst the greatest, yet seldom has a vast coming change been more surely heralded than by Crabbe and Cowper. Glance back one moment over the space covered by our brief and partial review, and consider the strange interval between the writers whose masterpieces are the 'Rape of the Lock' and the 'Parish Register;' between the 'Religio Laici' of Dryden and the 'Hymns' of Cowper—one a theology midway between Aquinas and Hobbes; the other painting the struggles of the soul in the battle of Grace and Despair, with a force perilously near to that madness which in Plato's idea was, as it were, the other side of poetical inspiration. Compare these men when they touch analogous themes—Crabbe's 'Isaac Ashford,' and Pope's 'Man of Ross'—and observe how in their likeness, if we may risk the phrase, they are almost more unlike than in their dissimilarities. Notice also how strictly the law of external influences governs each period; that the reign of Anne is not more stamped on the brilliant couplets of Pope, than the England of Lord North, of Burke, and of Pitt, on the sterner lines of the last hand which wielded his verse with creative genius. Remark, lastly, how the intellectual and moral qualities of that interesting century bear themselves on to the close—the courage, the venturesome experiment, the high, and, in a strict sense, manly tone, the love of careful form and completeness; and with these lofty qualities, the thoughts and the language alloyed by conventional traditions, the want of the deeper music and more purple light with which the minstrels whom we may call our own have enriched us.

To sum up our general view: As, after the long efforts already traced, men were now on the brink of creating the pure description of Nature which no literature had before compassed, so in the two last poets of the eighteenth century the pure poetry of human

human passion and character, unknown in England since the drama of the pre-Restoration period, reasserted itself by a parallel and congenial development. Thus, if we have stated our argument clearly, readers will see that the main points of transition to the poetry of our age have been severally traced,—the poetry of Nature to many concurrent sources, that of Incident to the ballads, the passion for antiquity to the researches of Ramsay and Percy, the modern form, diction, and melody to the revived study at once of our own earlier literature and of the Greek. What other qualities in Wordsworth, Scott, and their contemporaries were immediately due to the pressure of political and social life at home and abroad we cannot here notice, except to add that by a true criticism they must be ascribed, not, as often, to the French Revolution, the importance of which, in its bearings on literature, has been greatly overrated, but to the far deeper and wider spirit of which that was but a local exhibition.

Let us return for a moment, in conclusion, to the 'larger and purer æther' of poetry, as we find it in the works of the sweet singer of Ouse and Olney. How strange is the romance of that pathetic story! The lighthearted friend of Thurlow in the attorney's office—the lunatic at the House of Lords—the rapt visionary—the sternly-judging politician—the devout student of Homer—the dupe of the cobbler's revelations,—yet, through all the madness of his despair and superstition, the man who truly, in words of a so-familiar sublimity, 'received the kingdom of Heaven as a little child,'—what a wild series of contrasts does this career present! And we might add deeper colours . . . the ever-haunting youthful love which coloured another's life beside his own, the suicide nearly carried out, the dreams, and ecstasies, and voices which seemed to make that quiet village in Bedfordshire the meeting-point and battle-field between Hell and Heaven. A less romantic sphere of existence than Cowper's could hardly be imagined; yet we have here what truly transcends most romance. And how strange also is the charm which allures us in his poetry!—strange as the revelation must have been to himself, that he, the middle-aged and retired lawyer, was able to move a whole nation to tears and laughter,—to surpass the force of Churchill, and wield more than the influence of Pope,—to reopen the pages of ancient Epic to Englishmen,—to carry the warnings of judgment and the lessons of love to a thousand cottages. There is a tale that Correggio, when young, saw a picture by Raphael, and with a glance of modest self-discovery said, *Anch' io son Pittore*. With some such feeling must Cowper have awakened to the sense of his own endowments. This knowledge came at a date in his
life

life when few poets have fully preserved their power: it found a man unversed beyond most in the world's ways, and all but destitute of that experience which his great German contemporary held essential to success in poetry. Yet how many and how various were his successes! It would be untrue to claim for Cowper a place amongst the highest masters of his art, nor could any assumption have been more alien from his exquisite modesty. Much also in his works was of a temporary and a consequently now exhausted interest; but where he is great, it is with the greatness that rests on the deepest and simplest human feelings. Except when that madness intervenes which discoloured his life and settled on his religious opinions, a truly noble manliness of tone marks him everywhere. The love of freedom, and friendship, and Nature,—the scorn of pettiness, vanity, ambition,—the hatred of meanness and of wrong,—the tenderness for the poor and feeble,—all these elementary affections of human nature, which so rarely penetrate the character of those who praise them, were to this highhearted man the breath of life. These qualities are not poetry, but they are far more important to the poet than the experience so prized by Goethe. Cowper has embodied them with a noble simplicity of style worthy of the ancients. A severe grace is the most marked characteristic of his writing; such verses as his 'Royal George' are like the creation of a Grecian chisel; but this severity is accompanied and balanced by humour of delightful quality, gay, gamesome, and fearless, yet delicate and tender with more than feminine tenderness. It is interesting to compare him with his Scottish contemporary: both struggling in style against the mannerism from which they could not wholly escape; both loving Nature and Human Nature with the enthusiasm of the poet's immortal youthfulness: Burns the more intense, Cowper the wider in his interests: the one richer in colour and melody and spontaneous flow, the other attaining his end by a more gracious touch, and compensating by purity for what he wants in strength. Such parallels are tempting, but must not be eagerly pushed, or we may overlook the essential differences between these two great poets. Yet, unlike as they are in many points, no one will deny that they are amongst the very few who have united in a high degree the gifts of humour and of pathos. We are familiar with the humorous side of both; it is more curious to contrast them in the pathetic. Here, although an undisciplined taste has led him too often to enfeeble his lines with commonplace and carelessness, Burns' greater affluence of nature gives his writing a more glowing tone. Let us quote examples in the luxury of reproducing the household words of all who love poetry:—

Ye banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumble !
 There simmer first unfaulted her robes,
 And there the longest tarry ;
 For there I took the last farewell
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours on angel-wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder ;
 But O ! fell Death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and could'st the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !
 O pale, pale now those rosy lips
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary !

There is a strange fire about this poem ; it is the sunset of an overmastering passion. Another and rarer phase of passion, less fervid in its own nature, is that painted by Cowper. There is an awful colourless calm about his stanzas to Mrs. Unwin ; an intensity of passionate despair.—

The twentieth year is well nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast ;
 Ah ! would that this might be the last,
 My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow—
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
 My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more ;
 My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
 The same kind office for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
 My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
 And all thy threads with magic art
 Have wound themselves about this heart,
 My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
 Like language utter'd in a dream ;
 Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
 My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
 Are still more lovely in my sight
 Than golden beams of orient light,
 My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
 What sight worth seeing could I see ?
 The sun would rise in vain for me,
 My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
 Thy hands their little force resign ;
 Yet, gently press'd, press gently mine,
 My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
 That now at every step thou mov'st
 Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov'st,
 My Mary !

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
 In wintry age to feel no chill,
 With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know
 How oft the sadness that I show
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
 My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
 My Mary !

Now, a few of the Lines on his mother's portrait :—

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,

The

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
 —Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might:—
 But no,—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

There is little of this blended elevation and tenderness in any literature, and words would hardly strengthen the effect of it. Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos.

ART. VI.—1. *International Exhibition, 1862. Official Catalogues: Industrial and Fine Arts Departments.—Illustrated Catalogue, Parts 1—6.*

2. *History of the International Exhibition.* By John Hollingshead.

WHEN Malvolio was generalizing on the various ways in which mankind become acquainted with greatness, he forgot one notable class—those into whose mouths greatness drops, and who contrive to swallow it the wrong way. The Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 seem to have appreciated the oversight, and made the trial. The larger and more brilliant Corporation, who had the charge of the World's Fair in 1851, resembled merchant adventurers bound for an unknown and treacherous sea, who brought their vessel safely home again, in spite of many sinister anticipations. In 1850, while the project was under discussion, International Exhibitions were still among the world's unsolved problems, the din of civil strife had hardly died away in the continental capitals, at home a large class was timid and vaporish, every inconvenience and danger which could possibly result from the unwonted throng of foreigners in London was pressed into the service. Colonel Sibthorp, whom hair-brained shrewdness made a very ugly antagonist, vowed eternal enmity to the entire project. The disputes which arose about the site had been appeased by Royal interposition, but at the last moment, when the sod of Hyde Park was to be turned and hours were golden, a huge difficulty glared out in unexpected ugliness. The projectors had promised the show before they had secured a house wherein to lodge their wares. A competition for plans

had resulted in an elaborate failure, and a project which the officials had cooked up as the quintessence of all the tenders was received by the public with undisguised reprobation. A break down was all but certain, when a gardener dropped in and suggested a big conservatory. Since Cinderella's glass slipper no such success had ever been achieved with that material. The 'Crystal Palace' rose from the turf sparkling and graceful, and the Sibthorp elms budded under the transparent roof. Of course toadies and wonder-mongers were not wanting to make the lucky hit of a clever man ridiculous by fulsome praise; and, as might be expected, the flatterers were not unaccompanied by busy mockers. But, after every abatement, the Exhibition of 1851 was hailed successful in every aspect, financial, artistic, social, and commercial, while popular justice unanimously rendered the praise rightly due to the good Prince Albert for the happy courage with which he undertook and carried through the scheme.

Since 1851 there has been a perfect glut of experience for those who were not too proud to study the management of great exhibitions, and the architectural problem of how to house them. The modified success of the Dublin imitation, and the failure of the New York speculation, afforded ample warnings. Paris was able, within four years of our great effort, to match its vast display. Meanwhile the Hyde Park Palace had come to life again at Sydenham, and in the various phases of the South Kensington Museum a whole philosophy of popular exhibition-making had been developed. Nor must the Fine Arts Exhibition of Manchester in 1857 be forgotten; and one at least of the Commissioners of 1862 would have had no difficulty in contributing to the common stock some valuable warnings, gathered from the experience of that undertaking, as to the unpopularity which assuredly follows upon carelessness and incapacity.*

So forewarned and so forearmed, the Society of Arts proclaimed, first for 1861, and then for 1862, the second Great English Exhibition, while they devolved its management upon a new Commission. These gentlemen assumed their responsibilities under august auspices, and the gravity of the loss which fell upon the world in last December, unforeseen and irreparable as it was, pleaded in their favour at the bar of public loyalty.

* The damage so culpably inflicted upon invaluable works of art by the careless manner in which they were repacked, has operated since then as a great discouragement to the formation of similar collections. We have seen a very valuable early Cologne painting on panel, comprising figures executed on the scale and with the finish of miniatures, which was left to a carpenter to screw to the lid of a box. It was not his fault that the holes with which it was disfigured did not destroy any of the faces.

Its members passed for experienced men of business, and Lord Granville enjoys all the popularity which a very good-natured public man not spoiled by office is sure to acquire. The first consideration which had to be faced was how to find a site and raise a building for the anticipated collection. This was not a question merely of material capabilities. No one who has followed the art contests of England for the last decade can pretend ignorance of the great Brompton controversy. For many reasons we merely allude to this as a past scene in the ever-moving diorama of history, hoping that it may now be considered set at rest by the compromise of the South Kensington Museum and the Horticultural Society being accepted as accomplished facts. Eighteen months ago the discussion was still rife. The fact that the Commissioners of 1851 had employed their profits in buying estates at Brompton, of which they were willing to let a portion for the purposes of 1862, determined the general site, but it determined nothing more. Those Commissioners and the Government had previously dissolved a somewhat complicated partnership which they had contracted. On the one side the Science and Art department of the administration was constituted possessor of the South Kensington Museum, and of the ground upon which it stood. The Commissioners, for their part, raised to the position of one of those great—formally private, but really national—corporations, such as the Bank and the now eclipsed East India Company, which it is the genius of the English Constitution to foster, had retained, after disposing of outlying bits on beneficial building leases, a large oblong slip of some fifty acres, abutting on the Knightsbridge Road to the north, and bounded east, west, and south, by new roads or streets called Prince Albert, Exhibition, and Cromwell Roads. The allocation of this land was closely connected with a scheme which was warmly supported in some quarters, but was never very popular either with the outside public or with the independent members of the artistic and scientific fraternity, and which, after having been weakened by the dissolution of partnership, was finally extinguished this very summer by Mr. Gregory's majority against the dismemberment of the British Museum. We mean of course the ambitious project of raising at Brompton a revival of the Alexandrian 'Museum' out of the débris of the 1851 Exhibition. The removal of the National Gallery from Trafalgar Square, which formed an element in the calculation, happened to arrest public attention when other proposals would not have possessed an interest outside learned circles. Everybody could drop into the actual gallery when he wished it, and so nobody desired to see the collection transferred to a region which imposed upon
the

the lounge a cab-fare or a long walk; and in either case a considerable expenditure of time. So the Royal Commission of 1857, presided over by Lord Broughton, and including Dean Milman, Mr. Faraday, and Mr. Richmond, reported in favour of keeping the pictures at Charing Cross; and the second Derby Government, which came in during the following year, offered the Royal Academy a gift of a portion of Burlington House Gardens for its new building, on condition of its determining its tenancy of the eastern half of the Trafalgar Square Gallery. Still, however, the Commissioners held to their land and to their purpose. The Horticultural Society, which had since its foundation rusticated at Chiswick, came into prominence as the chief claimant for their favours. No one had a word to urge against its pretensions; it asked to come to town, and town was glad to receive the petitioner. In the creation of a metropolitan garden, there was the guarantee of a new lung for London. It was comparatively unimportant that the prospects of the horticulturists growing anything in their new allotment were somewhat problematic. They had not given up the useful old nursery at Chiswick, while it was well understood that the object of the new garden was to set up a 'moral Cremorne.' So the brave old trees which skirted the paddock of Gore House were felled, little ramps were raised, and little slopes sliced off, with a fiddling nicety of touch which would have delighted the imperial gardener of the Summer Palace; and the tiny declivities thus manufactured were tortured into curvilinear patterns, where sea-sand, chopped coal, and pounded bricks, atoned for the absence of flower or shrub. The area had to be enclosed, for it was carefully stipulated that the lengthened frontages on the boundary roads should form no portion of the lease to the Horticultural Society. The result was Mr. Smirke's Renaissance arcades in brick at the upper portion, and the terracotta imitation of the Lateran cloister, produced by the 'Department' round the southern half, neither of them, it may be, great works, but both of them graceful, and even refreshing architectural experiments by the side of their gigantic neighbour. To the south of this garden lay another plot of 1851 ground predestined for the New Exhibition. What was wanting was some agency to put it there. The Old Commission was well content with having achieved one success, and assumed the attitude of a parent—somewhat, it must be owned, of a parent of the Sir Anthony Absolute school—towards its tender successor. It did not, indeed, refuse to come down with the settlement, but it attached pretty sharp conditions, and took good care that there should be trustees to look after Young Hopeful's expenditure. As things turned out, the heir was chiefly remarkable for a somewhat unheroic

unheroic economy ; still, until experience taught otherwise, it was allowable not to anticipate these qualities in a body composed of Lord Granville, the present Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Baring, Mr. (now Sir Charles) Dilke, and Mr. Fairbairn. The steady-going Society of Arts was called in, and a very odd triangular arrangement consummated. The Commissioners of 1851 leased to the Society of Arts the desired plot of ground for ninety-nine years, in order that a third body, viz., the Commissioners of 1862, might cover it with an Exhibition building. Of this building one part was to be considered temporary, and either to be reckoned the property of the contractors, after a vast royalty had been paid for its use, or else bought out and out for a further sum ; and the other part was to be held permanent, and to pass for the term of the lease to the Society of Arts, supposing the speculation to be solvent. If the returns were insufficient this portion was to be pulled down at the close of the Exhibition. The motive-power of the whole scheme was a solid phalanx of Englishmen, some of them men of capital, and some men of enterprise, who had from various motives subscribed a deed of guarantee to the amount of several hundred thousand pounds, and on the strength of this deed the Bank of England found the money for the immediate undertaking. So there were the Bank that advanced, the subscribers who guaranteed, the New Commission that managed, the Society of Arts that advised and that waited for its windfall, and the Old Commission that 'sat in its counting-house counting of its money.'

The ground so leased, as every one is now aware, comprehended not only the oblong space to the south of the Horticultural Gardens, but also two long strips enclosing those gardens to the east and to the west, to one of which, had not Parliament recently interfered, the Natural History portion of the British Museum would have been transferred. A further complication of a material nature attended the project, which was unknown to Sir Joseph Paxton and his employers in 1850. His work was simply to produce a building to contain an exhibition of industry and industrial art ; while in 1862, in emulation of the Paris Exhibition, the 'Fine Arts,' so called, *i.e.* Painting and Sculpture, were included in the programme. In fact, a building was to be produced which should combine the uses of the Manchester glass house of 1857 with those of the historical Crystal Palace. Towards the execution of this work, irrespective of the agreement which we have perhaps mentioned rather out of place, there would have been a choice of several conceivable expedients, each of which would no doubt have provoked much criticism, but each of which was easily defensible. The Commissioners

missioners had it in their power to build a permanent or else a temporary building. If the building were to be permanent they had only to choose their architect and throw upon him the responsibility. The names of the leading men in the profession were at the tip of every one's tongue. If the security of an eminent name were required, the Commissioners might either have made their choice once for all, or solicited a limited competition among some half-dozen of the most distinguished architects. If they preferred to look out for general and perhaps unknown talent, they had the alternative of an unlimited competition. It is not, however, to be denied that the ingenious blundering shown in the Public Offices competition had rather brought that expedient, excellent as it is if judiciously worked, into discredit, and so we are not altogether disposed to blame its non-use in this case. But if the building were to be temporary, a shed or a removable greenhouse was all that was wanted for the immediate needs of the five months' show. Such a structure would also have been incalculably cheaper, and would have enjoyed the moral advantage of being void of any suspicion of an *arrière pensée* in the choice of site and style. The last consideration was not unimportant to the popularity of the Exhibition, for people were slow to believe that the danger of a deportation of the National Gallery was overpast. For a temporary building the same very obvious expedient of engaging an architect of tried reputation was available, or else Sir Joseph Paxton was still alive to show that he could improve as much upon Sydenham at Brompton, as he improved upon Hyde Park at Sydenham.

Every conceivable motive seemed to exist to induce the Commissioners to do full justice to the architectural art of England. The decade, which was just closing, had been one of peculiar fermentation, if not of advancement in that way. If there was any reality in the motives which caused an exhibition at all, they must have been motives near akin to, if not identical with, those which would have prompted them to make an effort to gratify the world with a worthy building. An exhibition building superior to that of 1851 would have been just as much a note of progress as a superior building-ful of goods could be. Both one and the other would be alike symbolical of and advantageous to the art-industry movement. Clever minds had been naturally set thinking on the problem of architectural combinations of iron and glass.* The various exhibition buildings at
Dublin,

* A Crystal Palace is in the course of erection at Amsterdam, and the Royal Academy Exhibition of this very year contains the designs of a large iron and glass

Dublin, New York, Munich, Sydenham (so far as it differed from Hyde Park), Manchester, Mr. E. M. Barry's Conservatory in Covent Garden, and Mr. Owen Jones's sketch for the 'Palace of the People' on Muswell Hill, were all but the last constructed works. It was almost due to the well-known existence of so much study to give it vent. The very patronage of the Society of Arts ought to have been a guarantee that the profession of architectural art would not have been overlooked; and if a further reason were needed, it consisted in the fact that there was still another body not officially named, but patently helping to pull the strings, that newly created section of the public administration which is emphatically 'the Department of'—and which is expected to foster—'Science and Art.' Under such circumstances and with so many good alternatives, the Commissioners deserve the credit of unwonted ingenuity for having closed with an expedient which succeeded in missing every advantage of every other scheme, and in consolidating the opposition of every independent interest. The credit is if possible enhanced by the circumstance of their having involved official 'Science and Art' in their own artistic miscarriage.

Those sheds of iron and glass in which the South Kensington Museum found a temporary domicile, irreverently nicknamed the Brompton Boilers, had been run up by a young and clever officer of engineers attached to the 'Department.' Science it was concluded he had brought in with him; art was contagious to the locality, for what would be the use of such a department if it required the services of a regularly educated architect for any behoof of its own? Captain Fowke had engineered the Boilers, and the permanent galleries appointed to lodge the Sheepshanks pictures were also his handiwork. One morning early in last year it was announced that the drawings for the International Exhibition were completed, and that their author was Captain Fowke. The announcement was couched in grand and mysterious phraseology—something of which the world had never seen the like lay in the South Kensington portfolios. Acres of halls and furlongs of walls were to culminate in a triad of cupolas, of which the two smaller were as much to transcend St. Peter's or the Pantheon, as they were to be eclipsed by the largest and central dome.

'Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.'

glass market for Preston by Mr. Gilbert Scott, and of an exhibition building at St. Petersburg by Mr. E. M. Barry, both of them indicative of considerable study, and both as superior to Captain Fowke's structure as one thing can be to another.

The

The world in general was puzzled; some perhaps believed, more held their tongue, and a few commented. Nobody would interfere, for the Exhibition was to be built, publicly speaking, with nobody's money. If guarantors came forward to insure the solvency of a project so inaugurated, it was their own affair. Meanwhile the grim fates, Kelk and Lucas Brothers, brooded over the Titanic design. For once the sheers of Atropos were used to mutilate, not to destroy. These men of base and mechanical mind saw no difficulty in carrying out the grand conception merely minus the one feature on which its projectors relied for their magnificent culminating effect. The central hall with its gigantic dome must be omitted, or hundreds of thousands would be lavished, and 1862 would come and go and no Exhibition would take place. The contractors were masters of the situation. So big a scheme in such raw hands, with so few months for its realisation, stood no chance against the verdict of tried unromantic common sense. The bargain which the contractors were called upon to strike, involving various unusual contingencies, was sufficiently hard to justify them in dictating stringent terms on their side. There was no time and less inclination to revise and recast the building in face of the dilemma. The authorities had proclaimed so confidently that there was one building and Fowke was its architect, that they left themselves no retreat. We do not blame Captain Fowke; he had been wafted into a false position, and it would be to set up a more than Roman standard to assert that he was in any way bound to refuse an offer so abnormally advantageous as that of becoming *per saltum* architect of the world's biggest building. How far those who placed him there were alive to the exceptional importance of their own act is a very different question, on which society has long formed its verdict. The presence or the absence of the central dome was, after all, an immaterial consideration in the value of the building. If it had been carried out, it would have been a monument of purposeless cost and ineffective bulk. Its absence only creates a vast solecism as purposeless, as ineffective, and as needlessly costly in proportion to its cubic contents.

The alacrity with which the Commissioners bustled forward to console the public for the loss of the central pile by a shower of cheap prints of what they were to get, had not a reassuring effect. There was something *uncanny* about the whole building, with its permanent and its non-permanent portions; and its hideousness was of that genuine stamp which appeals as forcibly to the instincts of the million as to the science of the expert. Every child could ask what was the use or the beauty of that interminable

minable range of blank windows along the principal façade. The horsebreakers of Brompton were as competent as the professors of the Royal Academy to appreciate the judgment which threw cupolas so far back as to be invisible from that main façade, which devised so ungainly a curvature for their main lines, which dreamed of producing in glass the solid effect only attainable by opaque materials, and which poised the excrescences almost on the ridge of the roof, with no other tambour than a few streaks of what looked like cheap clap-boarding. That, of all styles which ever existed, the one to which Louis XV. has lent his valuable name could have given the idea for the sky-line of the flanking towers was an eccentricity which, by comparison, hardly calls for notice. Those who took the trouble to look at the engraving of the interior needed no prophet to tell them that the nave would be dark without being substantial; that its heavy roof, reposing on a continuous clerestory, violated all laws of composition; that the coupling of the iron pillars in each bay, one in front for show and to bear up the roof, and the other behind to prop the galleries, was at best a barbarous makeshift. The one-sidedness of the nave on the plan was at least odd. The destruction of scale by the inflation at each end of vast bulbous expansions, not balanced by any centre, was clearly foreseen and fruitlessly represented. The blundering ingenuity by which the area of the domes was tilted up on steps was pointed out. The fact that those steps, carried out in deal planks, never could be impressive was patent at the first glance. The only thing which out of sheer charity was sought for, but could not be found, was something to praise. Upon the whole, the annexes, being merely sheds, were justly considered the most successful features. The building grew, and men found out how much their anticipations had fallen short of the portentous reality. The glass domes were far from raising hopes; yet few forecast the actual effect of these tumid bubbles, with their uncouth curvature, their gilded spikes atop, their thin beggarly tambour of iron clap-boarding, their green and half-transparent tint of gooseberry. Hideous as these domes may be, the ugliness over which they squat is hardly less appalling. The cupola—a combination of architectural lines which has exercised the wits of so many great architects from the days of Augustus downwards—is pre-eminently an opaque body, owing its beauty to the combination of form and of solidity: externally, a feature which cuts against the sky; internally, in cases where the cupola stands clear and visible from the ground-floor of the structure—as in all the world's finest cupolas—a curvilinear cell, patient of colour as well as of form, arresting and satisfying the

the eye within its own circumscription. Accordingly, the lighting of the cupola, whether from its own apex, from lunettes, or from the tambour, has been a crucial test of the architect's capacity; while the difficulty arising out of the relation of its outward to its inward curve has in eminent cases—such as St. Peter's and St. Paul's—been solved by the costly expedient of welding together two cupolas,—the smaller enclosed by the larger—the inner one to be gazed up into, the outer one to form the sky-line. In every case, the use of the cupola invoked the notion of *demi-jour*. It was reserved for Captain Fowke to marry the lighting of his pile to a treatment in which the dome itself becomes a vast one-sided distributor of unsubdued light* over a solid and otherwise darkling building, and in which the relation of the outer and the inner dome was simply left to fare for itself by the expedient of diminishing the distance between the two to the thickness of a single piece of glass. What man would dare to face the ridicule of millions by capping Westminster Abbey with a glass spire? Yet a glass spire would be natural in comparison with a glass cupola; for a spire is only intended to form a sky-line; while a cupola has also, as we have shown, to serve an internal purpose. It is no defence of the monstrosity to say that crystal architecture requires crystal domes. It may do so; but Captain Fowke's creation was, as we were particularly told, not to be a crystal palace, but a solid constructive Exhibition building of brick and iron. The domes, in particular, entered the field in competition with St. Paul's and St. Peter's, just as the large portal was proudly proclaimed to exceed the 'quantities' of the portico of the Lateran. These advocates must not be allowed to blow hot and cold. They started their coach to beat the old-established favourites on their own line, and by their performances on that line they must be judged. The verdict which we simply gather up from the unanimous consultation of society's collective jury of simples and of professors is—ignorant, presumptuous, tasteless, extravagant failure. They would have domes—the world's biggest domes—and they thought that this bigness would be accepted in compensation for every error of taste and every deficiency of material solidity. There are errors of judgment which baffle the critic, because the obtuseness which dictated their perpetration is impervious to argument, and must be either handled by the unsatisfactory process of simple denunciation or else left alone. It is very little pleasure for us to reiterate that these domes are the *ne plus ultra* of architectural delinquency, because we never can be sure that

* The glare from the domes is so intense as in the middle of a bright day actually to kill the flaunting painted glass of the round windows, and to reduce it when viewed from the nave to the appearance of an opaque screen.

the men who did not realise it *à priori* will appreciate it because we say so. If we grant glass architecture at all, the glass dome is a legitimate concomitant of the glass house; but there everything is struck in the same key. In the glass house the light is equally distributed from every quarter, and the architect's skill is especially shown in modifying its overmuch intensity. The proper parallel to a glass dome on walls of an opaque material would be an opaque cupola perched on a crystal palace. The dome of St. Peter's stuck upon the Sydenham glass house would not be more incongruous than the Brompton 'Dish-covers.' Yes; but consider they cost so little for their size, the Commissioners will plead. Cost so little! cost more than any other domes in the world ever did or ever will cost; for every farthing that they cost was a farthing wrenched from the guarantors, wrenched from the sight-seeing public; sunk, for any useful object, in the deepest pool of the Red Sea. Each dome cost its many thousands, and every shilling of those thousands went to build up an abomination hateful to the eye and useless for the objects of the Exhibition. With no domes there would have been little fear of a deficit; and while the building would have been severely but justly criticised, it would hardly have become a laughing-stock to all collected Europe. When Pugin told the prelate who bothered him to do impossibilities for the money, 'Add eighteen pence, my lord, and have a tower and spire at once,' he hardly could have anticipated that within so few years of his death official Science and Art in England would have challenged the world's admiration for having found the eighteen pence and thrown the steeple in. With all its exuberant costliness, all its signs of afterthought in so many of its features, Westminster Palace is a pile of which a great nation may be proud to all coming generations. The man who raised that palace was in vigorous life when the idea of this Brompton construction was in agitation. He had not been dead a year when its design was flaunting in all the print-shops. So short a time did it take for official management to degrade the struggling artistic reputation of England.

After the great sin of the domes, all other faults in the building might seem, if not pardonable, at least eclipsed by the grand transgression. Nevertheless, there is one peculiarity in connection with those domes which it would not be just to its inventor to overlook. The domes are twelve-sided, and the great iron piers of the lantern are eight in number. A professor of the Fowkesian architecture scorns the use of tambour or pendentive. What, then, could be done? There was room in this dilemma for a stroke of ingenuity if possible superior even to that which struck out

out the glass dome. After all, to put up a glass dome was only to tamper with material in wilful disregard of all logic or taste. The problem was, how to torture some pre-existent form as the wildest imagination of no antecedent architect had ever dared to do. We almost despair of being able to describe this feat by words, but we will try. Each dome, it will be remembered, opens into the nave and into two transepts, while it has a fourth opening prepared for a similar extension, but cut short, and serving as the entrance. The four angles which would be formed were the four openings to meet together, as they do under the tower of Westminster Abbey, are, as in St. Paul's, sliced off, so as to convert the ground-floor into an octagonal lantern with four broad sides to the four cardinal openings, and four narrow sides where the slices come. This makes eight angles instead of four, and at each angle is placed a large iron pillar supporting the structure, and serving as the starting-point of the eight arches of the lantern. Of these arches, the four which span over the galleries at the slices are narrow, and those which span the openings are broad, each arch being semicircular. Captain Fowke, having to bear up his twelve-sided dome on these eight arches, has constructed his four broad arches in this way. Take a capital X, and assume the two bottom terminal points to be two of the iron pillars and the space between them the width either of the nave or transept, and assume that the two upper terminal points are respectively the first pair of coupled shafts on each side of the nave or of the transept.* Well then, Captain Fowke has thrown two diagonal ribs across from each iron pillar to the coupled pier on the other side, intersecting in the middle and so completing the X; and has then made his arch, by lining the Δ between the pillars and the point of intersection—thus presenting to the world the hitherto unheard-of monstrosity of a crookbacked arch, horizontally broken at the simulated key-stone which masks the angle. This he has done, not once in some obscure corner, but twice four times over in the four main arches of the biggest and most pretentious feature of the whole pile. Viewed as a piece of engineering, the workmanship may be ingenious; but it is a stroke of ingenuity which abandons all claim to architectural merit.

At least it might have been hoped that the Science and Art Department, with its costly staff of teachers and its bevy of pupils, might have devised some pretty novelty in the capitals,

* Of course the proportion of the capital X is not correct, as the distance between the cast iron pillars and the next coupled shaft is less than between each pillar to the one on the other side, owing to the great width of the nave. But the X-like form stands true.

albeit even in plaster, and produced some graceful contours in the mouldings, albeit cast in metal. The capitals and the mouldings are worthy of the structure which enshrines them. The plea of cheapness in comparison with the Paxtonian palace, so unblushingly put forward by the bustling advocates of the new building, has been conveniently dropped since Sir Charles Fox, in a letter to the 'Times' of only a few lines long, published on the 5th of May, reminded the public that the cost of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park plus that of Sydenham was only 396,540*l.*, while that of the building of 1862, on the showing of its own friends, was as it stood 430,000*l.*

Captain Fowke's long annexes, because they do not pretend to be more than sheds, are, as we have already said, assuming their stability, not so bad. They are engineering works carried out by an engineer. The reason why Science only, without Art, has had to do with their construction, is, that they stand on ground which, by the defunct project, would have been consecrated to various permanent temples of the Muses, so no one anticipated or provided for their continuance.

Of course, no visitor to the Exhibition who has made his first acquaintance with it since the opening can fairly judge of its naked architectural merit, since it has passed through Mr. Crace's transmuting hands. His performances are, undoubtedly, open to criticism, and in particular we think certain appositions of blue and red close to the clerestory windows might have been reconsidered. But, as a whole, when the railway-speed at which he had to work, and when the impossibility under which he laboured of obtaining a fair sight of his own work, are considered, we must say that Mr. Crace has very honourably and ably acquitted himself of a work which, in less willing hands, would have been both thankless and impossible. He deserves particular credit for having proposed all through to subordinate his own coloration to the advantage of the things exhibited.

The moral we should venture to draw from this architectural fiasco is that, as we know on the best of authority that 'a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways,' so the world has now learned the instability and the offence of a double-minded building, and it has resented it accordingly. The Exhibition shed, however unsightly, would have been tolerated. A permanent 'Palace,' as it is now the fashion to call every large structure, would have fairly represented the objects of those who desired to make Brompton the artistic and literary centre of London and the world. But here was a hybrid, which would and which would not claim to be permanent—a thing in which the most distracting effects and the most lavish waste of money were reserved

reserved for that part which professed to be temporary. The notion of the domes being retained as an eternal spectacle from Hyde Park and the South-Western line was an idea sufficiently humiliating to national self-respect. But, on the other side, it was difficult to anticipate that such big sums would have been devoted to such big inflations merely to serve as a summer's pastime and then be forgotten. Again, if the domes and the nave went down, how utterly dull would be the aspect of the residuary pile. Hideous as these domes are, their hideousness is of the heroic and truculent order. Without them and the nave the building would simply consist of the endless, dreary range of magnified stables along the Cromwell Road, flanked by the Louis XV. pavilions, and of that nondescript gazebo with the ruddled back-front which is now sacred to the hospitalities of M. Veillard and Mr. Morrish. All that is now Exhibition, as contrasted with picture-gallery or eating-room, would revert to the primitive condition of a rubbish-heap and a nettle-bed. Under either alternative England will have built in haste to repent at leisure. If the iron-supported glass-roofed sheds remain, Europe, overrun with crystal palaces, will point to the domes and the courts, and say that these monuments of British official taste are the basest and the most purposeless crystallo-chalybeate bubbles which earth has yet egurgitated. If the galleries alone are spared, we shall owe to Science and Art a public building which has strayed over more roods of ground and devoured more bricks to less advantage than any structure ever yet raised between, in time and in space, Babylon and Chicago. The third alternative of a financial failure involving entire demolition would be a very costly exemplification—well deserved, though not agreeable to the guarantors—of the parabolic warning to sit down and count the cost before beginning the tower.

Friendly critics, to be sure, look oracular as they pass along the empty window spaces, and drop important words implying some new revelation of art-processes suited to the English climate—expansive, out-of-door mosaics, hard and cheap, capable of being washed, yet incorrosible. The huge cartoon in the 'Works of Art on loan' Exhibition at the South Kensington Museum adumbrates, we are told, this process. We should be the last to discourage any well-conceived project for the exterior decoration of London buildings suited to London atmosphere, for we have long considered that to be a prime desideratum. All we say is, why build up so vile a body on which to make your experiment? Patient and remedy are both of them the work of your hands. If you are polychromatically inclined, at least paint a Venus, and do not bedizen a squaw.

We

We fear that we cannot compliment the Commissioners by the assertion that the excellence of their arrangements has covered the defects of the building. The terrible mismanagement by which exhibitors were sometimes permitted—sometimes, even, as in the case of the food trophy, urged—to clog up the nave with every species of incongruous obstruction, has been so fully exposed, and the Commission have, we doubt not, paid so heavily for the partial rectification of their error, that we should have gladly passed this topic over. But we are bound to advert to it as a proof of the disregard of common precautions and common calculations of size and height, which in the case of a builder leads to accidents destructive of life and property, and in the case of a general to one of those exceptional events which stamp the defeated captain to all ages with the unenviable notoriety of total incapacity. Even the greatest failures have seldom resulted from a total forgetfulness of every incident of success. In nearly every case details are laboriously pondered over, and perhaps ably planned; but some single important element has been overlooked, and its absence is sufficient to defeat the best-formed combinations contrived in disregard of its indispensability. The ball may be disposed regardless of expense—the brightest flowers, the most artistically-arranged lights, the amplest supper, the most accomplished band may all be provided, only the lady of the house may have forgotten that mensuration forbids her to hold more than 600, and so her attempting to squeeze in 750 will have nullified all her forethought, all her taste, and all her expense, and only succeeded in rendering her whole assembly thoroughly wretched.

The plotting out of the nave was just such a crucial test of the capacity of the workmen for their work. It is difficult to imagine that the Commission could have failed to foresee that every exhibitor would scramble for his bit of that favoured ground, and that it was the base of the whole arrangement. If so, they ought to have apprehended that their only chance of success lay in making a plan and in sticking to a plan. The circumstance on which that plan should have been founded was the breadth of the nave—the one redeeming feature of the building. That breadth would have enabled them to arrange the space either for one central line of objects, as in 1851, or for two lines, with a wide avenue down the middle. The more claimants they had to judge between, the easier was the task of refusal. Those who aspired, whether English or foreigners, to an allotment of the favoured area, were bound to have produced the dimensions and the designs of the objects or structures with which they were competing. There ought to

have been one moment when the building operations were comparatively finished and before the fittings had begun. This moment would have been the time to have adjudicated on the distribution of the nave objects (we cannot bring ourselves to call them 'trophies'). All that was wanted was a plan of the area, a list of the objects with their designs, and a bevy of sappers to offer up planks and poles at the required heights and breadths. If possible also there ought to have been some elevated point of view from which to judge of the whole effect. This point of view was just the deficiency, for between the galleries which cross the ends of the building and the nave itself at that moment were interposed the vast intricate scaffoldings of the cupolas. But notwithstanding this want, the elements on which to form a decision were sufficiently numerous and sufficiently distinct to have led any body of men, except our Commissioners, to safe conclusions. What they did no one who saw the nave in its first condition can ever to his last hour forget, and those who were not so privileged have a lively portraiture of the scene at page 152 of Mr. Hollingshead's 'History of the International Exhibition.' The Groves of Blarney were order and good taste in comparison with the conglomeration of telescopes, organs, lighthouses, fountains, obelisks, pickles, furs, stuffs, porcelain, dolls, rocking-horses, alabasters, stearine, and Lady Godiva, which reduced the nave to a striking similitude of a traveller's description of Hog-lane, Canton. We grant that some few of the ugliest and biggest obstructions were removed in the few days before May 1; we grant that a great many more were put to their paces during the three first weeks of May, to the equal damage of their deluded exhibitors and discomfort of the public who came to see a finished sight; we grant that the brilliant thought flashed across some official mind that there were shrubs at Kew which might with artistic advantage be distributed among the contributions; we grant that busts and statues, originally put about in dark corners in favour of the trophies, have been brought forward on their eclipse; we grant that by means of hustling, and twisting, and changing, something like a central avenue has been obtained. When we have granted all this, we are constrained to add that these ameliorations were not taken in hand till a burst of complaint and of derision, unexampled in its intensity, from press and private critic, had pierced the panels of the board-room door. Not to have listened to this would have been to have sinned heroically, and heroic action of any sort was not in favour with the Commission. They simply acted like any other weak administrators—they called up a dictator from the ranks, and hid their faces while he worked. The plea that the nave, thanks to Mr. Cole, is now
indifferently

indifferently well arranged, may be admitted without getting rid of the fact that, as the Commissioners left it, it was the *ne plus ultra* of bungling inefficiency.

We are not blind to the consideration that the foreigner is as great an offender as the Englishman. The long French screen is in itself a serious obstacle to sight and transit, and the candle cases from the rival kingdoms of Belgium and Holland may equally compete in ugliness and incommodiousness. The English dome, where Minton's fountain stood almost alone, furnished a striking contrast to the complicated masses of show-cases which fill the western area, partly, no doubt, because the orchestra stood there on the opening day. This solitary success was not overlooked by the officials who had permitted the Tasmanian boats and the Canadian deals to intrude themselves before Hardman's elaborate painted glass, so they took the earliest opportunity of hoisting up the Victoria gold obelisk in its immediate rear. Messrs. Minton must be the most patient of mortals not to have protested loudly and publicly against the great wrong which has been perpetrated in placing this erection in the particular spot where it most effectually mars and eclipses their graceful creation. But we do not admit the delinquencies of the foreign exhibitors as any excuse for the blunders of the English Commission. If those gentlemen fear to regulate the caprices of their friends over the sea, they simply prove themselves not strong enough for their place. One of their mismanagements has not and never can be rectified. The north side of the English portion of the nave had been assigned to the wide class of furniture, and it had been the intention of the exhibitors in that department to have united in displaying their richest productions on the main line and in decorating the courts under the gallery, so as to contribute most effectually to the whole effect. But the Commissioners allowed themselves to listen to the carpet-makers and gave up the partitions between those courts to their comparatively ineffective productions, while the principal works in furniture have been banished to a back court. We believe the carpet-makers threatened a secession. The result is, that a very important portion of the whole exhibition, one of the first which is visited by the stranger who enters, as the greatest number do, from the east, is one of the least attractive to the casual public, instead of forming a principal element of the general attractiveness.

Here we suppose, as everywhere, the Commissioners' fears betrayed them. The weight of the guarantors' supplicatory purses weighed on their souls, ignorant as they were that the first secret of maintaining credit is to look credit and to talk credit. The man who is always whining of his poverty and

doing little shabby things, need never be surprised if he is taken for and treated as a person of problematic income. A Royal Commission which grudged its postage-stamps for its own official communications, which did not dole out admissions to its own jurors till it had by its hesitation robbed the act of its grace, and which counted the gains on every catalogue sold, could hardly have expected to win that public confidence which would have been so efficacious to the permanent success of the Exhibition.

The Commissioners were not much more lucky in their publications than they were in the building and its arrangements. The humiliation to which they had to submit in withdrawing Mr. Palgrave's red handbook, after owning that their interest in it was measured by 2*d.* for each copy sold, is punishment enough for the folly which they committed in sanctioning a book which, though bearing a name so respectable, had the misfortune of alike offending the criticised by its freedom and the critics by the crudeness of its composition. Mr. John Hollingshead, having adopted the wiser though less Spartan system of general laudation, has been allowed to sell in peace 'A Concise History of the International Exhibition of 1862, its rise and progress, its building and features, and a summary of all former Exhibitions. Illustrated. Printed for Her Majesty's Commissioners' (to recapitulate its somewhat dithyrambic title.) This Hollingshead's Chronicle of the nineteenth century is a work in which a large amount of miscellaneous information is served up in a style which often reminds the retrospective reader by its garrulous pomposity, less of the quaint annalist of the sixteenth century than of Dr. Dillon's narrative of the Lord Mayor's progress to Oxford. The Commissioners of 1851 acquired much credit by their publication of the Illustrated Catalogue and of the volumes of Jury Reports, and 1862 was of course expected to give birth to similar publications. This was an opportunity too good to be lost to show how much the new authorities had improved upon their more simple-minded predecessors. The Catalogue of 1851 was intended as a record of the sight—the work of 1862 as a milch-cow to the Commissioners and an advertising-van to the contributors. Its pages were thrown into the market, and the modest sum of 5*l.* each was fixed upon as the value of a self-inserted notice in a work, of which by the end of June only six parts or twelve classes had appeared, without any return having been made to the disappointed exhibitors for the delay. But if the Commissioners charged 5*l.* for every page, and if they allowed the exhibitors in addition to pay for their own woodcuts, they were at least too liberal to exercise any vexatious censorship over the matter or the woodcuts contributed.

buted. Accordingly, a large wedding-cake occupies one entire page; several contributors cram the book with reiterated engravings of the medals which they had received at the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1855; two bulls' heads top the puff of a vendor of mustard, starch, and blue; one exhibitor, not satisfied with having received a testimonial from Lloyd's, actually gives a fac-simile of the signatures; and a dealer in sauces at Birnam devotes nearly a page to the figures of three bottles with their fancy labels. But the prize of vulgarity, had such been offered, would, as far as the Catalogue has yet gone, been justly assignable to Mr. Frederick Versmann, exhibitor of 'ladies antifiammable [*sic*] life-preserver' (part i., page 51), who treats the public to a sensation woodcut of one young lady with the skirt of her crinoline in a blaze, and another young lady screaming at the sight—in design and execution about equal to the famous 'Ha! cured in an instant' toothache print, or to that gentleman with the particoloured head, so familiar to us in the pages of our Bradshaw.

The Commissioners had still a chance left of redeeming their literary credit by undertaking the publication of the Jury Reports in a manner worthy of the occasion, and they allowed the Society of Arts to take this office off their hands. The pretext will of course be urged that the Exhibition itself is but the emanation of that Society, and that, in allowing it to undertake the literary work in connection with the Exhibition, the Commissioners merely distributed the labour among the persons most competent to perform it. But this excuse blinks the main question, which is one of propriety and not of pocket. No one would have blamed the Commission for seeking its editors out of that Society if it pleased, for no one expected that Lord Granville would spend his evenings over proof-sheets. But the ostentatious announcement that the Royal Commission is either too poor or too timid to risk making itself responsible for the publication of the work, which was at once to serve as the official record and the practical moral of its proceedings, was a confession too humiliating, one would have thought, to have been wrung from it even by the instances of a legion of misgiving guarantors. It was as if the House of Commons had begged the Social Science Congress to relieve it of the responsibility of printing its Blue-books.

We have no sympathy with that philosophy which laughs at mankind's natural appetency for dress as an element of pomp and ceremony. This appetency always has existed, and it always will exist till the crack of doom. It is found in France and in Dahomey, and, until the recent increase of the regular army, New York was fain to make the best of the uniform of its fire-brigade. That the Court dress of England should happen to be
among

among the ugliest of conceivable vestments is the mere accident of the divergence of state and ordinary habiliment, which was a collateral result of the French Revolution stereotyping the evening dress of Louis XVI.'s time as the 'Court habit,*' and clothing us in the morning or at ordinary parties 'after the ideas of 1789.' Previous to that event, while men 'gladio cincti' still indulged in rich materials and bright colours, there was no such thing as a 'court' dress generically different from 'evening' dress. It was simply a question of degree in the case of persons not entitled to an official garb, who were naturally accustomed to appear in their best full-dress on the greatest occasions. We do not accordingly blame the Commissioners for trying to make the opening on May 1 a Court dress ceremonial; but we must observe that, with their usual luck, they marred a good idea. Two expedients were open for them. Either they should have given places in the procession to all who accepted the 'official' invitation, and thus converted a poor and straggling display into an imposing demonstration; or they should have gone a little further, and, without ordering anything, have put it to the good taste of the whole army of season-ticket holders to appear in their best to swell the pomp. We are sure the Rifledom of England would not have been deaf to such an appeal. As it was, they did neither. The only *quid pro quo* they offered to shorts and silks was a promise of front seats, which simply affronted the graver class who stuck to swallow-tails and trowsers, and which was, after all, not performed, while the body of the building looked as black and uninviting as a public meeting in Freemasons' Hall. In fact, making the galleries and not the area the place of honour was a great mistake; as those who had the pleasure of seeing Lord Granville address the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Westbury in dumb show could not hear one note of music, and those who enjoyed the music missed the ceremony. In this respect they have mended their ways in the programme for the distribution of prizes on July 11; not so in another respect to which we must next call attention.

The composition of the procession showed the narrowness of those who had the ordering of it. It was intended to have its official side, and it had it. It was also intended to have its scientific and artistic side, as the inauguration of the great metropolitan

* It must not be forgotten that the Court dress has suffered a further disadvantage in the economy which dictates cloth as its usual material. It was meant for velvet, and suits best when black. No one who has seen the late and the present Speaker and Lord Chelmsford in the black velvet Court dress, suitable to the grave dignities which they have filled, can deny that it is very becoming on a handsome man. We remember the sensation which the late Lord Fitzwilliam made by appearing at a levée in a black velvet suit, set off by the Garter. He was universally admitted to be the best dressed man at St. James's.

basilica devoted to the culture of the Muses and of the grimy nymphs of steam and coal. We no longer employ symbolical representations in our processions, except on Lord Mayor's day in London and Lady Godiva's day at Coventry, but in compensation we expect to see representative men walking out their respective characters. Let us see how far the Commission provided these men. In proportion as the more liberal commercial legislation of modern times has diminished the significance of commercial guilds, so, on the other hand, has the importance of voluntary associations for intellectual ends been more and more widely recognised. In London alone there are more societies than we can venture to enumerate; every one of them—to the credit of the nation—depending for its existence on the unpaid and ungrudged labours of men, all of them respectable, and many distinguished by talents and social position, each of which had an interest, more or less extensive, in some department of the Exhibition. These societies wanted neither money nor medals; but a place in the ceremonial would have been a proper recognition of their services in those pursuits for which they and the Exhibition alike existed. Two of them did walk, and these were the Society of Arts, which had a material interest in the whole affair, and the Horticultural Society, proud of its neighbourhood and its lien on the till. These were the inevitable family circle, to which the Dish-covers had to be at home, and their exclusive presence Bromptonised the ceremonial. But where were the other important bodies—some ancient, some of our own generation—mostly incorporated by charter, endowed with various privileges and dignities in furtherance of their respective objects, all of which had an equitable claim to appear by official representation on such an occasion? We need only recapitulate the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of Literature, the Royal Institute of British Architects, the Institute of Civil Engineers, and the Royal Geographical Society. We mention these distinguished Associations in no exclusive spirit. It would have been politic to have extended the invitations much further, but these Institutions had a specific equitable claim for recognition; while, as it is, they and the Exhibition stood divorced at a moment when a longer-sighted policy would have striven to build up a broad and solid popularity on their united suffrages. We neither expect nor desire the consummation of the scheme which is to centralize civilization in the tract of ground between Hyde Park and the Fulham Road; but certainly, if its promoters had desired to ruin their own plans, they could not have chosen a wiser course. The complex ingenuity which succeeded in affronting Verdi, mortifying Dr. Bennett, and exposing

exposing M. Costa, is, comparatively speaking, a private matter, on which it does not come within our scope to dwell. We await with curiosity the results of July 11. As it is, the public does not seem inclined to break out into much enthusiasm at the prospects of a ceremony which bears a close family likeness to a school speech-day on a Brobdignag scale; in which the heads of the leading firms in Birmingham and Lancashire will probably represent the good little boys in round jackets and white ducks. Indeed the irreverent question is asked, Why give medals at all? Juries to report are no doubt desirable. But they are called away from their legitimate functions by being reduced to the duties of a wholesale distribution of one uniform low-level token of recognition. Nobody will be much flattered; and many cannot fail to be deeply mortified at an arrangement which cannot do more for Maudslay or Minton, Sèvres or the Papal manufactory, than for the illustrious pioneer of reformed bootjacks. It is no answer to point out that the introduction of 'honourable mention' has somewhat rectified the objection in a roundabout way. The system of graduated rewards has also its own appropriate objections; and the unbought informal approbation of capable judges is the most natural and the best reward to which the conscientious exhibitor can look forward.

But enough of buildings, books, and Commissioners. We gladly pass on to the more pleasant and more instructive task of examining the things exhibited.* The reasonable anticipation with which the present Exhibition was started was that of a marked progress since 1851. To quote but one out of many inventions which had taken gigantic strides during that period,—photography was then in its infancy; now it is the livelihood of thousands and the recreation of tens of thousands. We shall not dilate upon the items of industrial progress, such as the substitution of electricity for the casting of statues, and for the costly old methods of gilding and silvering, or the new dyeing processes, interesting as they are, or, though we do not forget their surpassing importance, upon the developments of machinery, which would lead us far beyond our limits; nor upon the picture galleries, for these present no point of comparison with 1851, and are rather a supplement to than a portion of an Exhibition conceived on the type of its predecessor. That Exhibition started from raw material and industry simple. In its next chapter, as it were, it showed the machinery of that industry

* 'Exhibits' Bromptonicé. We trust that no future editor of Noah Webster will feel it his duty to include this word, or the still greater abomination 'annexe.' We also trust that he will not feel it necessary to explain 'trophy' as 'N. S. an obstacle.'

in its double aspect of being, by its intrinsic mechanism, among the highest products of human industry, and by the purport of that mechanism the producer of results worthy of study on their own account even irrespective of the means employed.* It terminated deep in that border-land between industry and pure art, which it appears to be the mission of our age to explore and to map, and in which we may hope to make good our footing now that we have learned not to use 'artist' as synonymous with 'painter,' and 'art' with 'painting.' It is in its aspect of a great exponent of this which we may term constructive art—in opposition to the mimetic art of painting and sculpture—that we shall chiefly examine the new Exhibition, with a hope of deriving some facts for our comfort or our admonition as to the present condition of art-feeling in England. As a first step in the investigation, we must briefly visit the phenomena of industrial art in the other countries contributing to the World's Fair.

But first let us notice once for all, in order to blame and to pass on, that, while art has certainly made decided progress between the two dates, so have also puffery and shoppiness. 1862 is better and it is worse than 1851. It would be a thankless task to recapitulate its points of deterioration; the specimens which we have given of the Illustrated Catalogue indicate their nature. We wish to deal, as it were, with the exhibition within the Exhibition, and canvass the influence, for good or bad, of the various objects which have an art intention, whether vicious or exalted. As for the things which are made to sell and not to show, we had rather not help to advertise them by any particular dispraise. They clog the Exhibition, they vitiate the perceptions of the bewildered million, they damage the commercial chances of the conscientious manufacturer. In other respects, they no more belong to the enterprise than the bottled stout and the ices which are daily consumed within the building. At worst there is one hopeful sign in the more technical appreciation which critics endeavour to form of the affair than they attempted on the former occasion. Uncritical good-humour prevailed in 1851. Art-talk was then still but a dialect, extensively studied and honoured with lip-worship; but 'fine' and 'pretty' exhausted the popular phraseology. The rich expanse of malachite in the Demidoff doors provoked universal praise, and not a voice was raised to denounce the insipidity of the design. The Austrian furniture was a general favourite, and no one rose to prove

* This is a distinction too often overlooked. Two looms upon exactly the same principle, but one of them set to the ugliest and the other to the most beautiful pattern, are equally artistic as *produced machines*; as *art producers* they have a very different value.

its want of simplicity. What shall we say of the fashion of judging in 1862? Honestly, we must reply that this is one of those questions which may, with equal truthfulness, be answered in very different ways. We believe that, if the truth be spoken, the present Exhibition will be found to be a great scene of disenchantments on all sides. The ardent votaries of art-progress upon high principles will have discovered how strong a hold the old conventional trivialities still retain on the purses of the purchasing public; and the Gallios will, for the first time, have been made sensible of a movement which has been collecting its forces while they were lazily repeating their antiquated formulas. With whichever side the victory may ultimately rest, it will not be the direct results of the Exhibition, taken by themselves, that will decide, but the gradual working of ideas, first sown in many minds within its courts, but germinating in quiet long after the din and the excitement of the Brompton show have passed away.

We need not linger long in lands where for many generations art has been feminine, not masculine, in its characteristics: among people who work from the heart and not by the head,* by instinct not by reason; in those old Oriental regions where the appreciation of colour is instinctive; where the patient manipulation of detail knows no fatigue; where the goldsmith and the jeweller are held in universal honour; where each nationality has its own limited series of forms, within which the artificer labours successfully, but beyond which he does not seem gifted to advance. India on the one side, and Turkey on the other, are the limits of this feminine phase of art as exhibited at Brompton. Its educational value to us has not been sufficiently appreciated as our teacher in points in which the art of Europe—the art, that is, of the head and not alone of the heart—is apt to be most deficient: such as the jubilant use of colour, the fearless employment of costly material, the delicate handling of minute detail. These, we say, are feminine attributes; and the masculine art of Europe—the art which is founded on the study of the human figure—must not despise their gracefulness if it aspires to tread the path of perfection. As it is, we are sorry to see, in some instances, a contrary influence at work, and the native instinct vitiated by

* The history of Europe, from the earliest to the latest ages, proves what might seem at first sight a paradox, that the art of the head is the art which is most progressive and daring. To take the case only of Italy, what was the ethnological composition of the mediæval and the renaissance Italian? He was partly the descendant of that old Italian stock to whom the well-known 'Excudent alii,' &c. warning had been addressed, partly of the Northern tribes who swarmed down upon the South, so that on neither side could he boast of naturally artistic ancestors. Yet a long course of national education under favourable circumstances has made the mediæval and modern Italians a typically artistic race. There is much hope for England in this consideration.

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a ridiculous aping of the vulgar forms of European trade production. In the Indian department, for instance, by the side of rich stuffs and delicate Bombay work, we behold tables, sofas, and pianos, carved far away by native fingers, but modelled for the European market upon forms which are already happily looked upon at home as vulgar and antedated. The abnormal civilization—not European, but not Oriental either, as India and Islam are Oriental—of the three-quarters civilized Tartars of China and Japan must not detain us, for we have to pass on to those countries, living in or peopled by Christian Europe, who have seriously entered the lists of the great tournament.

Russia, if not actually retrogressive, is stationary, and to be stationary with such an empire is next door to being retrogressive. Some silver and enamelled bookbindings and plate chiefly for church purposes, exhibiting a style combining modern feeling with reminiscences of Byzantine, of renaissance, and even, like its prototype, of the flamboyant which we suspect to have passed from Poland into Muscovy, with some graceful ideas borrowed from the native art of Circassia, and a huge vigorous mosaic of St. Nicholas on a gold ground, flanked by two others of a more recent type, sum up the novelties which this vast realm contributes. The large Imperial porcelain vases are merely good imitations on a Cæsarian scale of Sèvres. The floral incrustations follow the *pietra dura* of Florence; and the strawberries, currants, berberries, and raspberries, mimicked in half-transparent stones, are neither better nor worse than the similar mimicries of 1851; while at the best it is an ignoble function for the State art-manufacture of such a nation to challenge the western world to admire the pips of a sham currant and the filaments of a make-believe gooseberry. On the other hand, that noblest of veneering processes, the manipulation of malachite, of which Russia displayed such stupendous specimens worked up after such vile designs in 1851, is wholly without a representative. We were in hopes that this time we might have seen equal excellence of handling and equal grandeur of scale married to purer forms. England is the last country which has a right to complain of Russia for want of progress during the past decade, but the fact is significative. Perhaps indeed the character of the Russian exhibition may be referred to an altered policy and a better sense of the true interests of that empire, which lie in the development of raw materials rather than in the production of manufactures, which, in a country destitute of coal, can only be regarded as exotics. The art manufacture of Spain begins and ends with M. Zuloaga's spirited revival of the Damascening process, which is so good as by its solitariness to be a reproach to a country which
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with such a history and such resources has not better profited by its opportunities. Judicious little Portugal rests comfortably content with the goodness of its material productions. The rival courts of Italy and Rome, distinct nationalities for this turn, testify in the pictorial mosaics and the cameos of the Papal city, in Salviati's successful copies of the Murano glass-works and of the early mosaics of Venice, his elaborate table of glass-marquetry, and his clever adaptation of the mosaicists' principle of gilding to the production of gold-enclosing glass mouldings and ornaments proof against all dirt or scratching, in the floral incrustations of Florence, and in Marquis Campana's artificial marbles, to that ingenious, toilsome, and withal graceful industry of which the modern Italian mind so well appreciates the value. The vigorous though sometimes crudely coloured porcelain which Marquis Ginori of Florence has produced in copy of the old Capo da Monte ware ; and Signor Castellani of Rome's felicitous revival of the jewellery and goldsmiths' work of Greek, Etruscan, Roman, and Mediæval days, though each in its way merely mimetic, stand in the first class of imitations. We claim for England that comely but plump dame, conscious of her own good looks, whom Mr. Gibson has sent to the Italian court in tinted marble, and called the Venus of Marriage.

That loose bundle of nationalities to which the Duchy of Austria lends a name picked up upon the abandonment of the prestige of the Carovingian Empire, evinces with all those characteristic differences which might be supposed to distinguish the Teuton from the Southerner, a ready-money yet artistic adaptability to present tastes curiously akin to that which distinguishes its foes across the Alps. The various forms produced by the partnership of the glass-blower and of the chemist may not be high art, but they are all ingenious, many of them decidedly pretty, and taken all round commendably cheap. Habenicht's stamped and coloured leather wall-hangings deserve more than a passing glance. A ready sale has, we believe, rewarded Austria's safe ambition on the score of art, while her prodigal display of carefully revised maps and geographical models indicates the scientific bent of her graver minds. That conglomeration of the other German States, which puzzles unlearned Englishmen by masquerading as the Zollverein, aims at more, and performs less. Prussia's costly porcelain and silver work are stiff, stately, and academic ; and the crowded shopful of Dresden china, with its figurantes in shepherdesses' dresses and its nymphs in no dresses at all, shows how accurately yet how tamely this generation can go on copying a phase of art which lost all its value when it ceased to represent the feelings of the frivolous age which gave it birth, and which no thinking man can

can now look upon without remembering how near in date were the days of the Parc au Cerfs, and of the Petit Trianon, to those of the Temple and the Place de la Révolution. The Bavarian Athens appeals to our sympathies by proving at how moderate a price pictures can be copied and printed in oil colours. Cheap art is good, but we wanted a little also of Munich's dear art. In Bavaria and in Rhenish Prussia, and to a certain degree all over Germany, a school of revived Gothic art has sprung up within the last thirty years, having its centres at Cologne and at Munich, which claims to compete with the similar revivals of France and England, and yet all that the German Gothicists have found to show at the world's fair is one small ivory shrine, besides a carved and painted retable and a coloured statue hid away in a distant gallery. In compensation, the shopkeepers of Frankfort and of Hamburgh have appealed to John Bull's purse with a lavish display of that manufacture which consists in twisting stag's horns into furniture, combining the minimum of beauty with the maximum of risk to the flesh of impatient and the raiment of careful sitters. We are sorry to see the monosyllable 'sold' so often repeated on these articles.

Belgium of course revels in laces, otherwise its art manufactures belie expectation. There are some coarsely finished chimney-pieces and inferior Teniers tapestry; and besides them, we find little which calls for notice, except the tall Gothic pulpit of wood by Messrs. Goyers of Louvain, which occupies the same position in the west dome as the gold pyramid in the eastern. Its technical finish is praiseworthy, but the whole design is spiritless, and the carved panels cannot be acquitted of the sensuous sentimentalism which haunts the religious art of the modern Roman Catholic Church, both in its Italian and its Gothic shape. *Au reste*, Belgium boasts of a huge candle trophy; and so does Holland, which also displays its wooden Gothic pulpit, by Cuypers of Ruremond, less elaborate, with pretty though timid decoration. Sweden and Norway stand off from the art contest, though the group of Wrestlers in the former country has a kind of rude energy, and so practically does Switzerland, which has never found the way to improve the wood-carving and landscape-painting industries of Lucerne and Interlachen into schools of art. Denmark is more promising. The royal porcelain manufactory of Copenhagen is little more than a reflex of Sèvres, very creditable indeed for so small a nation, but no way indicating original power. In the smaller contributions, however, of private manufactories, we observe a tendency to the reproduction of characteristic forms of ancient Scandinavian art appropriate to a kingdom whose sovereign, whatever else he may be, is a distinguished archæologist, and
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significant we trust of the rise of a national school. When we state that against the pillars in the Danish portion of the nave stand statues by Thorwaldsen, and prominent among them the majestic Jason, we have said that in sculpture Denmark is foremost of the nations, although the world at large very justly claims some share in the man who worked at Rome, and whose genius was first fostered by one who, born in a foreign land, made himself a name in English literature. Greece shows its double nationality. In its rich embroideries, and in Agathangelos's marvellous resuscitation of the old though still living school of minute wood-carving crystallised in Mount Athos, we see the genuine 'modern Greek' Christianised and Slavonised. In the busts of Codrus, of Athens, and of other mythological and typical worthies, we recognise the artificial Hellene of the Athenian schools. The 'Ionian' display belongs exclusively to the first class. Some South American republics are at Brompton, that is all. Brazil, snug and prosperous like its mother Portugal, sends a tempting display of natural wealth and a little upholstery art, not worthy of notice in itself, but indicating a people which we trust may ere long become rich enough for busy leisure. The United States, which in 1851 astonished us by its nuggets of gold, commemorates 1862 by a frame full of the innumerable notes of many banks fancifully engraved with various emblems. Power, whose Greek Slave was one of the delights of the former display, again adventures a female figure, but in 1862 he only gives us a strapping stiff 'California.' However, that penchant for sculpture which has so curiously manifested itself in the American race is represented by Miss Hosmer's Zenobia, shown in the Italian court, and by Story's contributions to the Roman display in his Cleopatra and in his Libyan Sibyl—the latter, we should apprehend (though we have never seen it hinted), a work conceived with the political aim of typifying the regeneration of the African race.

We have thus travelled round the world, and at last we find ourselves in face of the two great rival exhibiting realms, the haughty, exulting, self-contained France, and the venturesome progressive British empire with its growth of half a hundred colonies. The French display is eminently typical of the nation which makes it, alike in its best points of character and in those weaknesses which have ever stood in the way of France's perfect success. Compact, symmetrical, arranged to startle and to please, a museum rather than an exhibition, the French compartment wins the first spontaneous suffrages of every visitor. The long iron screen—rich with hangings, and backed by the furniture of Fourdinois and Grohé, the two strongest men in that industry, which is peculiarly strong in France—seriously as it obstructs the general effect, yet forms a stately propylæum to the

the treasures within. The space is all barricaded, but the chambers which the barricade forms on the nave side assume the guise of luxurious apartments. Inside, the area is not as in other countries distributed into courts, but streets of stalls, all of them artistically and uniformly designed, lead to a centre composed of the rich electro-gilt and electro-plated plateau which Christofle has executed for the city of Paris. The treasures around are innumerable. The jewels with their settings are of countless price, while the *parures* of artificial stones would even deceive the wary round the necks of the *demi-monde*. The state manufactory of Sèvres yields porcelain which might almost atone in bulk for inferiority of execution compared with England or Italy. The looms of Beauvais and of the Gobelins have not been idle, and the full-sized copy from the latter place of Titian's Assumption requires to be handled before the stranger can believe that he does not gaze on the veritable masterpiece of Venetian colour. In bronzes, Paris was always pre-eminent, and Barbedienne in rivalry with Paillard stands foremost in them; while he is great in every other school of metal-work, mediæval, renaissance, Oriental, cast, chased, or relieved with enamel. In his hands the revival even of Limoges art has been attempted with very sufficient success. In France paper-hangings have sometimes assumed the ambitious character of huge pictures, generally landscapes, designed by artists of name, printed off on single sheets. When our wonder at the process has subsided, we are left face to face with washy paintings. Better is it to have real paper, and then if you please to hang the room with prints or photographs. Bookbinding is very gay, as fits the editions *de luxe* which are prodigally displayed. Ecclesiastical metal-work of mediæval design is represented by several exhibitors, whose productions are all of them costly and elaborate in their design, besides being artistic when due to M. Viollet Le Duc, and highly enamelled as Frenchmen can enamel; although, as a rule, deficient in fineness of chiselling, and overloaded with gilding. The huge hammered figures in copper and in zinc for the *flèches* of the Sainte Chapelle and of Notre Dame are bold and telling works, made to be viewed at a distance, while Christofle's life-sized female nudity, produced in dully shining electroplate, stands as a beacon to avoid. The newly discovered 'onyx' marble from Algeria, a species of alabaster of a light golden tint, semitransparent and easy to be worked, has its capacities displayed in various forms, partly architectural and partly sculptural, notably as the dress of images, with hands, and arms, and feet of bronze—

'Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris.'

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If the supply prove equal to the demand, this substance is a gain to art, from the richness of its tone, and the ease with which it may be worked.

After we have indulged to the full our just admiration at the very remarkable display which France has made, the misgiving question rises to our mind, Is all this completeness spontaneous, is there no sign of the *mot d'ordre* about it? Is it an art movement which will grow unaided, spread by its own consciousness of strength, and purify itself by its own simplicity? or will it stand still and expect authority to sustain it at its actual excellence? May it not be that the French in their present pursuit of serious art act somewhat like their wives in their cultivation of the art of dress? Frenchwomen boast of being the best dressed women in the world, but their excellence consists in the way in which they put on the clothes which are dictated to them by the tyrant *modistes*. Sometimes taste in dress takes a healthy hue, and then 'well-dressed' persons appear in becoming clothes. But fashion changes, the graceful full skirt is inflated and stiffened by the hoop, and the hoop has the additional abomination of a short waist superadded, till the ladies walk about looking more like bells than belles, the most neatly moulded head and the scraggiest skull are equally weighted with the menacing wreath, or topped by one of those peaked bonnets which have supplanted the modest head-gear of five or six years ago, and the 'best dressed woman in the world' is the one who has most slavishly conformed to these successive disfigurements. We fear something of the same kind is going on with France in its cultivation of graver pursuits. That country, like all other highly civilized and intellectual lands, has its knot of independent thinkers and self-reliant actors, but for the most part the artist sails with the wind, and exerts his powers rather to invest the fashion with accessories of grace and costliness, than to combat and counteract its vicious tendencies. The people who invented the saying, 'Ridicule tue,' and who make it the guide of their public life, are a shrewd race, but by the same token they are timid of novelty, and rather prefer to tread the safe path of polished conventionalism than to aim at and perhaps to miss a piquant originality, or if they do break out they strive to choke the ridicule by the audacity of their aberrations.

If we were called upon to name some one object in the French court which should be, we do not say the best thing there, but one which was typical of its entire spirit, we should, even after visiting the huge and sumptuous iron fountain in the Horticultural Garden, select that very work of art ordered by high authorities, designed by the lucky recipients of innumerable governmental

mental prizes, and executed by the court tradesman, which France herself has promoted to the central place of honour, the plateau for the Hôtel de Ville. Grace no doubt it possesses, but it is the grace of the academy; it is dignified, but its dignity wants self-forgetfulness; its material is rich, but the richness is mostly on the surface; its technical execution is perfect, but in the execution spirit has evaporated. Considered as an allegory, it is one of ten thousand; it has about it no moral significance, hardly even mythology, but only some trite effigies of obvious material advantages. As the expression of a fact it is merely the statement of intense self-satisfaction made in the family circle of one's own admirers. The municipality of Paris, *i. e.* official Paris itself, can find no more graceful compliment with which to greet its guests, foreign or domestic, at its own banquets, than a triumphal representation of that very Paris of which it is itself the exponent, attended by all those elements of material prosperity, which a highbred host avoids vaunting to his company. When it is added that this official Paris is not the choice of Paris itself, but the emanation of the higher centralization, that this centralization lives in and lives by Paris, while denying to Paris those free corporate rights which are the life of great cities, and when we reflect that this glorified Paris, glorified not for its own sake but for the sake of the power which sways it, is by that very power sent to crown the French imperial display in an International Exhibition, we shall not have far to seek where the canker must be looked for, if in coming years French art should not fulfil its glittering promise. Its sun may still be in the eastern heavens, but it may be at its zenith, tending to the empurpled but chilly sundown of a Western Lower Empire.

No such especial risk attends the industrial art of England. It may thrive or it may waste away, but it will never be stifled under the dead weight of an artificial magnificence. Of course the English display is larger and more miscellaneous than that of France, for it had not to pass through the alembic of a preliminary investigation, and thus our worst things find nothing quite so bad to be set against them there, yet we are thankful to say we have nothing to reproach ourselves with which is so inappropriate as the horn furniture of Germany. Our good and our bad things equally bear marks of free competition. When we gaze upon the French display we seem to be assisting at the review of a picked regiment of well-drilled guardsmen. We go into England, and we are at Brighton when the volunteers turn out, or on Epsom Downs upon the Derby day. There are favourites heavily backed, and outsiders of whom nobody is thinking; but it may be that an outsider will win. There is

vulgarity enough in the English department to send us home sorrowing, and there is progress enough to cheer us in our most desponding moments. The artist has clearly had to do with the producer during the last eleven years. His help has not always been acknowledged as it deserved—far, indeed, too little so. His influence has often been thwarted, and his suggestions altered, but still he has been employed as he never used to be. Often, moreover, we see indications of the employment of architects to furnish the designs. This fact indicates a large and healthy revolution, if we should not rather say restoration, in art studies which is at work more or less in all countries of Europe. A designer who was merely a designer had seldom enough either of general or technical education, or of constructive experience, to make him a wholly safe guide to the manufacturer. An artist of more versatile and extensive training was needed, and was found in the architect. Architecture is still about what it was, except in its polychromatic tendencies; but the architect must henceforward be a man capable of dealing with the form, the colour, and the texture of many materials, and not alone with stone and brick. For this development much credit is due to the schools of design which are at work in various places, but much also to the impulsion given by persons who have taught without a pencil in their hands, and whose lessons may be summed up in the one axiom to seek utility of form and reality of material first, and then to ornament in accordance with that form and that material. In the present Exhibition the furniture, whether of the costly or the cheap description, paper-hangings, and carpets, testify respectively to this upward tendency. Glass-painting alone is standing still, so far as we can judge by the Exhibition. In furniture, spirited carvings, natural forms, and flowing lines are substituted for the tortured outlines of old upholstering chefs-d'œuvre; variety of woods, chosen for their colour and their grain, and often artistically contrasted in delicately inlaid patterns, are coming into vogue in place of tawdry splashes of gilding or the dull uniformity of shiny mahogany. Where cheapness is required, our tradesmen are beginning to open their eyes to the beauty of simple varnished deal, showing its natural colour. Impossible networks of repeated temples or ruins are no longer esteemed the most appropriate decoration for covering our walls, while those paper-printers who work by machinery vie in the purity of their patterns with their dearer brethren who still employ the block process. It is no longer esteemed the *ne plus ultra* of taste to spread our floors with gigantic bunches of lilacs, roses, and peonies, shaded up in high relief. Here
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and there we still see appalling specimens, such as a certain carpet symbolical of the French treaty; but as a whole the looms are being daily more and more set to patterns combining geometrical forms with well-contrasted colours. In the porcelain of almost every European school—Faïence, majolica, Palissy, and neo-classical, not to talk of the revival of indigenous types—England, represented by its various Staffordshire and Worcestershire firms, stands supreme; and foremost among the exhibitors are Messrs. Minton, though well followed up by the Copelands, the Wedgewoods, and the Dukes. As a contrast between life and death we have only to turn from these displays to the cold Dresden exhibition. In tiles for mural decoration as contrast with porcelain, Messrs. Maw have made valuable progress, and their large mosaic, designed by Mr. Digby Wyatt, in bold ceramic tesserae, is a production not to be overlooked. The ornamental glass-works of England are not in proportion of so remarkable a quality as the porcelain; but still they show considerable aptitude in the imitations of various foreign schools; and one tazza of glass, delicately engraved and shown by a St. James's Street firm, has not unmeritedly won considerable praise. The performances in brass-work and in wrought or cast iron are of a remarkable size and very high merit. The praise of Skidmore's screen from Coventry is in every visitor's mouth. Messrs. Hardman's delicate wrought-iron grill of late Gothic pattern, from Birmingham, must not be overlooked; while another prominent work, Barnard's Norwich Gates, partly of cast and partly of wrought iron, composed of spirited imitations of natural foliage artistically grouped, deserves especial commendation. The cast and bronzed gates from Colebrook Dale are as conspicuously bad. Mediæval art in a surprising variety of forms is not only displayed by the artists we have named and by other workers in brass, such as Mr. Hart, but also in a court arranged by a society with the long name of Ecclesiological, out of which we should name some very meritorious embroidery and woollen-work of rich colours well contrasted, by Messrs. Jones and Willis of Birmingham, under Mr. Street's inspirations, and a specimen of the pavement of Lichfield Cathedral, by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, reviving the old art of incising stones, for designs to be executed in various coloured cements—a process as applicable to walls as to floors. The goldsmiths and the jewellers astonish with the monetary value of their cases. The price of these gems is not, of course, a question of art, and the settings are frequently nothing more than ingenious devices to show off the stones. But there is a prodigal display of glyptic work in the precious metals and their imitations. The nearly

forgotten process of repoussé is now in vigorous operation ; and though its products may still be somewhat stiff, yet perfection will come by practice. The French invention of oxydizing silver has been acclimatised here since 1851 ; and in the profusion of forms which racing and other 'cups,' memorial shields, and so on, assume, ideas are here and there struck out which are capable of much further expansion. As a whole this display, when its abundance is considered, may be esteemed a hopeful indication of the homage which wealth now pays to art. The designers' names are in various instances given, and some of the foremost are foreigners. Honour where honour is due ! Still we should urge on our countrymen to seek this path of excellence. There is still room for development. Some manufacturers, for example, seek their effects by the contrast of oxydised and bright silver, others by parcel gilding, none have sufficiently tried the further contrast of all the three effects. We do not pretend to select any favourite work out of so prolific a competition. But we must say that if our choice were limited to one production we should not take that topaz cup, by a foreign hand, set with inferior imitations of cinque-cento enamelling, whose prominent position in the nave has gained it so much attention ; while we sympathise with Abdul Aziz's economical rejection of his predecessor's jewelled looking-glass and stereoscope. Still less should we be attracted by the coarse ivory statuette of a slave girl in the same 'trophy,' which is, we believe, an almost solitary instance in the English department (though not by an Englishman) of the artistic manipulation of a material once dear to carvers. In tapestry England does not compete, and in bronzes hardly at all, but Derbyshire very fairly imitates that *pietra dura* of Florence, while in a pavement by Mr. Slater for Chichester Cathedral we are glad to note the revival of marble mosaics of a constructural character.

There is one artistic exhibition in which Britain stands virtually alone, that of architectural drawings of modern buildings. In the invitations issued early in the undertaking these were coldly specified among the objects which were admissible. Foreign countries may have been repelled by the singular absence of zeal which the Commissioners displayed in their request for a class of contributions of which it is fair to suppose they hardly knew the value. Certainly very few have arrived from foreign lands. The French catalogue has, indeed, some names of architectural eminence, but these are affixed to restorations of ancient buildings. A few original designs have come from Prussia and Austria, and one or two from Holland ; the rest of Europe is a blank. This is greatly to be regretted, for an international representation

representation of the collective architectural nineteenth century would have been a lesson of singular importance, not merely to the architect, but to the student of historical civilisation and the analyst of national characteristics. However, the architects of England, not daunted by the scant encouragement which they received from official authorities, combined to agitate and to represent until they succeeded in wringing from the Commissioners both a range of galleries for architectural designs, and an adjacent court for portions of buildings of exhibitable size and possessing distinctive merit. The treatment which, except for the voluntary labours of these gentlemen, the queen-art would have received, would have been a fit corollary to the appreciation of architecture shown in the construction of the building itself. As it is, we may look with solid satisfaction upon the numerous array of drawings ranged in the two main galleries like rival armies—the Gothic on one side, the classical and the renaissance on the other, but peacefully commingled in the external galleries which are partially devoted to the Scotchmen. The variety of treatment with which the various styles are handled, the conscientious study of details, the attention shown to the grouping, the eager, sometimes exuberant, oftener healthy, search after originality, indicate an epoch of vast material and intellectual activity in the pursuit of architecture. In this large collection, representing an outlay which we should fear to calculate, there is a moderate percentage of unbuilt, and hardly any of imaginary structures, while the quality of the works is improved by their being displayed in juxtaposition. England may in particular point with honest pride to the cathedral-like church which Mr. Scott is building at Hamburg, won in an international competition, and to that other cathedral for Lille where Mr. Clutton and Mr. Burges came off victorious over Europe, followed by Mr. Street, only to be defrauded of their work. All the exhibitors but two or three are living, and those who are dead, like Sir Charles Barry, have deceased since 1851. Adjacent to the architecture, though under different management, a gallery has been devoted to art-designs by persons who have been living during the century. We have incidentally mentioned Scotch architecture. With this exception, neither Scotland nor Ireland takes up any distinctive position in the industrial arts. Very little art, as might be supposed, comes from the colonies. But they do contribute materials, both vegetable and mineral, which may be the *fomes*, if the English race does not degenerate, with them and at home, of future art-exploits of refreshing originality. Not to mention the marbles of New South Wales and the malachite

chite of South Australia, the prodigal array of woods of every grain, every hue, and every hardness, which come from Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand, from the West Indies and from Ceylon, and in a less degree from North America, are an alarm to the carver and the cabinet-maker to be up and stirring with their tools, and to the architect and the draughtsman to sharpen their pencils. We are glad to see that these colonies have to a certain extent contributed to the architectural appeal by the photographs which several of them have sent of their principal cities, such as Sydney, Melbourne, Geelong, Auckland, Montreal, Halifax, &c. We are grateful for this glimpse into their inner life, and we shall not discuss the style of the public or private buildings. When some colony shall have raised a great indigenous architect, he need not be oppressed by the unapproachable superiority of the bequests which an earlier age may have left for his contemplation.

We have referred to M. Christoffe's plateau as typical of French art; that of England may be considered to have attained its most characteristic expression in Minton's majolica fountain, designed by the late Mr. Thomas, and in Skidmore's Hereford screen, carried out under Mr. Scott's directions. Both these works are emphatically monumental in their aim, and neither of them the fruit of official enterprise. Each is the largest work which has yet been produced from the manufactory which the late Mr. Minton in the one case, and Mr. Skidmore in the other, developed or set up, with the express intention of allying arts to industry. Each in its largeness transcends any previous exploit in the same materials produced elsewhere. The fountain shows on how large and architectural a scale the fullest coloration may be employed; the screen exemplifies the manifold capacities of metal-work from hammered iron to enamelling. Neither of them is perfect, but the imperfections which may attach to each—imperfections of detail as they are—are signs of a genuine art which aims at broad results. It may be objected to the fountain that the employment of stone for certain portions of it tends to impugn its claim to be a porcelain fountain, while its coloration is not above criticism. Again: certain parts of the screen may be considered as rather stone turned into metal than legitimate metallic construction, and others may be held too slight for so large a monument. We are not careful either to establish or refute these criticisms. Be they true or be they false, enough remains in either case to establish the work as a remarkable example of the energy of Englishmen successfully working in the midst of our people to create that spirit of art from the head
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which, when it has once taken root, is so much more enterprising, though not always so refined in details, as the mere instinctive art of the heart.

It must have been a logical process which led to the first conception of the fountain; but ere that process was complete, its realisation invoked all the higher qualities of combination and design, the thoughtful balancing of form and colour, and the love of size, which is, in its due subordination, one element of successful art. Even the selection of the group with which it is crowned is a healthy symptom. There is nothing peculiarly novel in St. George and the Dragon, but that the good old representative story—in its naked facts typical of religion, in its earlier local application breathing of chivalry, and in its later use the symbol of the English *respublica* in its brightest glories—should be the one selected thing to cap the sight which was meant to win the applause of the myriads—proves more than one visitor in ten thousand has any idea of. Imperial and bureaucratic France, setting up its official art-monument in the midst of the Hôtel de Ville of Paris, has nothing better to exhibit than the cold beauty of a modern idealised goddess of an old Christian and historical city. England, represented by the enterprise of a private potter, crowns the achievement by exalting on high the red-cross knight, St. George for England.

As characteristic of English invention and self-reliance, the Armstrong trophy must not be passed over in silence. We here display this important engine to foe and friend, in all its sorts and sizes, its parts and stages of manufacture; challenging them to imitate—to surpass, if they can—a weapon which (though it has not yet reached perfection, and indeed must always be liable, like other weapons, to defects of construction) promises to give to those who shall make it best an immense superiority in war.

The incidents of the Hereford screen are equally characteristic, irrespective of its art. This work—executed in a provincial city, by a man who has so completely made his fame in a few years that, although he sent some things to the Exhibition of 1851, they were overlooked by every jury—illustrates by its *raison d'être* another of the features of the national character which cannot fail to have its influence in moulding the artistic movement. The work is not ordered by any private person. This would in many Continental States be almost tantamount to its having been ordered by some Governmental body. Not so in England. The patron in this case is one of those corporations existing in and for the Church of England, spared at the Reformation, afterwards sunk into sloth and selfishness, consequently despoiled and crippled in the days of Reform, when men had
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faith in Commissions, now rising again to a consciousness of and a performance of their own work, and able to dispose not only of their own remaining funds but of the free gifts of confiding laymen—a cathedral chapter. This costly work of iron and brass and rich enamel, with its lofty arches, its delicate convolutions, its electrotype statues, and its crowning cross, is destined, when the days of its exhibition are over, to span the choir of one of our old cathedrals, restored, like so many others, with the goodwill and the co-operation of its diocese, to a solid magnificence more chastened than its primitive condition.

Thus, like Minton's fountain, Skidmore's screen is a debt which the present is paying to the past no less than to the future. Its art is modern in its extent, but in its principles it is old, and its object is to enhance a large surviving monument of ancient art. Such also is the intention of many of the costly objects of Church silver-work in the cases of Bachelet, Trioullier, and Poussielgue Rusand; but while these productions, clogged with superfluous gilding, will in the end occupy some position where they must be inspected like cabinet-pieces, the bolder Englishman commands the fabric itself, and raises metal-work to the level of architecture. It will be noticed that one of our two types of English art would be casually termed Italian, and the other Gothic. Nevertheless we do not admit any real contrariety between the principles which influenced the two designs. Both are natural art, both of them art which studies the material to be used, both of them art which does not despise colour as the correlative of form; and so, whether we call them Italian or call them Gothic, we cannot add to or mar their merit.

We are not in despair at the fact that so many of the contributions from all countries manifest absence of invention, along with great readiness and variety in adaptation; which critics have considered to be the sum of the lesson to be learned from the whole exhibition of applied art. It is by working at first from the models before them that the regenerators of art can at last attain that knowledge of the principles of art which will justify them in launching out in a bolder course at some later day. No doubt the 'Fine-Arts-on-loan Exhibition' will breed innumerable mimics, but their mimicries will be the copy-books in which they are learning to write. England, however, seems by comparison better prepared to take an independent line than the more perfectionated France, and we will tell the reason why. In England the battle of styles has been fought in a progressive and not a retrospective spirit. The men whose principle has been to remember that we are Englishmen, not Greeks, Romans, or Italians; Christians, not pagans; governed by Sovereign, Lords, and

and Commons, not by Ecclesia or Senate, Doge or Podesta,—while working out all the many forms of art which their convictions compel them to handle, and which the world calls Gothic,—do not handle them because they are Gothic and mediæval, but because they are national and natural to the age and the land we live in, and may be so moulded as to become still more natural and national to future ages. The consequence is, that they have made their influence felt even among their professed opponents, and have created an eclectic school, which, while it is not with them, cannot be said to be against them. The foreign Gothicist, in France at all events, '*fait de l'archéologie*,' or else modernizes and Mariolatrisés. The German art movement, we believe, has more similitude in many of its moral aspects to ours than that of France, but it has failed to place itself in representation at the Exhibition. The English movement is also intrinsically and unaffectedly more religious, and its religion does not confine itself to the Established Church, for there is no dissenting body which would now think of building its chapel in any style but that of old England. In France the artists and the architects are classical, or they are Gothic, as artists or architects merely. Here they do not allow themselves to forget that they are also members of the community; they retain their own political and religious predilections, and they are honest enough to express them, and to take part in public matters on one side or the other, without respect to their professional advantage.

Such are among the peculiarities of national character which account for certain phenomena in the Exhibition. The real industrial art of England, appertaining as it does to a people which is seriously minded, and which has a peculiar devotion for home, is partly social and partly religious. It travels from house to church, and from church to house, and takes its colour from each. It is a sturdy plant, reared by many different influences, like the people in which it has taken root,—

'Quem mulcent auræ, nutrit sol, educat imber.'

It has been formed by our old institutions, and by our recent progress; it has been moulded by the Parliament and the Courts of Law, Plantagenet traditions both of them, yet both of them adapted to modern uses; by the mediæval Church, and by the Reformation; by the monarchy and the Great Charter; by Tudor pride and Puritan ascendancy; by the Restoration of King and Bishop; by the Revolution, with its Toleration Act, and by the silent ante-revolution of the eighteenth century; by the Union with Scotland and with Ireland; by the great European war, and the mighty memories of Pitt and Wellington; by the Reform Bill and Free Trade, and by the female reign which was vouchsafed when

Royalty

Royalty seemed on its trial. These, and a thousand other memories of similar import, all combine to make the English character of 1862, so old and yet so young, which is struggling for its artistic expression. That expression cannot be written in the alien tongue of distant lands and bygone civilization. It naturally seeks its alphabet in the title-deeds of England,—royal, free, Christian. It does not ‘make archæology,’ but it inquires of the past to inform the future. It is progressive art; and as true progress must ever be putting itself to school, it seeks to learn of every style which ever loved the beautiful, in order to adopt and to assimilate, heedless of the parrot reproach of eclecticism, provided only that eclecticism be one of fusion and of development, and not merely of juxtaposition. We so strongly insist on this point, from our honest desire to repudiate the charge of narrowness. We do not conceal our sympathies with that school of art, which, represented as it was in the last Exhibition almost exclusively by Pugin’s court, is, in 1862, so largely upheld by Skidmore, by the Ecclesiological Society’s court, by Hardman and Hart, in part by Minton, by the Architectural Court in the east transept, and by more than half the Architectural Gallery. But we do so in no bigoted spirit. Whatever beauty any other style possesses, that beauty we embrace; and we hope, or dream as it may be, that in some later day the hidden link that joins it to the seemingly rival developments may be discovered. Art we believe is one, only man has not yet mastered the secret of its unity. We are not blind to the faults into which those whom we see working in the same groove as ourselves are sometimes lured. We perceive that their productions are occasionally angular or uncouth, that they sometimes mistake heaviness for dignity, and spend much time and run into great expenses to seem cheap and simulate simplicity. But we know full well that the faults on the other side are quite as grave. We may esteem some of them more grave, but all we claim is a fair start, and we rest content to abide the issue. We see that a similar battle is being fought in foreign lands, and we strive to profit by its teachings. The faults of those who occupy abroad a position similar to ours are also patent; sometimes a worship of archæological precedent which refuses to notice that the world rolls on, sometimes a simulated deference to religious sensuousness. There are also some signs visible, we fear, among them of a phenomenon which, we trust, is absent from us, or rather one of which the reverse prevails in England—a widening breach between art general and art religious, fostered by the social conditions and the tumid pretensions of that community which is the visible embodiment of Christianity over the widest portion of Western Europe. In the mean while
science

science is every day pouring its hard-won treasures into the lap of art: new processes, new minerals, new dyes; new easements of manual operation; the galvanic bath turning the artist's own clay into the everlasting statue; the sun slaving in the glass-house to paint man's pictures, the electric spark running along the wires to tell man's messages; the vapour of water doing that which no horses and no hands, no winds and no tides, could ever accomplish.

These agencies are Providence's instruments to work out results mightier than any Exhibition can make or mar. Yet Exhibitions have their value, as seats by the roadside, where the wayfarers may rest and compare their adventures. Much varied lore may there be gathered by those who will have the patience to sit at the feet of experience and industry, and many false impressions will be dispelled by the attrition of equal minds. Officials may have done their little best to spoil the good result, but, after every abatement has been made, great gratification to multitudes, tangible instruction to a smaller but numerous class, will be the gross result of the Exhibition of 1862, as it was of that in 1851. Whether there will ever be another in England, or whether there will not, these two will have left their mark on history. The names of the Commissioners and of the engineer will be forgotten, while the date of both will be remembered as occurring in the reign of Queen Victoria, and as having been among the many wise conceptions for the public good of that Prince who had so eminently the capacity of swaying events by his consciousness of quiet power.

ART. VII.—1. *Hawaii: the Past, Present, and Future of its Island-Kingdom; an Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands.*

By Manley Hopkins, Hawaiian Consul-General; with a Preface by the Bishop of Oxford. London, 1862.

2. *History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands.* By James Jackson Jarvis. Boston, 1847.

3. *The Island World of the Pacific.* By the Rev. H. T. Cheever. Glasgow.

4. *Life in the Sandwich Islands.* By the Rev. H. T. Cheever. London, 1851.

EIGHT years ago we called the attention of our readers to the missions of Polynesia, and endeavoured then to set before them a living picture both of the past and present state of those strangely picturesque islands which gem the bosom of the great Pacific Ocean. We might perhaps under ordinary circumstances have waited longer before we reverted to the subject.

A decade

A decade is but a brief period in the history of missionary exertion, or in the progress of the Church anywhere. But the last ten years have in more than one respect brought forth for those distant groups of islands some such peculiar events that we gladly devote a few of our own pages and call a portion of our readers' attention to their narration. The wide extent over which that peculiar race which has been called the Malayo-Polynesian is spread, forms one singular fact concerning them. Instead of their insular position, scattered as those islands are through a vast expanse of waters, parting adjacent peoples into distinctly-marked tribes, a most unusual similarity may be traced through the whole mass. 'Disjoined and widely separated,' says Prichard, 'these insular tracts are found to contain races of inhabitants more nearly connected with each other, and at the same time much more widely scattered, than any of the families of men who occupy the continuous lands of Asia and Africa.'* Close observation has apparently established the fact that three separate tribes of the great human family inhabit this wide district of the globe: 'the dark-coloured, lank-haired prognathous-headed Australians,' 'the crisp-haired Pelagian negroes,' and the 'Malayo-Polynesians,' who form the nobler stock in all these islands.

The Sandwich Islands, as in honour of his patron they were named by Captain Cook; the Hawaiian Islands, as they are now commonly called; the Hawaii Nei—United Hawaii—as since the reign of the great island-conqueror Kamehameha I. they are termed by their own people—exhibit one of the fairest forms of this race, and it is to them especially that we call the reader's attention. The work of Mr. Manley Hopkins, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, is a creditable compendium of all that has been written of late years upon the subject, and, in spite of some faults of style, does great credit to the spirit, diligence, and ability of the Hawaiian Consul-General in London. It is dedicated by permission to Lord Russell, and a preface has been contributed to it by the Bishop of Oxford, who has explained his special interest in the volume from his connexion with the new mission which seeks to reproduce a genuine branch of our Church in the chief of the Hawaiian Islands under the auspices of its own King. It is this unusual circumstance which has specially drawn our attention to it.

Other changes, indeed, have given us a fresh interest in those distant islands. The wise courage of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer in founding the colony of British Columbia (already advancing

* 'History of Man,' p. 326.

with giant strides to wealth and power) gives a new value to these natural halting-places in the vast Pacific Ocean. In themselves they possess unusual attractions. Their very presence in those deep seas is a problem which our philosophers have not yet been able to solve. The strange contrast of depths between the shallow lagoon within—and the ocean, which our sounding-lines refuse to fathom, without—the circular reefs which are the breakwater of many of these islands, has perplexed the most daring speculators. Upon the whole, we believe the best solution of their strange presence is to be found in the suggestion that to the submerged peaks and ridges of old mountains, themselves the fruit of probably submarine volcanic eruptions, the reef-building polypes originally fix their works, and that these are lifted aloft by subsequent volcanic action, to form the sudden heights of those island groups. The vast machinery of animal life which is thus at work is beautifully described by Captain Maury:—*

‘Oceans of animalculæ that make the surface of the sea sparkle and glow with life, are secreting from its surface solid matter for the very purpose of filling up those cavities below. These little marine insects are building their habitations at the surface, and when they die they remain in vast multitudes, sink down and settle upon the bottom. They are the atoms out of which mountains are formed and plains spread out.’ . . . ‘As to the immensity of life and the power of converting inorganic material, we have now had specimens from the bottom of the “blue water,” in the narrow Coral sea, the broad Pacific, and the long Atlantic, and they all tell the same story, namely, that the bed of the ocean is a vast cemetery.’† . . . ‘The ocean especially within and near the tropics swarms with life.’‡

As soon as these new-born rocks are lifted from the waters, all the varied atmospheric influences begin to play upon them; with the changes which these work, the chance ‘jetsam and flotsam’ of the restless waters, and the sea-fowl, their first denizens, soon combine to form a *humus* into which the seeds which the drifting currents, the birds of the air, or even the high currents of the air, so sedulously transport, can strike their roots, and a new flora thereupon springs up. Then in due course, by design or accident, comes man, for whose life and industry this new sphere has been prepared. So Mr. Hopkins tells us that ancient traditions peopled Hawaii.

‘One of them relates to a man and woman arriving at Hawaii in a canoe, bringing with them a hog, a dog, and a pair of fowls. These persons became the progenitors of the Hawaiian people. By another

* ‘Physical Geography of the Sea,’ § 758, quoted by Hopkins.

† *Ib.* § 789. ‡ § 761.

story, prevalent among the inhabitants of Oahu, a number of persons arrived in a canoe from Tahiti, and, perceiving that the Sandwich Islands were fertile, and were dwelt in only by gods and spirits, they asked and obtained permission to settle there.'—p. 74.

It was a place, indeed, in which it was most certain that such wanderers would petition to remain; for it abounded in all natural beauty, whilst its genial climate and its fertile soil provided almost without toil all that the mere physical life of man requires for its support. Of its climate Mr. Hopkins tells us:—

'There is scarcely a place on the globe which has a temperature so equable as that of Honolulu, one of more desirable register, or where the elements are kindlier mixed. So *invisible* is the subject of weather to the islanders, that Mr. Jarvis remarks their language has no word to express the general idea. The diurnal range of the thermometer in Honolulu is twelve degrees. During twelve years the extremes of temperature in shade were 90° and 53°; the entire range during that long period not exceeding 37°. . . . The leeward side of the islands basks in the "bright sunny lapse of a long summer day;" inducing by the very beauty of the weather some degree of enervation in the human system, and a corresponding "lotus-eating" condition of mind. A more bracing air may be obtained by ascending the mountains. A mere ride from the capital up the Nuuanu Valley will give a cooler climate in an hour. Lahaina, and some other leeward spots on the shore, possess the refreshing influence of a regular land and sea breeze.'

Whilst for its fertility, he says:—

'Regions of fertility lie at the bases of the mountains and in the valleys, where abrasion and disintegration have proceeded for untold years, and rich deposits of vegetable mould have accumulated.'—p. 9.

And again:—

'Amongst its indigenous vegetables are the sugar-cane, the bread-fruit, plantain, banana, cocoa-nut, candle-nut, calabash, and other palms; tree-ferns, having the stem fifteen feet in height, and cycas. Valuable timber trees grew in the forests on the flanks of the mountains; the *Kou* tree (*Cordia*), and others of hard and heavy wood with a handsome grain. Sandal-wood abounded on the heights.'

'Amongst its vegetables, too, is found the "Taro" (*Arum esculentum*). It formed the staple of food, and is still very generally used. This succulent root was sometimes cooked, but was more generally pounded into a semi-fluid mess, and allowed partially to ferment, when it was called *poi*. Among the reasons which made some Hawaiians object to visiting England was that *poi* could not be obtained here. It is so productive that it has been said, a taro pit a few yards in length will supply food for one man throughout the year.'

Under this climate, and with this lowland fertility, there is no lack

lack of the grander features of natural beauty. Again we quote from page 2 of Mr. Hopkins:—

‘On approaching the group from certain directions the first objects which meet the sight are the two lofty peaks on Hawaii, each 14,000 feet in height,—two miles and a half,—one of them capped with perpetual snow, which contrasts with the deep blue of the tropical sky above, and with the darkness of the lava forming the sides of the mountains. A rude and irregular outline of high lands then presents itself; and on the north side are seen, on a nearer view, the dark forests which clothe the lower region of the mountains; whilst giddy precipices front the sea, of from 1000 to 3000 feet in perpendicular height, against whose walls the waves beat, and surge, and thunder through the caverns which they have hollowed for themselves in their ceaseless war. In some places, streams which have united their waters on their way, rush together over one of these *palis*, or precipices, into the ocean. Still nearer, the white foam is seen pouring in sheets over coral reefs, of which there is sometimes an outer and inner ridge. The islands are generally lofty.’

Of such a land we may understand the description waxing poetical, even in a king’s speech, that driest of all documents, which Mr. Pitt, we are told, could utter at will. We need not therefore wonder to find King Kamehameha IV., at the opening of the ‘Native Hawaiian Agricultural Society,’ in 1866, ask:—

‘Who ever heard of winter upon our shores? When was it so cold that the labourer could not go to his field? Where among us shall we find the numberless drawbacks which in less favoured countries the working classes have to contend with? They have no place in our beautiful group, which rests on the swelling bosom of the Pacific like a water-lily.’—p. 333.

But not more certain is the action of such a climate as this upon the vegetable world, which springs into exuberant being under its smile, than upon the race of man which is planted in such a garden of delight. Fallen man at least, with no teaching higher than that of nature, must have his energies braced by labour, and self-restraint taught him by the daily discipline of external trials, if the humanity within him is not to be softened into luxury or to be degenerated by sensual indulgence. No doubt the progenitors of the Hawaiian people came to their islands of beauty direct, or at most with some intermediate haltings, from what we know as the burning East. No doubt they brought with them the vehement internal fires which mark their race—itsself a high one in the human family—in their ancestral homes. Nor have the strong traces of their blood died out amongst them. Physically many of the chiefs are a noble race.

‘The Hawaiians are strong, well-made, and active; in height rather
above

above the average of our own country. . . . From the remarkable height and bulk of the chiefs, both males and females, the dominant class has been considered by some writers to be a distinct and conquering race. . . . The women are attractive from their cheerful, smiling, and lively expression; whilst their merry laugh and pleasant *aloha*, or welcome, show the face to be an index of their mind.'—pp. 344, 355.

And with these physical features many of their moral characteristics correspond.

'Courage—stronger than battering-rams—is the basis of every fine character. The Hawaiians possess the virtue in an unquestionably high degree. It was shown in the old warlike times by their open, standing-up fight. Their bodies were unprotected by armour or even by clothes; their weapons were the spear, the dagger, the club, and stones. They did not resort to artifice or stratagem in war. They are now as peaceful a people as any upon earth; they are more free from crimes of violence than almost any nation that can be named. Their natural courage crops out in their love of, and daring in, riding; in their delight in swimming among the heavy breakers rolling over the reefs; their descent of precipices, and even in their games.'—p. 345.

'One of their amusements was to attack a shark, and, after having goaded and taunted him, to kill him with a dagger carried in the *maro* or girdle.'—p. 33.

'The women no longer follow their husbands to the battle to staunch their wounds or fight beside them; but they endure long journeys, and bear heavy burdens, swim through the raging surf, and plunge down the waterfall into the ocean, when the leap is forty feet and upwards in height.'—p. 340.

Nor are they wanting in those spontaneous bursts of poetical imagery which mark the presence of the inward light of unextinguished genius. We know few barbarous myths more striking than that current amongst the Hawaiians which, in a great measure, led, first to Captain Cook's reception being marked almost with worship, and then, through the humiliating stages down which his allowance of that worship conducted him, to his tragical end.

'*Lono*,' we read, 'the Hawaiian Hercules, was one of the major gods.' 'In a fit of jealousy he killed his wife; but, driven to frenzy by the act he had committed, he wandered through the islands, boxing and wrestling with all he met: his answer to every astonished inquirer being, "I am frantic with my great love!" Having instituted the athletic games known as the *Mahakiki*, in honour of his wife's memory, and which were held annually, he sailed from the islands in a triangular canoe, for a foreign land; but ere he departed he uttered this prophecy: "I will return in after times on an island bearing cocoa-nut trees, swine, and dogs." Cook's two ships, so much larger than

than any floating objects the natives had hitherto seen, appeared to them, not unplausibly, islands, the masts being trees; and now Lono was returning to his own country. From Lono were supposed to have proceeded the thunder and lightning of the ship's guns which were fired.'—p. 85.

The same temper breaks out in many of their expressions. The Hawaiian name for their popular Minister Kalaimoku was one worthy of the great statesman whom they supposed him to resemble; for no worthier name could have been given to William Pitt himself than that of the 'Iron Cable of his country.' So, too, when the unworthy attempt of Lord George Paulet, in 1843, to destroy the independence of the islands by annexing them to Great Britain, had been disowned by Admiral Thomas, and the King announced to his people the recovery of their rights, the grateful tidings were conveyed by him under the expressive figure that 'the light of the land had been restored to him.'

A love of poetry and simple music pervaded the place.

'Poetry by turns melted and inflamed its native hearers. The people were fond of fabulous tales and songs, and formerly spent much of their time in telling stories, and crooning their *mélés*, or songs, to the accompaniment of the small drum or the musical stick. Indeed the Hawaiians equalled the Marquesans, the most lively natives of the Pacific, in the number of their songs, and exceeded in that respect the Society Islanders.'—p. 344.

But in spite of these better symptoms, we fear we must admit that fearful marks of degeneracy are stamped upon this interesting people. From the time when they were first known to us, they were marked by an extraordinary sensuality, and we dare not hope that the evil is yet subdued.

Indolence, we are told, is one grand fault attributed to the Hawaiian race.

'It is very true that the delicious, equable climate engenders in those constantly within its influence a lotus-eating habit, a love of the *dolce far niente*. Their absolute wants were few; and as the chiefs would have pounced down on any little surplus the people could have acquired by labour, they lost the powerful stimulus of a desire to accumulate.'—p. 351.

And beyond indolence grosser forms of sensuality disfigure the fair picture.

'The fatal gift of beauty, a delicious climate, which rendered clothing unnecessary—except the flowery wreath, which both sexes wore, partly from innate taste, and partly to shade the eyes—an indolent and pleasure-loving constitution, abundant opportunity, their houses small and undivided by partitions, and the absence of adverse public opinion,' have led to 'a general absence of chastity among the

Hawaiians. Till taught otherwise by the missionaries, the natives had no conception that 'such conduct was 'wrong or hurtful: they had not even a word to express chastity in their language.'—p. 347.

The meeting of Christianity with such a people is a sight of the deepest interest. How much has the faith to accomplish in purifying so deeply-stained a race! Will it work on them its regenerating work? Will it show itself, indeed, capable of vanquishing these long-established habits of indulgence? In many respects there were fewer impediments to its reception than in other parts of heathendom. There was, indeed, here an elaborate system of heathen worship, with priests and sacrifices and idols in vast abundance. But there was no strong attachment to it in the popular mind; and its rites were singularly oppressive to its votaries. Most irksome was the whole practice of 'tabu'—that strange instrument of priestly and of regal tyranny, which seems to be so inveterately present in all the heathen tribes of Malay origin, oppressing the Dyaks of Borneo* as well as the dwellers in the Polynesian seas—by which any object or person or period of time might arbitrarily, at the will of the priests, be declared to be consecrated, and so be guarded from touch or use or action. Thus the whole commercial life of a district might at once be suspended for an indefinite period, and absolute stagnation succeed to the busy marketing of the whole seaboard population. Nor did the tabu suspend commerce only: when its strictest note was proclaimed lights and fires must be extinguished; all amusements were at an end; no one might enjoy the needed refreshment of casting himself into the waves in which they loved to sport; silence must reign everywhere; nor even the voices of the domestic animals might be heard. This religious system, moreover, was the great instrument of maintaining the power of the chiefs, which was absolute and oppressive. Its special victims were the women, whom it tended, by all its regulations, to depress. They were inhibited, under pain of death, from sharing the better kinds of the ordinary food of the country. Amongst those altogether forbidden to them Mr. Jarves enumerates pork, turtle, shark, bananas, and cocoa-nut.† To mix in the social meals of the men, or even to eat under the roof which covered their apartments, was visited certainly with the same extreme penalty.

Under this bondage the people groaned. So early as 1793, on the occasion of Vancouver's visit, the king and several of the chiefs made some movements towards casting it off. They

* See 'Life in the Forests of the Far East.' By Spenser St. John, Esq. Vol. i., pp. 169, 176.

† Jarves, 'History of Sandwich Islands,' p. 94.

entreated him, when he left the islands, to send them instructors in the English faith; * a prayer which Mr. Hopkins tells us Vancouver conveyed to Mr. Pitt.

No help, however, came to them from England's Minister or Church; and so long as the strong hand of Kamehamehu held the sceptre he maintained as one great instrument of his government the old system of religion; but at his death it was broken rudely up. The account of these changes is altogether curious. Women were leading agents in their introduction. With all the social restraints laid upon them, the women of Hawaii possessed at this time unwonted political power. At the King's right hand, and a necessary sharer in his measures of state, was one who is designated in the narrative of Mr. Hopkins as 'the Premier,' but who, from the account of Mr. Jarves, might, perhaps, be more properly designated the Home Secretary, whose counter-signature was essential to all state papers, and who was a woman. Let no evil-minded person suggest that this is an imitation of certain Western constitutional governments, or drop a hint as to old women being elsewhere in possession of the Premiership; for the institution was purely of Hawaii origin, and dates from the conquering founder of the island-dynasty of Kamehamehu I., who in his will declares 'the kingdom is Liholiho's, and Kaahumanu is his minister.'†

The old King was succeeded by this son Liholiho,—who, with his Queen, died afterwards during his visit to England,—whilst the designated Queen, Kaahumanu, a woman of great strength of character, claimed in virtue of his will to be the coadjutor of his son. The old King had somewhat ruggedly rejected the new faith. 'By faith in your God,' he had answered his would-be converters, 'you say anything can be accomplished, and the Christian will be preserved from all harm: if so, cast yourself down from yonder precipice; and, if you are preserved, I will believe.'‡ His favourite Queen had at this time no leaning to the new faith, but she had a contempt for the old. She encouraged the hesitating Prince, who had succeeded to the throne, to cast aside the restraints of its vexatious rule. He longed for his freedom with the fierceness of a savage libertine, but trembled before the threatening shadows of his old superstition. How long he might have trembled without believing, or how far, if no sudden step had been taken in some fit of sickness, the old terrors of his heathenism might have repossessed and mastered

* Jarves, *ibid.*, p. 127.

† Captain Wilkes' 'United States Exploring Expedition,' vol. iv., p. 24.

‡ Cleveland's 'Voyages,' vol. i. p. 299.

his mind, it is impossible to say. But the coadjutor Queen possessed a firmer purpose.

'She, determined,' as Mr. Jarves describes the scene,* 'in her opposition to the priests, prepared for decisive measures. She sent word to the King, that upon his arrival at Kailua she should cast aside his god. To this he made no objection, and with his retainers pushed off in canoes from the shore, and indulged on the water for two days in a drunken revel. He then smoked and drank with the female chiefs.

'A feast was prepared, after the customs of the country, with separate tables for the sexes. A number of foreigners were entertained at the King's. When all were in their seats he deliberately arose, went to the place reserved for the women, and seated himself among them. To complete the horror of the superstitious, he indulged his appetite in freely partaking of the viands prepared for them, directing them to do likewise: but with a violence which showed that he had but half divested himself of the idea of sacrilege and of habitual repugnance. This act was sufficient: the highest had set an example which all rejoiced to follow. The gladdening cry arose, "The taboo is broken! the taboo is broken!" Feasts were provided for all, at which both sexes indiscriminately indulged. Orders were issued to demolish the heiaus and destroy the idols. Temples, images, and sacred property were burnt. The flames consumed the sacred relics of ages. The high priest, Hewahewa, who was the first to apply the torch, and without whose co-operation the attempt to revolutionise the old system would have been ineffectual, resigned his office. Numbers of his profession, joining in the enthusiasm, followed his example. Idolatry was abolished by law. Kaumualii cordially gave his sanction. All the islands, uniting in an exulting jubilee at their deliverance, presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a religion.'

It is said that as many as 40,000 idols were destroyed.

'They were hurled,' says Mr. Hopkins, 'from their places where they had been worshipped, upon every high hill and under every green tree; they were contemptuously tossed aside to perish, or more contemptuously left forgotten as they stood decaying in grinning imbecility. Remains of these "despised broken idols" are still occasionally to be found in the islands; but they are regarded as curiosities interesting only as belonging to a former state of things. Then, to fancy's ear, came moaning along the rocky shores, murmuring in the passionate mountain torrents, and sighing in the winds, the melancholy wail, "Great Pan is dead!" Through the old primeval forests clothing the flanks of the volcanoes, echoing from dread precipices, and heard on the winds that rushed down smiling valleys, came the same despairing strain, "Great Pan is dead!" The Ocean, as he ran his waves hoarsely on the rude shore and into resounding caverns, took up the universal cry. "Blush, O Zidon, saith the sea," was formerly

* Cleveland's 'Voyages,' p. 216.

the exhortation, when vile rites polluted and human sacrifices terrified the Syrian shore: but now, as the coming tide sent in her white breakers and boomed over the coral ledges of Hawaii, the triumphant song which mingled with the roar of waters had the same burthen,—“Great Pan is dead!”* *

But such a revolution could not fail to stir up the opposition of some.

‘A fierce, tyrannical sacerdotalism would not consent without a struggle to be turned adrift with the prospect before it of its members having to starve, or, still worse, of having to obtain a livelihood by the honest labour of their hands. Accordingly, a party was quickly formed to oppose the movement, and for its head was selected Kekuokalani, a priest only inferior in rank to Hewahewa, and who was also nephew to the late king. Religion was made the bait to allure him in revolt; but in addition he was to have the crown of the kingdom. The rebels were soon encountered by the Government party, and in a slight engagement gained a success. They immediately marched from their position to where the King lay, hoping to surprise and take the position. The King’s troops were prepared and advanced to meet them. They formed a line on the shore, having the sea at their back, and, on the enemy appearing, drove them before them up a rising ground, till the rebels gained a shelter from a stone fence, and for a time made a stand; but they were at length driven from their position by a party of Kalaimoku’s warriors. The insurgents were now in flight; but, rallied by their misguided chief, himself wounded and weak from loss of blood, they made a final stand. Kekuokalani, with the courage that belonged to his race, fought desperately; but he fainted and fell during the engagement. He revived, however; and sitting on a fragment of lava, for he was too weak to stand, twice loaded his musket and fired on the advancing party. He was then struck by a ball in the left breast, and, covering his face with his feather cloak, he expired, amidst friends who surrounded him. His wife, Manona, had fought by his side the whole day with dauntless courage; but as soon as she saw him lying dead she called for quarter. As the words were leaving her lips, a ball struck her temple; and the faithful wife fell on the lifeless body of her husband, and expired.

‘The engagement, which commenced in the forenoon, was continued till sunset, the idolaters fighting on, though dispirited by the loss of their leader. By evening, the King’s troops were left masters of the field, their enemies having by that time surrendered or fled.

‘Thus ended the last battle which Hawaiian history has to record.’†

Thus was idolatry extirpated in Hawaii, not by the counter influence of the true faith, but by the simple weariness felt by the idolaters themselves of its intolerable yoke. Such an event

* ‘Sandwich Islands,’ p. 181.

† P. 186.

is not without a counterpart. In the papers recently laid before Parliament, as to the rejection of the offer of the Fiji islanders to cede their country to the British Crown, we find it stated by Mr. Pritchard, in a letter to the Earl of Malmesbury, that 'one-third of the population has embraced Christianity, while nearly an equal number have merely renounced their heathenism without attaching themselves to any creed.'*

The destruction of the idols had taken place in August, 1819; and in the early spring of the succeeding year the first actual missionaries from any Christian land landed on the Islands.† They were Congregationalists sent from Boston by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Never could the messengers of the Christian Church have found a land more prepared, in most respects, to receive the joyful message. The hand of Providence itself had swept away the old heathen provision for supplying those deep cravings for some religion which are implanted in every reasonable soul, and it seemed as if it needed but that the Standard of the Cross should be lifted up to draw all men unto it. Into the details of the Mission work thus introduced, it is not our intention to enter. We have traced it rapidly out in a former article, and we have nothing to withdraw of what we then said, either in the way of narrative or of anticipation. We shall content ourselves here by endeavouring to take a general estimate of the effects of their work, and of the degree to which it still leaves the field open to other endeavours.

With all the favourable circumstances then which seemed to promise the fullest success to the American Mission, there stood in the way of any true reception of the Gospel of purity the huge obstacle to which we have above alluded. Nor are we disposed at all to undervalue its power. We do not forget the fearful words in which Salvian finds a reason for the permitted ravages of the West by the incursions of the barbarians, in the impossibility of cleansing degenerate Christendom by any lighter discipline from such fleshly sins.

Nor do we for an instant lose sight of the shameful fact, that the sin of Hawaii has been stirred into a fiercer flame by the deadly contagion of Christian vice. English vessels of war, American ships, the reckless crews of whalers, and escaped convicts from Botany Bay, have all aggravated the evil; and seemed to the heathen to establish the terrible conclusion that Christianity itself, whatever great words its teachers might speak concerning its might, was powerless against the raging appetite

* 'Correspondence relative to the Fiji Islands,' p. 5.

† Mr. Ellis says, they reached Hawaii February 4th. Mr. Jarves gives March 20 as the day of their arrival.

of man. All these really tremendous difficulties we allow for to the full.

Nor do we doubt that individual cases of true renewal have blessed the zealous labours of these preachers of righteousness. Some, indeed, of their converts rise even to glorious proportions in the new life. Few acts of Christian heroism can be found in any records to exceed that of Kapiolani, the wife of Naike, the public orator of the kingdom. The whole ancient religion of Hawaii was in great measure coloured by the awful volcanic phenomena of which these islands are still the theatre. Nowhere else on the face of the known world are these so stupendous. To deprecate the wrath of the spirits of power who ruled over these fire-orgies of Nature by sacrifices of every kind, rising up to those of Man, was the object of their rude ritual. The religion thus inspired Mr. Jarves tells us was—

‘a gloomy and fearful principle, abounding in punishment in the present life, and dark threatenings for the future (p. 40). . . . The most fearful of all these deities was Pele, a goddess. Her habitation, the famous volcano of Kilauea, well accorded with her reputed character. Here with her attendant spirits she revelled in the flames. The unearthly noises of the burning mass were the music of their dance, and they bathed in the red surge of the fiery billows as it dashed against the sides of the crater.’—p. 46.

To the base of this vast volcano, which covers one hundred and twenty square miles, the old heathenism, driven from the rest of Hawaii, slowly retreated—gathering up its forces for the last encounter with the new religion. Hither, to confront in their very home of power the priests of the old faith, came from afar this adventurous princess. She had a journey of one hundred miles to accomplish before she reached the mountain. As she neared its side, a prophetess of the insulted goddess met her with warnings and denunciations of destruction. But she undauntedly persevered; and, upon the black ledge of the seething fire, she spoke in words of the calmest faith to the anxious company who waited to see how the wrath of the goddess would break forth—

‘Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele. But if Jehovah shall save me from the wrath of Pele, when I break through her *tabus*, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain.’

We have a description of the features of the scene in the midst of which these words of calm confidence in God were spoken; it is from the pen of that world-wide traveller the Count Strzelecki:—

‘What

'What I remember,' he says, in the 'Hawaiian Spectator,' 'as showing the mighty influence of mighty objects upon me, are the difficulties I had to struggle with before my eye could be torn away from the idle, vacant, but ecstatic gazes with which I regarded the great whole, down to the analytical part of the unparalleled scene before me. I say unparalleled, because, having visited most of the European and American volcanoes, I find the greatest of them inferior to Kilauea in intensity, grandeur, and extent or area.

'The abrupt and precipitous cliff which forms the north-north-east wall of the crater, found, after my repeated observations, to be elevated four thousand one hundred and four feet above the level of the sea, overhangs an area of three million one hundred and fifty thousand square yards of half-cooled scoria, sunk to the depth of three hundred yards, and containing more than three hundred and twenty-eight thousand square yards of convulsed torrents of earths in igneous fusion, and gaseous fluids constantly effervescing, boiling, spouting, rolling in all directions like waves of a disturbed sea, violently beating the edge of the caldrons like an infuriated surf, and, like surf, spreading all around its spray in the form of capillary glass, which fills the air, and adheres in a flaky and pendulous form to the distorted and broken masses of the lava all around; five caldrons, each of about five thousand seven hundred square yards, almost at the level of the great area, and containing only the twelfth part of the red liquid.

'The sixth caldron is encircled by a wall of accumulated scoria of fifty yards high, forming the south-south-west point; the *Hale mau mau*, to which the bones of the former high chiefs were consigned, the sacrifices to the goddess Pele offered, the abyss of abysses, the caldron of caldrons, exhibiting the most frightful area of three hundred thousand square yards of bubbling red-hot lava, changing incessantly its level, sometimes rolling the long, curled waves with broken masses of cooled crust to one side of the horrible laboratory; sometimes, as if they had made a mistake, turning them back with spouting fury, and a subterraneous, terrific noise, of a sound more infernal than earthly. Around are blocks of lava, scoria, slags of every description and combination; here elevated, by the endless number of superimposed layers, in perpendicular walls one thousand feet high; there torn asunder, cracked, or remoulded; everywhere terror, convulsion—mighty engine of nature—nothingness of man!'

Such was the scene in which stood the undaunted witness for Jehovah. All old traditions bid her believe that these throes of convulsed Nature were the direct personal acts of the present goddess whose wrath she dared. The very name by which the natives describe the vitreous flakes which flew wildly, like graylocks, around the vast chasm, the 'hair of Pele,' witnesses to the intensity of life with which the old superstition had invested every act of that fiery drama. Calm she stood there in the majesty of faith, cast unhurt with an untrembling hand the sacred berries

berries into the labouring caldron, and, like the Three Children of old, left the burning furnace without the smell of fire having passed upon her—the destroyer of the last lingering dread of the long-dominant ‘Tabu.’

The native character which could yield one such specimen must be capable of great things. Still, upon the whole, we cannot gather that the mighty work of national regeneration has, as yet, been successfully accomplished. Facts with which we will not stain these pages would seem to imply that the old vices of the islands have rather been varnished over than eradicated, and that deep down in the nation’s heart the deadly evil still festers on unhealed. The depopulation of the islands seems to continue, and its main causes are, we fear, what they were of old—sensuality, and its ever-constant concomitant, a pitiless infanticide.

How far the American missionaries, with all their noble designs and charitable labours, have brought to bear upon this people all the healing influences of the Gospel dispensation is with us the question yet to be solved. We believe that they have not. Such a people, in the first place, needed, we believe, to have Christianity brought to bear upon them with as full a measure as she allows of all that appeals in doctrine, in worship, and in manners to the imagination and the feelings as well as to the reason and the conscience. Instead of this, in dealing with this people all has been pared down to the sharpest outline of puritanical severity. And this temper has pervaded all the dealings of the missionaries with their converts. They have, it seems to us, to a great degree sought to put down vice by coercion rather than to raise men out of it by the glorious truths which flow from the doctrine of the Incarnation of our Lord. ‘A people,’ says one of their warmest admirers,*

‘that live like the Hawaiians, cannot be virtuous and pure, how far soever they may be Christianized; and yet through the rigour of the laws, the vigilance of magistrates and constables, the discipline and restraints of the Church, it is probable that there is no more licentiousness than among the same number of inhabitants in cities of England, France, or America.’

We confess that we have little faith in works of moral healing which are accomplished by the agency of the constable; and as to the relative estimate which is formed by our author of the morality of the cities of England, France, or America when compared with that of Hawaii, we must remind him of other words of his own, on which we will make no comment: ‘Almost

* The Rev. H. T. Cheever, ‘The Island World,’ p. 130.

all the suspensions of church-membership have been on account of adultery,' &c.* 'The people are but half-reclaimed savages.'† 'There are causes at work which, if they are not soon arrested, will ensure national depopulation.'‡

We think that we discover everywhere traces of the American missionaries treating the people far too much as children. This tendency, mingled with much of the old severity of Puritanism, must have been most repugnant to all the natural dispositions of this remarkable race. Such is the judgment of Mr. Hopkins as to the constitutions which, under their influence, were adopted as the nation's code of jurisprudence:—

"The Constitution" proceeds to organize laws. Perhaps, in examining these, they may appear to adhere more closely to the letter than to the spirit of God's laws under the Mosaic dispensation. Mr. Simpson pronounces them to be the Blue Laws of Connecticut, with the addition of powers conferred on officers to practise extortion and tyranny, not even possessed by a Turkish pasha. The code of laws regulates taxation, gratuitous labour of the people for the government, rent of land. It enacts curious regulations for the suppression of idleness and unchastity. If a man were found "sitting idle, or doing nothing" on one of the days when he was free from government labour, even then an officer might set him at work for the government till the evening. Thus, like the boy at school who was doing nothing, he was effectually taught not to do it again. But the inventive genius of the new lawgivers expatiated most ardently in regulations relating to the vices, crimes, and sins of unchastity. It seems as if they had spent days and nights in considering the subject, and presenting it in the most new, ingenious, and unexpected lights. The result of their deliberations was a sort of network very complex and very severe, yet unequal in its texture, and even in parts open to Bion's reproach of laws, that they caught the small flies and allowed the great ones to break through. Suffice it for the present to say, that in the "Law respecting Lewdness" distinctions are drawn which are rather fine than nice, with heavy penalties for those who possess money; while disproportionately severe punishments were affixed to irregularities which morality condemns, but about which European legislation is silent, conceiving itself concerned with crimes rather than vices, and leaving the punishment of sin to another tribunal. As an instance of this disparity, in a case where the money fine for breaking the law was fixed at twenty dollars, its equivalent was five months' imprisonment—an imprisonment in which all the days were to be spent in hard labour, and all the nights passed in heavy manacles.—pp. 255, 256.

But there are, we believe, at work causes even deeper than these, which were frustrating the best efforts of these devoted men. It would be to enter upon questions too distinctively theological if we proceeded to inquire at any length whether the causes of

* 'The Island World,' p. 129.

† *Ib.*

‡ *Ib.* p. 153.

this comparative failure in their missions are not involved in the religious system of the Congregationalists; but we cannot quit the subject without suggesting it as a matter for the gravest reflection. In some of the cities of ancient Greece, especially at Corinth, the first preachers of the Gospel had to strive against the prevalence of customs of which it was a shame for Christians even to speak. And how did they deal with them? There is no withholding of emphatic declarations of 'the wrath of God against those which do such things, or have pleasure in them that do them.' But with this there is a perpetual raising before the converts' eyes a glorious standard of regenerate humanity. Baptism had transferred them into a kingdom of light. Christ himself and his blessed Spirit were within them. The Heavenly Kingdom had opened for them its portals. Old things had passed away, all things had become new.

Congregationalism cannot use such language. It knows nothing of the Sacramental system of the Early Church. In Hawaii too it has of late, in confronting Romanism, been driven farther from those peculiar characteristics of the Apostolic age. It remains to be seen how far our own branch of the Church may be able to supply these deficiencies, and build up in all its perfectness and beauty the Christian edifice. It is with many advantages that it undertakes the work. Romanism is the object of wide-spread hatred in these islands. Here, as elsewhere, it has most dangerously sought to transfer the ancient popular feeling in favour of idolatry to its own use of images; and by this, and other like courses of action, has brought its own religious teaching into contempt. 'Their worship,' said Kaahananu, 'is like that we have forsaken.' 'This is the kind of god we always had before we heard of the true God, I will not turn to that,'* said another on being shown by the priest a bronze crucifix worn about his neck. It is moreover identified in the popular mind with French arms and French designs; and of these there is in the islands a very lively suspicion. In spite, therefore, of the boasts of the Roman Catholics as to the number of their converts, and in spite of the real affection doubtless borne to them by those whom they have won, we do not fear any really powerful opposition from that quarter. Happily too, owing to the resistance of the Government and other causes, no Roman Catholic diocese has been formed in Hawaii; so that, in founding the see of Honolulu, we cannot be charged with intruding our bishop into the field of another.

Meanwhile the welcome from many will be warm. The see

* 'The Island World,' p. 118.

of Honolulu, as many of our readers no doubt are aware, has been founded on the direct application to our Queen and to the Archbishop of Canterbury of the King himself. He is, we have reason to believe, one of the most remarkable men of the day. The heir of a race of absolute rulers, whose word was law, and who possessed the unrestricted power of life and death, he has gladly co-operated in giving to his country a free constitution, and in governing it according to the laws. Of an enlightened intelligence, familiar with all the literature of Europe, an adept in all the mysteries of international law, and in manners and all bodily exercises a perfect English gentleman, if any ruler could add strength to such a mission as that which now leaves our shores, surely he would be the one. May our ardent wishes for the future be fulfilled through the wisdom and zeal of him whom our Archbishop and his assistant suffragans are sending out on this high enterprise; and may the time come when the Melanesian band which, under Bishop Patteson, is steering northward from New Zealand, may meet the southward progress of the Hawaiian Church, and all the rescued islands lift up with grateful accord their hands of thankfulness to God!

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Bicentenary of the Bartholomew Ejectment in 1862. St. James's Hall Addresses*, by Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D., Rev. John Stoughton, Alfred Rooker, Esq., Rev. J. Edmond, D.D., and Rev. J. Spence, D.D. London, 1862.
2. *The Bicentenary, the Liberation Society, and to what do its Principles tend? A Lecture*. By the Rev. J. B. Clifford. London, 1862.
3. *Facts and Fictions of the Bicentenary. A Sketch from 1640 to 1662*. By the Rev. T. Lathbury. London, 1862.
4. *How did they get there? or, the Nonconformist Ministers of 1662*. By the Rev. J. Venables. London, 1862.
5. *The Bicentenary Commemoration of 1662. A Lecture*. By the Rev. J. Bardsley. Cambridge, 1862.
6. *A Ray of Light cast upon St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662*. London, 1862.
7. *Proceedings, principally in the County of Kent, in connection with the Parliament called in 1640*. Edited by the Rev. L. B. Larking. Camden Society. London, 1862.

THE projected commemoration of the Puritan partisans who paid the penalty of defeat by losing their spoil just two hundred years ago, is a very natural weapon for Dissenters to resort to in the circumstances in which they find themselves at the

the present moment. Their cause is not prospering so much as it has prospered recently; and the enthusiasm of some of their adherents is beginning to wax faint. It is very intelligible that they should grasp at every available means for rekindling the fire which they fear is dying away. A recent example has shown the world that some kind of canonization is the natural resource of a religious community in distress. There is a strong difference, it is true, between the nature of the afflictions under which the Romanists and the Dissenters severally labour. The Pope is in trouble because he has lost the greater part of what he possessed, and is in a fair way to lose the rest. The Liberation Society have only to deplore that they have not as good a chance as they enjoyed a short time ago of appropriating the possessions of others. Both have sought a refuge from their present troubles in contemplating the heroism of the past; and in this point of view, taking quality and quantity together into consideration, both stand on a tolerably equal footing. The Pope canonizes martyrs who preferred to die by horrible tortures rather than renounce the faith of Christ; but he can only produce twenty-seven of them. The Liberation Society canonizes martyrs who preferred to abandon what they had wrongfully acquired rather than renounce the Scottish Covenant; but then it professes to produce two thousand of them. That a certain suspicion of fable attaches to the chronicle of suffering is equally true in either instance. In both cases, too, the useful and the sweet are mingled; and a sagacious forethought for practical needs adorns and tempers the self-abandonment of religious veneration. The commemoration of both sets of saints is intended not only to edify the consciences but to stimulate the political enthusiasm of the faithful. Reprisals upon the unbeliever, as well as amendment of life, are among the results which in both cases the religious ceremonial is planned to bring about. It is chiefly in its practical rather than its sentimental aspect that we are concerned to notice the commemoration that is to take place next August. If it were merely an outburst of religious zeal which had selected a false view of history as the channel for its expression, it would be no function of ours to dispel the error. We have no particular taste for iconoclasm; and if there be any whose religious sensibilities are involved in a veneration for the sectaries of the Great Rebellion, we have no desire to impeach their sanctity. It would not be the first time in the history of hagiology that party leaders have been rewarded for their services by a promotion to the Calendar. But the literature which has already been published upon this subject on the Dissenting side reveals that this commemoration of the sufferings of these holy men is connected with aims and aspirations of a less purely spiritual character. They
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are to form the basis of an argument by which the wickedness of Established Churches in general and the English Establishment in particular is to be enforced. Under these circumstances we may be excused for devoting a few pages of inquiry to the claims for canonization which have been thrust upon us from a quarter so unexpected, and also to the abundant anathemas which have been bestowed upon the civil and ecclesiastical rulers of that day for the policy they pursued.

We have no intention of denying all merit to the ejected of 1660 and 1662. Some, like Baxter, were men of distinguished piety; and for the remainder it may be fairly argued that it is always a meritorious thing to suffer any loss, whether great or small, rather than renounce in words the genuine convictions of the soul. But it is a kind of merit which, happily for mankind, is not so rare that it calls for a Bicentenary commemoration. It has plentifully adorned every age in which religious controversies have arisen; and our own epoch, though commonly accused of an undue tendency to compromise belief, has witnessed examples of it in great abundance. The officers in the army might as well have held a Bicentenary to commemorate the fact that Cromwell's soldiers did not run away at the battle of Worcester. It is perfectly true that the Puritan ministers, like the Puritan soldiers, stood manfully to their colours; but the same has been done by thousands of others before and since, who have been thought to need no special commemoration. They fulfilled the primary duty of their profession, the betrayal of which would have branded them with infamy—but they did no more.

It cannot, therefore, be mere admiration for a sacrifice of no uncommon kind that is to unite all the Dissenting congregations in one simultaneous expression of feeling on the 24th of August next. It is another passion, more easily sustained, that is to be fed by a contemplation of the events of 1662. It is the alleged wrong, and not the virtue, which it is intended to commemorate: it is resentment, and not veneration, which that commemoration is intended to keep alive. But is the resentment better justified than the veneration? It is not sufficient to say that they were turned out of their livings. Before that fact arouses our indignation, we must be satisfied that they had any right to hold them. Before we commemorate the great wrong they suffered in being ejected from their parsonages, it is material to inquire how they got into them. It is obvious that there may be cases in which the misfortune of being compelled to surrender property may not necessarily command our sympathies. If a pickpocket has possessed himself of your handkerchief, and yields it up to you again under the gentle pressure of the police, his most admiring and enthusiastic friend would not think it necessary to preach a

sermon

sermon in his honour, upon the next anniversary of the event. Nor will the transaction be ennobled, if such vicissitudes of possession should be the result of political disturbance. Few people would be inclined to express any keen sympathy for the Napoleonic marshals when they were ousted of the dotations in foreign countries with which their master had cheaply paid them. Nor, if a like misfortune should befall the Northerner who have quartered themselves in Southern country-houses, or the Taepings who have housed themselves in Ning-po, is it probable that any Bicentenary will, at any future period, commemorate their sufferings. The world, in short, has hitherto perversely refused to regard the enforced restitution of stolen goods as a claim to the honours of either political or religious martyrdom.

It is difficult to understand why a different scale of measurement is to be adopted for the benefit of the religious belligerents of 1640, who were 'hoist with their own petard' in the year 1662. Their title to the benefices of which they drew the revenues was precisely the same as Murat's title to the Kingdom of Naples, or Jerome's title to the Kingdom of Westphalia. They had risen by the sword, and by the sword they fell. They made an organised attack upon the Church of England, in which, at first, they were brilliantly successful. Though the whole of the Executive power was thrown into the scale against them, they succeeded in subverting the Church and Throne together, and made themselves masters of the power and revenues of both. The victories gained were vigorously followed up. It was against Episcopacy they had made war, and they hunted it down with unrelenting hatred. The Archbishop to whom they were specially opposed expiated upon the scaffold the crime of having provoked their enmity. The clergy were the special object of their animosity. So early as 1640, a Committee was appointed for the purpose of ejecting 'scandalous' Ministers; and as years went on, its area of operations was widened till it extended throughout the country. The Head Committees sat in London; and affiliated Committees armed with absolute authority were established in most of the counties of England and Wales. They were formed of the most desperate fanatics that could be got together, whatever their previous character or rank in life might have been. Their proceedings were carried on in the style which generally marks tribunals that have been instituted to carry out the political objects of a despotic executive. Their business was to dismiss the Ministers who were attached to the Church and Monarchy; and they did their work with diligence and effect. Emissaries were sent out to collect accusations, and it was seldom that some man was not to be found to father them. Men of the worst character,

character, living by the most infamous means, were eagerly welcomed by the Committees, if they brought with them an accusation. No charge against the parson was too extreme to be received as probable, and no testimony was too vile to establish it as proved. The forms observed by the Committees were distinguished by that simplicity and rapidity which usually characterises revolutionary tribunals. 'Divers were never called to answer,' say the Clergy in the Petition addressed by some thousands of them to Sir Thomas Fairfax: 'scarce one had any articles proved on oath or other legal process, and some were put out on private information given to Mr. White, the chairman.' Under circumstances so favourable, it must be recorded to the credit of their moderation that they did not in general prove heavier charges than those of drunkenness and immorality. But these were enough for the object they had in view; they sufficed to furnish as much of pretext as was required for the sequestrations which the Puritans desired to pronounce. They were ample for this purpose, and they were worth very little for any other. Until this year we should not have believed that there existed critics blind enough, or shameless enough, to blacken, upon the strength of such trials as these, the memory of the victims of the Puritan Persecution. It is evident, however, that an historical fact more or less is not to be allowed to dim the full glory of the approaching Bicentenary. The Dissenting advocates actually speak of the unhappy loyalists, whose ill fate it was to fall into the hands of these Plundering Committees, as men 'convicted of immorality.' One would have thought that the world was familiar enough by this time with that stalest device of tyranny—to mask, under the forms of a sham trial, the execution of its absolute decrees. Before partisan judges, selected without the slightest guarantee of their independence or impartiality, and appointed to carry out the wishes of the victors in a civil contest, convictions are matters of course. It is only lately that desperate historians have been bold enough to claim them either as a proof of the victim's guilt or a palliation of the tyrant's cruelty. We believe there are stern republicans who still believe that Marie Antoinette was guilty of the crimes of which she was convicted by the Revolutionary Tribunal. M. Louis Blanc is certainly prepared to maintain the guilt of other sufferers before that court, on the ground of the remarkably sentimental and tender character of the jurors, who often wept when pronouncing the fatal verdict. Mr. Froude, we believe, is almost the only English historian who has displayed the same childlike confidence in the decisions of tribunals pronounced directly under the eye of a despotic authority. It is idle to attempt to reason against such a condition of mind. No argu-
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ment that could be constructed would be more convincing than that which lies on the surface of the facts.

Doctrinal charges, however, were the most numerous. They were often true; and where they were not, could generally be implied from a very slight exaggeration of the actual facts. Very moderate Churchmanship was sufficient to prove rank Popery when interpreted by Puritan witnesses and judges. The very mildest expression of a reverence for forms, or a value for the decencies of worship, was sufficient to bring down this fatal charge upon a clergyman's head. Dr. Walker has preserved a curious list of the proofs which were accepted as sufficient evidence of Popery. They leave in the shade even those which a few years ago we were accustomed frequently to hear. That any taste for the more pronounced ritual which the Laudian bishops encouraged should have been branded with this charge was intelligible enough. It was to be expected that a clergyman who bowed at the name of Jesus, or who worked I H S upon his altar-cloth, should not be tolerated. But most of the accusations are of a far less heinous character. Some were condemned for dropping words contemptuous of the Parliament; others for expressing an admiration of the Bishops; others for refusing to keep the fasts proclaimed by the House of Commons. One man was dispossessed for refusing to read the Burial Service over an unbaptised child; another was accused of 'reproaching a fellow for putting his hat on in church;' and a third for saying that 'he had rather hear a pair of organs than the singing of Hopkins' Psalms, which he called Hopkins' jiggs.' There is a story—of doubtful authenticity—that the Rev. L. Playters, of Ugshall in Suffolk, was dispossessed for 'eating custard in a scandalous manner.' There is an interesting selection from these documents in a volume, which we have placed at the head of this article, consisting of petitions against ministers, which were addressed to the Long Parliament, at its opening, by a certain number of parishes in the county of Kent. There is a considerable diversity in the charges which are made; but there are two which appear with almost unvarying regularity. The parishes nearly always complained that their pastor railed in the altar in his church, and that he exacted too much tithe from his flock—curiously symbolising the revolutionary and the ultra-Protestant tendencies which formed the double ground of the rebellion.* Occasionally the proceedings appear to have been set on foot by the farmers in order to obtain an excuse for not paying tithe while it was pending.† Sometimes the complaint was, that the fees exacted at marriages were too high; sometimes it assumed the stranger form that sermons were preached too seldom. The petition from

* 'Proceedings,' &c., pp. 104, 136, 159, 196, 204, 218.
Vol. 112.—No. 223.

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† *Ibid.*, p. 136.
Sevenoaks

Sevenoaks remarkably indicates the general feeling which prevailed, even in the remotest villages, that the parsons were down, and might be dealt with at the discretion of their enemies. The accusation on which the inhabitants pray the House of Commons to take measures against their vicar is, that he has a well on his glebe which he keeps for his own use, and refuses to throw open to the parish.* In another case the proofs have been preserved of the discreditable means by which, according to the testimony of so many authorities, the petitions were ordinarily got up. Side by side with the petition from Bredhurst against their parson, Sir Edward Dering appears to have docketted and kept the protest of a number of the signatories whose signatures had been procured by improper means.† In one paper is the protest of a villager, that he was inveigled into signing when he was drunk. In another, a labourer complains that he was forced into signing by a threat of losing his work on the farms of a Puritan freeholder; and in another a number of the parishioners write to declare that the charges are wholly without foundation. Of course these charges were established with as much facility, and despatched with as much rapidity, as those which alleged drunkenness and immorality. Dr. Meric Casaubon is a remarkable instance of how little the most honoured name or the deepest erudition availed to clear a parson from absurd charges, or to save him from a cruel punishment. He was accused of bowing to the altar, of railing it in, and of raising the tithe-charges to a higher sum than had been usual under his predecessor.‡ To the first charge he replies, that he had merely observed the customs which were prevalent in the cathedral to which he belonged. The second charge he denied; and, in answer to the third, he pointed out that tithes have, by the laws of arithmetic, a natural tendency to increase when the gross value of which they are the tithes has increased. Nevertheless he was upon these charges dispossessed, imprisoned, and fined by the fanatic Committees of the Commons, and compelled to live as best he could upon the sale of a valuable library which he had collected.§ When the Restoration came, he re-entered upon his living; and the intruder whom he turned out was among those whose sufferings were proclaimed at the time as such a grievous persecution, and whose wrongs the present generation is called upon to resent. The certain result of these summary proceedings before the Committees was so well known, that sometimes the mere threat of them was sufficient to dispossess an obnoxious clergyman without more ado:—

‘The author of *Persecutio Undecima*, who was a sad spectator of these miseries of the clergy, hath left us a very pregnant testimony to

* ‘Proceedings,’ &c., p. 184.

† Ibid., p. 160.

‡ Ibid., p. 104.

§ Walker, ii. 8.

this purpose: "Two or three Reformers in a parish usually demanded no smaller matter of their Parson than that he should resign up his whole livelihood at once, viz., his living: otherwise they would threaten to fetch him up to the Parliament; which threats so far prevailed with many of blameless lives and conversation, that to avoid the trouble and charges, and the infinite scorn and vexation at Committees, and the shame, as it was then accounted, of being ranked amongst the scandalous ministers, gave up their churches, viz., Mr. Mason, Dr. Howel, Mr. Ward, Dr. Pierce, Dr. Hill, Mr. Paget, Mr. Hanslow, and all others sought to change their livings for some more quiet places; and I have heard some of these malicious Londoners not ashamed openly, in the face of a Committee, to profess, and without control, that they would never give over vexing their Parson till they had worried him out of his living; and so much have these factious men prevailed, that scarce any Parsons or Vicars are left in that city unsequestered." And again: "So the case standeth with the divines of England: let any ignorant hearer (suppose an apprentice boy—I have known it) accuse any clergyman (the greatest Doctor of Divinity) of preaching doctrines which the boy thinks are false or Popish doctrines—to the House of Commons or the Committee shall the divine be sent for perhaps by a pursevant: justify his doctrine he must not, though never so true; the House supposeth it to be false, erroneous, Popish, or scandalous, because complained of. Answer he must—did he preach it, Aye or No? Whether it be true or false they will not dispute; hit or miss, they will vote, and that's enough to make any doctrine true or false, Popish or scandalous, and thereby to impose on the person of Christ's minister and to seize on his estate: to oust him of all his freehold and livelihood, and to spoil him of his goods."* It was well known that two or three men (though the very dregs of the people) petitioning against the heterodox ministers, have, in the judgment and acceptance of a faction in the House of Commons, out-poised the rest of the parish, though infinitely beyond them, as in numbers so in quality; their testimony being rejected with much acrimony, and sharpness, where the others' libels have general credit and reputation with them: of which he immediately subjoins a pregnant instance in the case of Mr. Chestling, of St. Mathews, Friday street, who was petitioned against by some schismatics, "in the name of the whole parish," though three parts of four protested against it under their hands.†

But in 1643 a simpler, sharper, speedier instrument was devised for ejecting the obnoxious clergy. The taking of the Covenant was made compulsory. As this celebrated document was in terms directed against the existing constitution of the Church of England, it made a rapid and effective clearance. In some distant parts of the country, where the Royalist cause for a long time maintained itself, the persecutors were for many years

* *Persecutio Undecima*, P. 22, Ap. Walker, i. 79.

† *Merc. Rust.* 194, Ap. Walker, i. 79.

unable to apply the new test; but in most places it was mercilessly enforced.

The consequences of this persecution are inadequately expressed by the fact that from six to seven thousand clergymen, their wives and families, lost their livelihood. They were generally turned out under circumstances of great barbarity, and sometimes of atrocious violence. The middle of the night was often chosen for the execution of the sentence; and no circumstances of sickness or infirmity, however piteous, availed to stay the course of the rude soldiery who were charged with its execution. The pregnant, the newly-delivered, the bedridden, the infirm, were thrown out at midnight into the street or road, sometimes with the snow on the ground, and left to shelter themselves as best they could under hedges or in barns, and feed themselves on crab-apples or turnip-tops until they could obtain some scanty alms from the pity of a concealed adherent. Sometimes the minister was hurried off to the loathsome prisons which the Long Parliament had erected in hulks upon the river; and the destitution of the wives and children was even more hopeless than before. As time went on their sufferings increased. Penal laws were passed prohibiting, under severe penalties, the reading even in a private room of the formularies to which the clergy were in conscience bound. And that no impediment to the complete starvation of the clergy might be left, it was at last made a punishable offence to employ any minister, who had been deprived of his living, in the education of the young. The consequences were what might have been expected. The strength of thousands gave way under the hardships to which they were exposed. Hunted out of every employment in which they could get their living, condemned to beg their bread in a land devastated by civil war, with the ban of the ruling powers laid upon them, the vast majority of them perished miserably. Out of a number, variously computed from six to ten thousand, who were ejected during the Commonwealth, only six hundred lived to claim their rights when the King came back in 1660.* Of the

* Dr. Vaughan's way of handling these melancholy figures is bold and ingenious. He appears to be wholly unaware of the tendency of starvation to shorten human life; and argues, from the fact that only 600 survived in 1660, that there never could have been many more in existence. His argument is worth extracting:— 'But there is a briefer way of settling this point. If 6000 were in the condition of sequestered clergy in 1644, or subsequently, then, according to the laws of mortality, there must have been 3600, and more, of those men alive in 1660, and claiming to be put back into their livings. All that were so living at that time were put back, and the whole number that were so restored did not appear to have amounted to more than some five or six hundred. The point, therefore, is settled by the most certain of tests. This is a course of inquiry which I have worked out for myself. But I would not rest satisfied with my own calculations.

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the few who survived, many were so crippled with the debts they had contracted during the troubles, that the Restoration scarcely brought them any alleviation of their distress.

It is of course open to the Nonconformists to reply, that these sufferings were the unhappy but unavoidable consequences of civil war. It was impossible for the Parliament, who were the victors in the contest, to leave in possession of the pulpits men who were inveterately hostile to their rule. Such sufferings are no novelty; but they have been the lot of the clergy in almost every country in which they have had the misfortune to be opposed to the victorious party. To such a view of history there is nothing to object. A time of civil war is a time when all the ordinary obligations of political morality are somewhat strained. Things are done which it is equally difficult to avoid or to approve. All the details of violence and injustice are covered by the one great necessity, if such there were, to which the original appeal to arms was due. We have no objection to this mode of reasoning, but it must be applied impartially to both sides. If it covers the theft, it must also cover the restitution. If it was inevitable that the Church should lose her revenues when she was worsted in the civil war, it was equally inevitable that she should take them back when she recovered her old position.

But it must in fairness be said that the Puritan divines did not carry through the ejection of their opponents as a sad necessity imposed upon them by political considerations. They do not appear to have wasted any superfluous commiseration upon the Prelatists. They looked upon it as a spoiling of the Egyptians—a legitimate source both of pleasure and profit permitted to the people of God. Some instances from Walker's collection will illustrate the spirit in which many of them went to work, and the claim which they possessed to the sympathy of others when they fell into a like trouble themselves.

'About the year 1645, he (J. Gandy) was totally dispossessed of the living, and his family thrown out of the door, by a party of

I have obtained the opinion of two of the first actuaries and staticians in this kingdom—one of them ought to be, from his position, the very first—and this is their statement:—If there were 6000 men alive, of 24 years of age and upwards, in 1644, there ought to have been 3600 of those men living in 1660; and the number of ejected ministers accordingly, between the spring of 1660 and the autumn of 1662, ought to have been between 5000 and 6000! I do hope, therefore, that we shall hear no more about these 6000 sequestered clergymen.'

We hope that the next time he meets his friends the actuaries, he will tell them of the allegation which certain contemporaries have made, that the greater part of the said 6000 clergymen had little or nothing to eat during the interval in question. Perhaps they will inform him whether that circumstance would make any difference in the calculation of their probable vitality.

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horse which came to his house, and dragged his wife, who then kept possession for her husband, out by force; and when she would catch at the staples of the door to stay herself, or any other thing, they would barbarously knock off her hands, until at length they forcibly threw her into the street with several little children she had, there to beg or to starve, which they would. There are some circumstances which much enhance the barbarity of this action. One is, that Mrs. Gandy was then lately out of childbed, and had the young child at her breast. Another is, that the intruder was there himself in person, and a spectator of the whole transaction: his name was Jelinger; he was a German, who had fled from his own country upon the account of religion forsooth! and coming to Exeter in a very poor condition, had been relieved by Mrs. Gandy's father.'

Mr. Jelinger, the hero of this anecdote, was afterwards one of the St. Bartholomew martyrs. When that day arrived, a small portion of the measure that he had meted out to others was meted out to him. In the addresses which were delivered in St. James's Hall last March, there are many touching passages depicting the last hours spent by these St. Bartholomew martyrs in their benefices. We are told how, on the Sunday before, 'no inflammatory discourses were delivered, but even those who had been somewhat narrow and prejudiced before, rose on the occasion to the noblest heights of feeling, and uttered sentiments of Catholic charity, broad and beautiful.' It is gratifying to find, that even at this moment of their canonization, we are allowed to believe that some of them like Mr. Jelinger may have been 'narrow and prejudiced before.' It was a narrowness and prejudice which was shared by several of his brother martyrs, and had the effect of reducing many worthy Church people, who have not been promoted to the dignity of martyrs, to the very extremity of want. It was in the matter of what were called 'the fifths,' that these small failings had the most serious results. In dispossessing the clergy, the Long Parliament had enacted, that in the case where the ejected clergy had wives and children, and had not been convicted of overt royalism, they should enjoy some allowance out of their former incomes, not exceeding one-fifth. But what proportion of the fifth should be allotted to them, and whether any of it should be paid, was in practice left to the absolute discretion of the Puritan intruder. There was a refined cruelty in leaving the clergy to the tender mercies of their theological antagonists. Leave to beg of the men who had turned them out was undoubtedly the bitterest as well as the scantiest form of relief that could be devised. In practice, as might be expected, it was no relief at all. As it was specially provided that the parson was not to go on residing within his own parish, it was always a matter of labour

labour and difficulty even to apply for the fifth ; and, as a rule, it was either roundly refused, or evaded on some transparent pretext. One of the favourite pretences was to assert that the clergyman on whose behalf application was made was no longer living. At Westmonton the sequestered clergyman applied himself to Dr. Elford, the intruder, and received the usual answer. On his assuring his successor that the clergyman in question certainly was not dead, for that it was he himself who was speaking, Dr. Elford, nothing daunted, replied to him, that even if he was alive naturally, yet he was dead in trespasses and sins. Many similar stories are related by Walker, apparently upon contemporary authority. At another place a Mrs. Pierce, the wife of a sequestered clerk, applied to Mr. Chishull, the intruder, for her fifths, on the ground that she had six small children. He is said to have replied, 'that he had a pair of geldings in the stables and a groom too, which must be maintained, and were more chargeable than all her children.' At East Isly, Berks, the intruder, a Mr. Francis, being asked for fifths, simply refused. His predecessor being in extreme distress, sent his little daughter to him to beg again, 'hoping her innocence might move him.' But again the application was refused. Then the child said, 'But we must all starve if we are not relieved.' Mr. Francis's answer was, 'Starving is as near a way to Heaven as any other.' It is to be hoped that he found it so when the retribution of 1662 came round ; for both he and the hero of the preceding anecdote were St. Bartholomew martyrs, and as such are the present idols of Nonconformist adoration. They were among the men who, on that day, according to Mr. Stoughton, 'rose to the noblest heights of feeling, and uttered sentiments of Catholic charity broad and beautiful.' At the time when the question of paying fifths to the starving clergy was before them, the Catholic charity, broad and beautiful, had not been developed. It was no doubt quickened into being with marvellous rapidity by a contemplation of the Act of Uniformity.

If these anecdotes, which, together with multitudes of others of like character, have come down to us, represent the prevalent tone of conduct among the Puritan clergy, they cannot be held guiltless of the frightful sufferings which were endured by the Episcopalians whom they had expelled. At all events, while the latter were flying into exile or begging their bread from parish to parish, or dying off of sheer starvation, the Presbyterians to whom their miseries were owing, were peaceably enjoying the pleasant fruits of victory. The Clergy who had preached up rebellion, and hounded on the multitude against the Bishops, and

and to whose efforts the overthrow of the Throne was due, were resting on the fruits of their labours. They were not altogether satisfied with the turn things had taken: for like the Girondins in the French revolution, they had been outbidden and overcome by innovators more advanced than themselves. But though Cromwell's rule was heavy, he did not disturb them in the pleasant nests from which they had expelled the rightful owners; and therefore, though they murmured, they did not quarrel with his despotism. But in time the revolution ran its course—the frenzy spent itself—the fact was recognised that the armed demand for liberty had only bred worse evils than it cured. The time of restitution came round. The Old Monarchy and the Old Church were set up as they had been before the evil days began. All the usurpations that had sprung up during twenty years of revolutionary government were overthrown. All who had made the troubles a pretext or an occasion for plunder, were forced to disgorge their booty. And among other restitutions, came the restitution of her property to the Church. Those who, under the shield of an usurped authority had fifteen or eighteen years before driven the rightful owners out to starve, were compelled to yield up what they had wrongfully taken. But this retribution, though rigorously just, was not literally pressed in every instance. Where the ejected owner still lived to claim his rights, restitution was summarily enforced. Among those who suffered under this obviously righteous measure was Richard Baxter. His predecessor, a man by his own confession of blameless life, was still alive: and he re-entered without delay upon the rights of which he had been so long deprived. It is not a little significant that Baxter is claimed by Mr. Stoughton as one of the ejected martyrs of that time—though one would have thought that no question concerning the justice of his ejection could have arisen. But those intruders whose good fortune it was that their ousted predecessors had perished in the interval, were suffered to remain upon one condition; and that condition it is which now rouses a useful and opportune sympathy for their memory. They were required to accept the principles of the Church of England; and to ascertain the reality of this acceptance, they were compelled to subscribe the formularies which we at present use, which had been settled in Convocation, and been approved by the newly-elected House of Commons without a dissentient voice. The large majority accepted these terms, and remained in possession of their livings. A certain number, variously computed at from one to two thousand, declined and were ejected.

It is difficult to imagine a clearer case. In restoring those who

who had been lawlessly put out, the Parliament of the Restoration performed an act of simple justice. In exacting a test of allegiance to the restored Church from the remaining intruders, they took a measure of indispensable precaution. It was not a mere question of clemency or retaliation that presented itself to the Parliament of that day. They were not pronouncing the doom of conquered rebels from the eminence of an unshaken power. Their task was far more difficult. It was to prop up an authority which had been rudely shattered, and but imperfectly restored. Their first duty was to shelter from external injury their fresh and fragile structure. They knew by a sad experience dearly won, that no assaults against it were so formidable as those which were levelled against it from the pulpit. Preachers had destroyed the Old Church and the yet unbroken power of the Throne: and preachers might well be able to cast down again a Throne and Church so recently lifted from the dust. That the allegiance of the clergy to the Church should be well ascertained, was not only just in itself to the Church, and to the congregations over whom they were to watch, but was imperiously demanded by considerations of policy. It may be well to conciliate malcontents before they have succeeded: but to yield to them positions of influence, while the memory of their former successes is still fresh in their minds, is to make them not friends but masters. Their consciousness of power, attested by impunity, would have been a stronger emotion than their gratitude for a favour which they would have ascribed to fear. There are evils attendant upon every change of political power, even where it consists of the restoration of a rightful claimant and the overthrow of an usurped authority: and one of those evils is, that the partisans of the displaced regime must be excluded from offices of influence, in which they may find facilities for plotting for its return. But if ever there was a case in which this necessary proscription wore the aspect of a righteous retribution, it was in the case of the Nonconformists of 1662. If they were persecuted, they had persecuted others—Churchmen, Romanists, and Quakers—with far more vehemence and cruelty. If they were silenced from public preaching, they had imprisoned men for even reading in the privacy of their own rooms the form of prayer which they had been brought up to revere. If they were refused toleration, they had themselves denounced it as ‘the greatest courtesy the Devil could ask of the State.’ It was a piteous sight, no doubt, to see the wives and children going forth from their parsonages to starve. But it was a sight which the Nonconformists of 1662 did not then see for the first time. Its full piteousness had not struck them so forcibly on a former occasion, when those who were doomed to wander

wander forth without a home and without a hope were Church people, and when they themselves were the favoured successors for whose benefit the ejectment was enforced. It makes, no doubt, a great difference in a man's feelings on such occasions whether he is the coming-in tenant or the going-out. But there is an impudence verging on the grotesque in asking posterity to mourn for the sufferings of those who, having pitilessly inflicted this destitution upon the rightful owners in the first instance, were in due course subjected to it themselves. It would be as reasonable to ask us to sympathize with Bonner in prison, or with Robespierre at the guillotine.

Our estimate of the Puritan incumbents, whose virtue in not keeping by apostacy what they had gained by violence we are now called upon to adore, may seem prejudiced and harsh. No doubt a case may be made for them, as it may be, and has been, for most offenders in history, by the simple plan of denying the veracity of all authorities that do not take their side. Such an exercise of ingenuity was captivating when it was new; but the device has been practised now till it is worn out. Since the whitewashing of Alexander Borgia and Tiberius, the canonization of the Puritan intruders is a flat and insignificant achievement. But to show that our view is not the fruit of any monarchical or episcopalian prejudices, we will quote the words of an eye-witness whose mind was not warped by any bias in that direction. John Milton is the witness we propose to call. His scorn for the character of his whilome allies evidently proceeds from a minute and familiar knowledge, and his mind was so full of it that he could not refrain from interpolating the expression of it into the middle of a history of the contests between the Britons and the Picts. We quote from the third book of his 'History of England:'

'And if the State were in this plight, religion was not in much better: to reform which, a certain number of divines was called, neither chosen by any rule or custom ecclesiastical, nor eminent for either piety or zeal above others left out; only as each Member of Parliament in his private fancy thought fit, so elected one by one. The most part of them were such as had preached and cried down with great show of zeal the avarice and pluralities of bishops and prelates; that one cure of souls was full employment for one spiritual pastor, how able soever, if not a charge rather above human strength. Yet these conscientious men (ere any part of the work done for which they came to together, and that on public salary) wanted not boldness, to the ignominy and scandal of their pastor-like profession, and specially of their boasted reformation, to seize into their hands, or not unwillingly to accept (besides one, sometimes two or more of the best livings) collegiate masterships in the Universities, rich lectures in the City, setting

setting sail to all winds that might blow gain into their covetous bosoms; by which means these great rebukers of non-residence, among so many distant cures, were not ashamed to be seen so quickly pluralists and non-residents themselves, to a fearful condemnation, doubtless, out of their own mouths. And yet the main doctrine for which they took such pay, and insisted with more vehemence than gospel, was but to tell us in effect that their doctrine was worth nothing, and the spiritual power of their ministry less available than bodily compulsion; persuading the magistrate to use it as a stronger means to subdue and bring in the consciences than evangelical persuasion, distrusting the virtue of their own spiritual weapons, which were given them, if they be rightly called, with full warrant of sufficiency to pull down all thoughts and imaginations that exalt themselves against God. But while they taught compulsion without conviction, which not long before they complained of as executed unchristianly against themselves, their intents are clear to have been no better than antichristian; setting up a spiritual tyranny by a secular power to the advancing of their own authority above the magistrate, whom they would have made their executioner, to punish Church delinquencies, whereof civil laws have no cognizance.

And well did their disciples manifest themselves to be no better principled than their teachers; trusted with committeeships and other gainful offices, upon their commendations for zealous, and as they sticked not to term them, godly men, but executing their plans like children of the devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, and, where not corruptly, stupidly. So that between them the teachers, and these the disciples, there hath not been a more ignominious and mortal wound to faith, to piety, to the work of reformation, nor more cause of blaspheming given to the enemies of God and truth, since the first preaching of the reformation.

The people, therefore, looking on the Churchmen whom they saw under subtle hypocrisy to have preached their own follies, most of them not the Gospel, time-servers, covetous, illiterate persecutors, not lovers of the truth, like in most things whereof they accused their predecessors;—looking on all this, the people, which had been kept warm for a while with the counterfeit zeal of their pulpits, after a false heat became more cold and obdurate than before, some turning to lewdness, some to flat Atheism,—put beside their old religion, and foully scandalised in what they expected should be new.*

Such, in the judgment of John Milton, was the character of the men of whom our modern Nonconformists proclaim themselves the successors. Such, in the eyes, not of an adversary, but merely of a disenchanted friend, was the hue of that sanctity which now, after the lapse of two hundred years, needs a Bicentenary festival to celebrate it worthily. Dr. Vaughan proposes summarily to ignore Walker's 'History of the Sufferings of the

* 'Hist. of England,' Book iii. princip.

Clergy' on the ground of the *animus* betrayed by his preface. Walker was undoubtedly a Royalist, and, to a certain extent, a High Churchman; but there is in his preface no denunciation of the Puritan intruders or of their secular instruments more severe than that which is contained in the above judgment of the Republican and Puritan John Milton.

It is fair to say that the incumbents repaid with interest the invectives of their critics. The words of Baxter, one of the ejected, may suffice as a sample: 'The late generation of proud, ignorant sectaries amongst us have quite outstripped in this (viz. self-sufficiency and censure of others) the vilest persecutors. He is the ablest of their ministers that can rail at ministers in the most devilish fashion.' The two sections had been long enough in each other's company to be fully alive to each other's frailties. The Independents were angry with the Presbyterians for their hypocrisy, and the Presbyterians were disgusted with the inveterate turbulence which was not satisfied with the happy changes that had vested all the Church revenues in themselves. There is a proverbial advantage that results to honest men from the falling out of such adversaries; and so it happened in the year 1660.

Time has buried in oblivion the hearty enmity with which the two sections of Nonconformists regarded each other at the Restoration. In spite of their differing principles upon the question of Establishments, their alliance as antagonists of the Church of England has revived in its full force. Whether the resuscitated friendship is to bear the fruits it bore of old, time alone can show.

There is something painfully ominous in this ostentatious combination of those who do and those who do not admit the lawfulness of a State religion; and it is not reassuring to find that the coalition takes place in honour of a similar coalition which overthrew Church and Throne two hundred years ago. There is a curious analogy between the two periods. The Independents were fully conscious that by themselves they were too few and too unpopular to overthrow the Church which they abhorred. Accordingly they made common cause with religionists with whom they had little in common, and whose Erastianism they at heart despised; trusting to the course of events to dispose of their allies, when their allies had served the purpose of the moment. They did not put forward their own views very prominently. They kept their fierce republicanism and their bitter aversion to a national Church in the background, and they allowed their instruments, the Presbyterians, to come forward to direct the first onset and carry off the earliest spoil. By the help
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of the Presbyterians they were able to uproot both Church and monarchy; and when that work was done, they gained power enough to lay equally low the Presbyterians themselves. Their disappointed allies repented when it was too late; for they justly felt that without their aid the enterprise of the Independents must inevitably have miscarried. But they did not discover either that they were sowing a crop which others were to reap, or that they were conspiring to set up worse tyrants than those they were throwing down, till the deed was done beyond recall.

It almost seems as if, in the revolving cycle of human affairs, the same trick were about to be again played by the same restless schemers upon the same accomplice-dupes. The Bicentenary is not to be a mere commemoration: it is not to be simply a Dissenting Saints' Day, or an adoration in Chinese fashion of the Great Ancestors: it is distinctly announced as the commencement of a great political agitation. A solid character is to be given to the sentimental contemplation of the dead by the concoction of measures which shall extract from it substantial profit for the living. And indeed without some such ulterior object it would be very difficult for the modern Dissenters to carry out the projected demonstration with any decent zeal. The various sects who are to combine in this celebration agree with each other in very few things; but they agree with the ejected of 1662 in fewer still. The chief movers in this project are the Independents, whose prominent principle is abhorrence of a State Church. The ejected of 1662 were ministers of a State Church, had been so for many years, and ceased to be so, not because they were troubled with qualms about Erastianism, but because the State Church, having regained its freedom, lost no time in ridding itself of those who had conspired with its oppressors. It must be a very distinct view of immediate political advantage that can induce the Independents to celebrate the memory of men by whom their own special and essential tenet would have been cast out as heresy. Such a sacrifice of convictions for the sake of a powerful alliance bodes an immediate and vigorous prosecution of the war.

The very point which the Congregational Union have designated as the subject-matter of the agitation which this Bicentenary is to inaugurate, leaves us in no doubt that they are following in the footsteps of their fathers, and borrowing again the tactics which answered so well two centuries ago. It is clear that the moderate Dissenters are again to enjoy the honour of pulling the chesnuts out of the fire. That 'act of spiritual wickedness,' the Act of Uniformity, is to be the object of attack. Independents are enjoined to urge upon mankind, from the pulpit and the platform,

platform, the 'immorality' of subscription. From the more moderate Nonconformists this language is well enough. It would be intelligible in the mouths of Presbyterians, or Methodists; but what does it mean in the mouths of Independents? What have they to do with the Act of Uniformity or the immorality of tests? The tests which this Act established were conditions under which endowments were to be held, and the privileges of serving a State Church were to be conferred. Those whom these tests exclude have a perfect right to cry out against them; but how do they concern the Independents, who would not hold endowments upon any conditions whatever, and to whom the privileges of a State Church are an accursed thing? What have they to do with an agitation against the Act of Uniformity, which excludes them from nothing that they could under any conceivable circumstances enjoy? And what motive can it be that urges them to place themselves at the head of a movement for its repeal?

The question is not very hard to answer. Their motive is precisely that which weighed with the Independents at the time of the great Rebellion. They have no more real sympathy with the Wesleyans or the Presbyterians than Cromwell and Harrison had with the Presbyterians of their day. They have no real objection to the Act of Uniformity, for the state of things which preceded it is as odious to them as the state of things which followed it. But they need allies. They are too few and too unpopular to fight alone. Their views are too repulsive to the mass of Englishmen to give them a chance of success until the public mind has been prepared by preliminary measures of subversion of a milder and less startling kind.

Mr. Miall and his friends of the Liberation Society have been recently convinced of the unpopularity of their schemes by a rude and uncereemonious method of persuasion. Both he and Mr. Bright have committed the error, capital in revolutionists, of too great frankness. It is very seldom that the established state of things is so weak that it can be carried by storm at the first attack: it must be reached by slow and gradual approaches; its principal defences must be laboriously mined; its garrison must be demoralized by the concessions of treacherous or faint-hearted friends. The professors of extreme opinions, who always in the end profit by revolutions, only damage their own chances by appearing too early on the scene. There is always a danger that the premature publication of their ultimate aspirations may terrify the partisans of the established state of things, and rouse them to an obstinate resistance. It is always better to let the moderate party do their work. They will destroy the assailed institution quite

quite as effectively, though they may take a longer time in doing it; and they will meet with a much less resolute resistance. There must always be Girondins to pave the way for Jacobins; there must always be Presbyterians to open the door for Independents; there must always be sentimental Liberals to smooth the way for hard-headed practical Radicals. Mr. Miall and Mr. Bright have made the same sort of mistake as Danton would have committed if he had demanded the erection of the revolutionary tribunal in the year 1789. They have startled the world by a candid and faithful delineation of the abyss down which they were inviting us to descend, before we had well accomplished the preliminary stages. And in the case of the Church of England their candour has been peculiarly ill-advised. The Church of England is too massive a fortress, her bulwarks are grounded too deeply in the affections of the nation, to be carried by storm at a single blow. Nor are the affections of the people in this case her only defence. The particular measures, advocated by her antagonists for the purpose of destroying her, outrage a set of feelings more sensitive and more widely spread than any ecclesiastical allegiance. Projects of spoliation alarm other classes besides the friends of the Church; for landed proprietors have an instinctive aversion to seeing landed property violently transferred. Proposals for annihilating one of the estates of the realm have an interest which is something more than ecclesiastical. Many very indeavour politicians would look with consternation at an attempt to make so large a hole in the foundations of the ancient edifice of the Constitution. The result is, that the tactics of the Liberation Society up to this time have eminently failed. They did not want for many elements of success. Their organisation was perfect, and the funds placed at their command furnished at least a pledge of their sincerity and argued a zeal amounting to fanaticism. But though the pressure which they have brought to bear on Parliament has been considerable, their political success has not proved proportionate to the outlay either of money or of labour. Up to this time the investment has been a failure. The apparent prosperity which smiled upon them for a considerable number of years has been suddenly blighted by an unlooked-for change of fortune. Their frequent triumphs and growing power in Parliament had deluded them into the belief that their victories were due to their own real preponderance in the country, when in truth they were only snatched from the indolence of their opponents. But when the Church at last was induced to rouse herself, the delusion disappeared. Lord Melbourne used to say, in his reckless way, 'it takes a great deal to move the Church of England, but, when she is once moved, the devil himself cannot stop her.' The last two or three years have
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signally verified the accuracy of this description: at least Mr. Miall and his friends have not been able to stop her. All the visions of spoliation and confiscation, upon which for a long time past they had been regaling their imaginations, have suddenly vanished; and even the small morsel of church-rates, with which they were hoping to take off the hungry edge of their appetite, has been snatched from their very mouths. It has been no little proof of the real, though too often dormant, power of the Church, that she has been able to compel the House of Commons to condemn as unjust by a majority of seventeen that which three years before the same body of men had sanctioned by a majority of seventy.

It must have been abundantly clear for some time past, even to the minds of less practical strategists than Mr. Miall, that his tactics had broken down. The vital defect of them was a want of power. They would have been suitable enough if he had been manœuvring at the head of a really formidable force. But he had never actually commanded more than a very insignificant portion of the constituencies; and though by abundance of noise and rapidity of movement, and a clever use of the close balance of parties, he had given them the appearance of ten times their number, it was impossible but that such a deception should be unmasked at last. If, indeed, the Church were to relax from the exertions she has taken so tardily, it is not impossible that the fortune of the war might change again. A Member of Parliament is an admirable dynamometer. He measures with exact precision the amount of pressure to the square inch exerted upon him by the opposing parties in his constituency. At one time the Churchman slumbers while the more wakeful Dissenter presses with his whole force; and the Member, with responsive liberality, professes that, while he is an attached, though unworthy, member of the Established Church, he feels that the moment for concession has arrived. At another time the Churchman is half awake, and the pressure is tolerably equal; and accordingly the Member goes to the Chester races on the day of the division, or is afflicted with an opportune influenza. When at last, with much difficulty, the Churchman is fully roused, and the pressure begins to correspond to the real relative power of the two parties, then the Member comes to the conclusion, with regret, and with every desire to promote religious liberty, that the limit of concession has been reached, and that the encroachment of Dissenters must be resisted. If this has not been always the tone of the majority of the House of Commons, it is simply the Churchmen themselves who are to blame. As long as they maintain the energetic attitude which has produced so
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marked an effect on the division list, so long all direct attacks against Church property will fail. They will merely serve to discredit and to weaken the party from whom they come.

Mr. Miall and the other able men who direct the movements of the Liberation party appear not to be insensible to the vast difficulties which have suddenly surrounded their once prosperous undertaking. The direct attack must be postponed indefinitely till Churchmen shall be lulled off into apathy again; an event which is not likely to take place till a generation has grown up that is ignorant of the evidence of Dr. Foster and Mr. Samuel Morley. The time is come for a new system of tactics. The enterprise cannot succeed if it is left in the hands of those alone who object to established Churches altogether. The attacking force must be strengthened by allies recruited from some other quarter. There are malcontents in plenty to be found who are hostile enough to the Church, but whose hostility does not extend to a dislike of Church establishments altogether. Numbers of the sects who have multiplied outside the pale of the Established Church are divided from her either by some point of incidental or secondary importance. It is either some small point of ecclesiastical discipline, or a general dislike of restraint on the part of their original founders; or their schism was caused in the first instance by the apathy with which the zeal of those founders was originally encountered, and has since maintained itself by the strength of its own momentum. They have no more dislike to the principle of an Establishment than a poor man dislikes the principle of property. The only wish they entertain upon the subject is that a portion of the property should belong to them. To a certain extent these sects have given their assistance in the agitation against the church-rate because that is a kind of property which, by the unfortunate arrangements of the existing law, seems to take the form of a personal contribution from themselves. But farther than this they cannot be induced to go. They will not join in any movement so revolutionary as one that seeks to pour into the coffers of the State the revenues which the Established Church now draws from tithes and land. Yet their aid must be had, if any success is to be achieved. Accordingly a new line of attack appears to have been sketched out, in which they may be induced to bear a part. The purely destructive enterprise is put aside for the present. It is not professedly renounced, far less abandoned; but, for the present, till better days shall dawn, it is not to be ostentatiously avowed or vigorously pushed. And those champions who have had the good fortune not to commit themselves to it are henceforth to use language of studied moderation. They are to profess an inexhaust-

ible tenderness for Church property, and a religious regard for the sanctity of tithes. The alarming watchwords of the Liberation Society are not to cross their lips. In their stead they are to be furnished with a totally different pattern of cry, properly fitted up with bran-new sentiments and facts. In pursuance of the new policy, it would even seem that a change of commanders has taken place. For the coming campaign generals have been appointed who are likely to command the confidence of the newly-joined allies. It is needless to say that Dr. Foster will give no more evidence. Mr. Miall and 'the noisy political agitators' are publicly disclaimed by influential Dissenters.* Mr. Miall himself even tries to escape by explanations of a far-fetched character from the too candid phrases of his 'Nonconformist Sketch-book.' In the campaign which this bicentenary celebration is to commence, it is evident, from the speeches that have been already delivered, that the weapons employed will be of a sympathetic and sentimental character. Mr. Bright, with his unmanageable rockets, which only put his own side to rout, is to be sent ignominiously to the rear. To avoid exasperating debates, operations are to be conducted in the House of Lords, where the burly Cleon of the Liberation Society will be unable to assist the Church with one of his invaluable invectives. In his place the Dissenting cause is to be represented by the mild oratory of Lord Ebury, whose meek helplessness under the fire of his episcopal adversary's wit is more likely to excite pity than defiance. The object of the attack is no longer to be the union of Church and State, but only the Act of Uniformity: 'Comprehension,' not 'Confiscation,' is to be the cry.

It is impossible to deny the wisdom and the self-restraint with which the new policy of the Liberationists has been selected. They have renounced all idea of using the approaching festival for the open propagation of their own peculiar views. They are willing to leave their own pet schemes to be worked out by the indirect though certain operation of the movement into which they are hurrying their guileless allies. For a time they are content to follow, in order that they may one day lead. They are satisfied to join in the clamour for concessions which are not apparently incompatible with the idea of an Established Church, knowing that from such concessions its ruin must surely and swiftly follow. In the mean time the cry of 'Comprehension' is everything that an agitator can desire. It possesses all the qualities of a good, useful, serviceable cry. It does not strike that terror into the hearts of secular proprietors which is excited

* As by Mr. Allen on the platform at Bristol.

by any hint of spoliation. It can be carried out without open violation of the rights of property. And to many men, who do not look beneath the surface, it has a very captivating sound. Separation, isolation, exclusion, are never pleasant words to a Christian ear. There are no earnest men of any party but long for the day when the 'unhappy divisions,' against which we annually pray, and which paralyze so much of the strength of Christianity, shall be healed up. There is no difference of opinion as to the soreness of the disease; but it is far more difficult to agree upon the cause from which it arises and the remedy that is to cure it. Those who inquire of history for a reply, and have noted how these divisions date from the first dawn of the existence of our religion, how they have hardened with its growth and multiplied with its extension, will be slow to believe that an Act of Parliament has caused them, or that an Act of Parliament can be their cure. A deeper origin and a more inveterate character must be assigned to a disease which has clung to Christianity in every land and every age where it has been submitted to the action of the speculations and the passions of men. But the Liberation Society are quite right in their calculation that numbers of men will take a more superficial and a more sanguine view. There are many kindly and gentle natures who cannot bear to believe that such a malady is incurable, and prefer to impute the existence of divisions to the formulas of doctrine which are the subjects of controversy. Dissent, they think, would not exist, if the dogmas which are dissented from were swept away; nonconformity would cease, if the tests which ascertain it were abolished. They do not propose to themselves, much less to their brother Churchmen, that all dogmas shall be abolished, and all tests relaxed, so as to include every species of Dissenter within the nominal unity of the reconstructed Church. Most of them, probably, would admit, if hard pressed, that universal conformity would be dearly purchased by the abandonment of all dogma of every kind. But they are willing to carry out upon a small scale the process which they shrink from pushing to its ultimate extent. They will not sell all their dogma to buy any amount of conformity; but they will sell a little dogma to buy a little conformity. They only wish to relax the test just a little, so as to include within its limits some sectaries who are lying close upon the border. But when they have accomplished that relaxation, they have no wish to go further. They will entertain no project for including the sects a little further on, who will then be lying close upon the border. They are fully resolved to defend the new test just as vigorously as we are now defending the old.

Whether they will be able to do so, or whether their own present efforts may not hereafter furnish a formidable vantage-ground to the Comprehensionists of a future day, are questions with which they do not distress themselves. It is sufficient for the present that they desire to throw open the emoluments of the Church to their own favourite sects of Dissenters. And accordingly, with Lord Ebury at their head and Mr. Miall in their rear, all the Dissenters and a number of *quasi* Churchmen are arraying themselves against the Act of Uniformity, which is the main obstacle to the particular comprehension which they desire. It has not occurred to them to inquire what is the motive to which they owe the suspicious assistance of the Independents, or why the Congregational Union have organized a 'Bicentenary' to bolster up their agitation. That astute body of men do not usually waste their powder in idle expressions of sympathy. That they to whom a National Church is odious can gain nothing by opening its portals wider, needs no proof. They cannot expect any direct advantage from the repeal of the Act of Uniformity. It must, then, be an indirect advantage that they expect. It is possible that they look a little further than Lord Ebury does. Perhaps they do not believe in the moderate and limited Comprehension upon which he confidently counts. They have probably examined with care the extent of the changes which, willingly or unwillingly, Lord Ebury, if victorious, will achieve, and the effect which those changes will have upon the stability of the National Church. As the result of the examination has been a determination to give Lord Ebury their unqualified support—in fact to do his agitation for him—it may be worth while to follow them for a short distance upon that ground.

If Lord Ebury had lived two hundred years ago, and had been more successful in converting the Bishops of that day than he is with the Bishops of this, it is possible that he might have effected the comprehension he desires with only a moderate amount of harm to the Church. There is no doubt that political considerations weighed quite as strongly as those connected with religion in prescribing the tests that were adopted at that time. In 1662 it was necessary to prevent the Church endowments from being used to feed an insurrectionary propaganda; and in 1690 it was necessary to save her from the hands of a clique of political adventurers who wished to make her an instrument for securing their own ascendancy. If only religious considerations had been in question, it is probable that a point would have been stretched to include some of the more moderate Nonconformists. Whether such a measure would have been for evil or for good, the test might have been fixed at the point which Lord Ebury

Ebury desires, without much danger of its being subsequently moved. Religious divisions were much more sharply marked then, and the theological area covered by each religious sect was much more easily ascertained. Dissent was confined within comparatively narrow limits. The disputants were not so numerous, nor the subjects of dispute so various. The main body of controversialists did not differ either concerning the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, or concerning the authority of those Apostolic preachers to whose teaching all controversies were by common consent referable. That strange distinction between 'historical Christianity' and non-historical Christianity had not then arisen. There were Deists, but they did not pretend to be Christians; and to the majority of them religion of any kind was strange. If changes had been made, therefore, it was easy to measure the extent to which those changes were to go. So long as the demands of the Calvinists were accorded, there would have been few other claimants of importance left to satisfy. We are now living in very different times. Erratic and unquiet intellects do not now concern themselves with the use of the Cross in baptism, or the ring in marriage, or the posture of communicants at the altar. The questions over which the abler minds of our age are battling take a far wider range, and go far deeper to the foundations of our faith. The differences of opinion among those who call themselves by the name of Christ in these times are not those that could be satisfied by the omission of a rubric, or the modification of an occasional service. We have but just emerged from a fierce controversy; but it has not been upon details of posture or of expression. We have had ecclesiastical trials upon disputed dogmas, and ecclesiastical censures upon heretics. But the points in issue have been of very different importance from those which Laud dealt with before the High Commission, or those on which the ejected of 1662 refused to conform. Lord Ebury seems to have hastily assumed that, because the Prayer-book was the stumbling-block then, it must also be the stumbling-block now. It is a remarkable illustration of the anachronism of his proposals, that while he is asking Parliament to relieve the clergy from the intolerable burden of assenting to the Prayer-book, all the recent doctrinal trials have mainly arisen out of alleged offences against the Articles. He has to deal with a condition of the intellectual world utterly different from that which prevailed when schemes of comprehension were mooted two centuries ago. Men who claim the title of Christians, and who have every right to it so far as purity of intention and holiness of life can confer it, are scrutinizing, with no partial or tender

tender hand, the cardinal doctrines of our Faith, and the foundations upon which the Faith itself reposes; and their speculations are encouraged rather than restrained by the temper of the generation in which they live. Extensive disbelief upon points of vital moment, at best a vagueness and suspension of conviction, is at the present time the prevailing tone of mind among too many of the most thoughtful and the most moral of our educated classes. Intellectually speaking, we live in one of those periods of anarchy which are the consequence and the sure punishment of a period of civil war. Controversy has raged among us till the habit of submission and the capacity for cohesion have disappeared. Upon the good or the evil of this state of things it is not here our province to enlarge. But it is a fact which, in discussing a legislative interference with the existing tests of orthodoxy, it is impossible to ignore.

But Lord Ebury, and the Bicentenarians who back him, may possibly reply, 'What is all this to us? We have no intention of comprehending these freethinkers. Too many are comprehended already for our taste. It is only the orthodox Dissenters whom we desire to admit.' It is perfectly true that Lord Ebury's latest proposition affects a very limited body of men. It does not propose to abolish the Prayer-book, or to relieve the Clergy from the obligation of using it. That proposition was never submitted to discussion. He only proposes to release them from the necessity of declaring their assent to it. Consequently he will only relieve that very remarkable class whose consciences forbid them to profess their assent to the doctrines contained in the Prayer-book, but whose consciences do not forbid them to proclaim those doctrines as facts in an address to Almighty God. For the credit of human nature, we are willing to believe that the number whom his proposal would admit into the Church is very small indeed: but the question is not who will be admitted by his proposals; but whom will he be able to exclude, when once the question of readjusting the Church-tests is opened. What ground has he for the idea that those who are aggrieved by the Articles will be silent, when those who are aggrieved by the Prayer-book are being relieved? Or how will the Parliament that has yielded to the one class protect itself, with any pretence of fairness, from the importunities of the other? There is a motley throng of religionists crowding outside the door of the Church, anxious to force their way in, in order to divide the treasure which is stored inside. As long as the door is kept shut, they cannot reach even the smallest objects of plunder. They have made the effort recently, with at first some prospect of success, and have been in the end bitterly disappointed. But Lord Ebury

Ebury has two or three friends among the throng outside whom he is very anxious to let in : and, therefore, he begs to be allowed to open the door just a very little. But he is extremely eager to convince the stern guardians of the door that it is only to be opened just ajar, and that the very moment his friends have slipped in, it shall be securely closed again. The only question is whether the Socinians, and other stalwart sectaries behind, who do not enjoy the advantage of Lord Ebury's friendship, will allow him to smuggle in his own friends, and then patiently stand perfectly still while he slams the door back in their faces. Lord Ebury, whose simplicity is as confiding as his charity is amiable, believes that they will. We, who have the misfortune to take a gloomier view of mankind, have, on the contrary, an uneasy suspicion that they will not.

As his Bicentenary friends have apparently persuaded Lord Ebury that this enterprise is practicable, let us look for a moment at the conditions it requires. Before he can persuade Parliament to accept a scheme of comprehension, which is to divide the Dissenters into two bodies, of whom one shall be taken and the other left, he must either point out to it some sharp natural line of division between the two, upon which they can take their stand in order to resist further change : or else he must persuade them that those whom he finally excludes are too feeble to be troublesome, and too meek to avail themselves of the precedent which he is creating for them. The last alternative may clearly be put aside at once. The freethinkers whom he would exclude are strong in ability, in the influence they have gained with a certain section of the educated classes, and in the fact that, as a school, they are young and have the promise of the future before them. The Unitarians, with whom on such a question they would act, also possess a strength arising from social position and ability out of all proportion to their numbers. They would never moot such a question of themselves : without assistance they would be powerless to force the defences of the Church of England. The Church as she exists is a very difficult thing for them to disturb. The present tests—from the power of tradition, from the force of habit, from the testimony of two centuries' experience to their wise adaptation to the people for whom they were framed, from the association and veneration that have grown up around them, and from the great men who have devoted themselves to her defence—have a strength which, they well know, would be wanting to any new test. So long as the existing formularies standing by the right of a long prescription are left untouched, they may be content to acquiesce. They may not care to light up an agitation which will only clear the ground for the Protestant

testant Dissenters. But if the question is fairly opened for discussion, it is impossible to believe that they would be silent. They would be more or less than men, if, when the gate is open, and the others are pressing in for a general scramble, they should refuse to follow and enjoy their share.

We may safely assume that, when once alteration has begun, Lord Ebury will not be suffered in peace to fix it precisely at that special point which he, in his wisdom, has selected as the limit of vital Christianity. If only for their honour's sake, the sects whom he excludes will not be satisfied to allow the disgrace of not being Christians to be branded upon them formally by a new decision of Parliament. He may be quite sure that, if he succeeds in paring down the Prayer-book, the Articles will not be left alone. As soon as the Baptist, under his protection, has begun filing down the Baptismal services, and the Presbyterian is working at the Ordinal, and all Nonconformists combined are engaged in taking the edge off the Communion service, others equally bent upon destruction will rush upon the Formularies which they hold in especial horror. The Unitarian will aim a blow at the Article which affirms the Trinity, and the Article which affirms the Nicene and Athanasian creeds: the Universalist will attack the Article which limits salvation to the followers of Christ: the Germanizer will fall upon the Article which recognises the authority of Scripture. The question then arises, How will Lord Ebury and the party of comprehension deal with these unwelcome allies? Will they be able to suggest to Parliament any principle upon which one set of Dissenters can be comprehended, and the other set of Dissenters can be proscribed? All schemes for altering the Formularies are violent acts of power, which must have some solid intelligible principle to rest on. The only principle applicable to the present day is the theory that the national Church should be coextensive with the national belief. If comprehension is once begun, no distinction can be set up, no boundary can be traced, by which any section of religionists can justly be marked off from the rest, and denied the benefits to which others are admitted. Even if such a line of demarcation were just in principle, it could not be drawn in practice. We have not a few sharply defined sects to deal with. The area of thought which we are asked to divide by a new test into orthodox and heterodox is a vast controversial zone, stretching from the very verge of Romanism on one side to the very verge of Atheism on the other, and covered by innumerable gradations of opinion fading into each other by indistinguishable shades. If Parliament were a council of Japanese sages, untouched by the controversial passions of the West, it could

could not lay its finger upon the point where Christianity ends, and Infidelity begins. But consisting as it does of a body of men intensely interested in the issues on which these questions turn, and deeply tinged with the inevitable partisanship of a controversial struggle, nothing short of a revolution could force it into agreeing upon a new test.

Even if a new test were possible, it would not be Comprehension. It might transfer the Church property into new hands, as was done by the Puritan measures of 1643; but it would not bring with it comprehension in any sense, because it would expel as many Churchmen of the old pattern as it would manufacture of the new. Lord Ebury is obstinately blind to the fact that, in the eyes of a great number of persons, the comprehension of error implies the abandonment of truth. There are theologians—though Lord Ebury may not credit the fact—who think that some positive statement is indispensable in a profession of belief, and who would distinctly decline to belong to a confession that confessed nothing. We are not advancing a doctrine—we are simply speaking to a fact, of which Lord Ebury may convince himself by procuring an invitation to any Ruridecanal meeting in the country. He will find that there are men in considerable numbers who would deem it a betrayal of Christian truth to be joined to a communion in which the Truth is treated as an open question. If he needs proof, he will find it in the indignation which has been excited among the clergy by the Burials Bill, and which has forced Sir Morton Peto ignominiously to withdraw it. The Bill was a proposal that, under certain limitations, the churchyard should be opened, not only, as heretofore, to the ministrations of the Church, but also to those of every sect of Dissenters. From the churchyard to the church is of course but a step; and no principle could be devised that should admit Dissenters to the one and yet exclude them from the other. The Bill did not open our churches to the common use of all Dissenters in terms; but it did so in principle. It would have been impossible, after the Bill had once passed, to resist further change. It was, in fact, a proposal of Comprehension on a grand scale. In this light the clergy read it; and the result shows how any proposals of Comprehension would be welcomed by them. It would in no way have interfered with their ministrations. It would have bound them to no new statement of belief, and to no new ecclesiastical obligation. It would only have admitted practically that other doctrines conflicting with theirs might possibly be as true as theirs. To the keen comprehensionist this ‘only’ may seem a small matter. But it has not seemed so to them. The feeling which was produced among the clergy through the length and

and breadth of the land the moment that this fair-spoken Bill issued from the Select Committee exceeded, both in rapidity and intensity, anything that this generation has yet witnessed. Their alarm upon the subject of church-rates has been a mere lethargy compared to the indignation evoked by this foretaste of Comprehension. It is a long day since the Liberal members connected with counties or rural boroughs have passed such an evil time of it. The petitions that have been sent up, in an astonishingly brief space of time, from all parts of England, will form a profitable subject of meditation for those who think that a relaxation of tests would meet with that ready acquiescence which is indispensable for its success as a measure of Comprehension. It is of course open to Lord Ebury and the Liberals of every degree to vituperate this condition of mind to their hearts' content; but when they have fully relieved their feelings upon the subject, the fact that it exists will still confront them. If their object be, as they profess, not to transfer the endowments of the Church of England from one set of owners to another, but simply to enlarge her borders, so as to include a larger body of believers, this state of feeling, which they appear wholly to ignore, must necessarily frustrate their endeavours. Their measures of comprehension are necessarily measures of exclusion also. As fast as their relaxation of the formularies attracts new members of the Church on one side, the denial of the faith which that relaxation is supposed to involve will drive the old members out of it at the other side. Their task is the task of the Danaides. The stream which will flow out under their hands at one end will fully equal the stream they are labouring to pour in at the other.

We may safely assume, therefore, that the construction of a new test is an impossibility. A *Formula Concordiæ* is always a perplexing instrument to construct. Even when it is only meant to cover a narrow and well-defined area, the difficulty of finding theological language which shall eliminate that which is deadly heresy in the eyes of one party, and yet spare that which is vital truth in the eyes of the other, is well nigh insuperable. But in the case of sects which differ both from her and from each other so widely as those with whom the Church of England is now contending, the task is an impossibility in terms. A new test that should include only a fraction of the sects would be resisted by those whom it would exclude; and one that should include a considerable proportion of them would be impossible, for the simple reason that the presence of each other would be mutually intolerable to all. It is possible to abide by the present tests, which recent experience has taught us

go at least as far in the way of comprehension as it is possible to go; but no change can be made in them which shall stop short of their entire abolition.

It is to this, if the Comprehensionists succeed, that we must inevitably come. There are those who profess to see in such a result a triumph for pure religion. They imagine that the necessity of agreeing upon some common belief is the chief hindrance to the growth of true Christianity, and that men would struggle more heartily to propagate the Gospel if every one entertained and professed a different conception of what it meant. We are not inclined to assent to the proposition that faith thrives best where preaching is most conflicting. We should rather point to the cases of America and Geneva, where the experiment has been extensively tried, as teaching a very different lesson. Faith has ever grown more negative, and love has ever grown more cold, in proportion as divisions have multiplied. But this question is beside our immediate purpose. We are at present concerned to inquire, how the position of the Church as an Establishment would be affected by the abolition of tests, or by a relaxation of them which will be tantamount to abolition, and inevitably lead to it. Its first effect must be to eliminate all spiritual religion from the body which has been subjected to the process. No body of religious men ever were or ever will be maintained in the condition which the Established Church would present after such a change. To act as part of an elaborate religious organization, without the slightest guarantee that those who lead you, or those who are working at your side, have one single aim, wish, or belief in common with you, would be a condition of sustained hypocrisy in which no really pious or earnest spirit could exist. The first effect of such a change would be to drive off all the nobler spirits in the Church to join some religious organization in which they could at least be certain that they would not be countenancing by their co-operation the propagation of that which they count as deadly heresy. That a large secession would immediately follow upon any latitudinarian relaxation of tests, no one who knows anything of the clergy could entertain a doubt. But what will happen to the *caput mortuum* they will leave behind? What will become of the medley of religionists who will remain in unfastidious complacency to enjoy the good things which their more scrupulous brethren have abandoned? Will the people throng affectionately to the fabrics which have become a common house of call to twenty different sects?—or pay much reverence to the pulpits from which twenty different Gospels are preached? And what will be the political strength of a body of men whom no common aims, no common faith, no common

common associations bind together? What support will the laity accord to an organization which exists, not for the purpose of preaching a definite faith, but merely for the purpose of receiving revenues?

There can be no question that Mr. Miall's policy is far-sighted and wise. Such an agitation as that which this Bicentenary inaugurates, and Lord Ebury consents to head, will do his work so thoroughly that even Dr. Foster and Mr. Samuel Morley will not be able to spoil it. When once the Act of Uniformity is gone, his enemy, the Established Church, will be an easy prey. He will have little need to organize an agitation when the brotherhood which makes her now so strong shall have become a rope of sand. No virulent denunciations will be required to persuade the nation into contempt of a State machine, constructed, not to proclaim to men the one faith once delivered to the saints, but only to fulfil a function of police by inculcating, upon the basis of a score of conflicting Gospels, the virtues which politicians value. No Liberation Society will be needed to free us from such a curse as that. When matters have come to that pass, we shall ourselves gladly join with Mr. Miall in demanding the abolition of a contrivance so admirably adapted for quenching all faith, and chilling all religion out of the souls of men.

It is indispensable for their security that Churchmen should learn to recognise the change that has come over the battle they must fight. During the last thirty or forty years the struggle has been a simple one. The existence or the privileges of the Established Church were the subject matter of contest, and her friends and her enemies were the combatants on each side. In each battle that she lost, she was compelled to renounce some advantage that she had possessed before; and nothing less than her existence was the stake of the war in which she was engaged. She was fighting for dear life with inexorable foes. With them it was a war to the knife; they denounced her as 'a great aristocratic imposture—a disgusting pretence—a falsehood cloaked in truth—a life-destroying upas.'* They painted her as 'destroying more souls than she saved.'† They asked whether men had 'ever pondered on the practical meaning of that word—a State Church? Have they never looked into the dark, polluted, inner chamber of which it is the door? Have they never caught a glimpse of the loathsome things that live and crawl and gender there?'‡ And their policy was as unsparing as their language. They aimed avowedly at simple extermination. They 'sum-

* 'Nonconformist's Sketch Book,' pp. 16, 34.

† 'British Churches in relation to the British People,' p. 250.

‡ 'Nonconformist's Sketch Book,' p. 16.

moned—they still summon—round their standard secular auxiliaries, tempting them by the rich spoil the Church of England offers; but it is not that they may share the plunder. Their principles forbid them to desire any of it for their own body. They do not seek to grow fat upon her ruin, but only to bring her down to a level with themselves. They offer her property to the State—to the Educationists—to the Landlords—to any one, in fact, who will aid them to wrench it out of their great rival's hand. Very different is the policy of the new antagonists with whom she is confronted now. The other section of Non-conformists, who now appear to be opening their trenches against her position, are no ways disposed to so thriftless and prodigal a policy. They do not wish to give up to indiscriminate pillage a land flowing with milk and honey. They are too anxious to partake of the vintage to desire to open the vineyard to the trampling hoof of the secular wild boar. They are well content that a certain amount of property should be set apart to secure the due performance of God's worship. They are very willing to acquiesce in the existing state of things with a very slight modification. They have no conscientious objections to an Establishment. The only change they would suggest is, that they should be the Establishment themselves. Their object is not to destroy, but simply to transfer. Consequently, though they are obliged to act with him, they look on Mr. Miall simply as a marplot. His violent opinions may wreck the cause of Establishments altogether before the gratifying change they contemplate can be effected. They are compelled to accept his aid, because they wish to frighten the Church into concession; but they would deplore his success as heartily as any. Their speeches are full of professions of good-will to the Established Church; and if they taunt her occasionally, it is not because she is an Established Church, but only because she is 'bigoted and exclusive.' In fact, they are decidedly tender to her; though it resembles more closely a lover's tenderness towards a wealthy heiress, or an epicure's tenderness towards his dinner, than any other form of that emotion. Whatever its genuine meaning, it is much pleasanter to deal with than the fulminations of Mr. Miall, if only for its superior politeness and good taste. But their antagonism, whether they mean it or not, is not the less real, and not the less deadly. On the contrary, they are in truth far the most dangerous assailants of the two. One attacks only the temporal accidents, the other the spiritual essence of her character. Mr. Miall, if he were successful, would destroy our religious community as an Establishment: Lord Ebury would, though he means it not, inevitably destroy it as a Church. Mr. Miall would
take

take from the Church of England the sinews of the spiritual war Lord Ebury would stifle within her the very life on which her powers depend. If she were stripped of all her wealth, she still would preach the Gospel that has been committed to her, though within narrower limits and with feebler powers. But when she has been deprived of that definite faith, by and for which she lives, there will be disseminated in her name merely a mass of conflicting dogmas, breathing into the soul the ineradicable doubt whether Truth exists at all. This is the new peril which this new agitation against the Act of Uniformity opens to our view; and all that we have hitherto struggled to avert dwindles into insignificance by its side.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Les Misérables*. Par Victor Hugo. Bruxelles, 1862.

‘**L**E livre que le lecteur a sous les yeux en ce moment, c’est, d’un bout à l’autre, dans son ensemble et dans ses détails, quelles que soient les intermittences, les exceptions ou les défaillances, la marche du mal au bien, de l’injuste au juste, du faux au vrai, de la nuit au jour, de l’appétit à la conscience, de la pourriture à la vie, de la bestialité au devoir, de l’enfer au ciel, du néant à Dieu. Point de départ : la matière ;—point d’arrivée : l’âme. L’hydre au commencement, l’ange à la fin.’* Such are the words in which M. Victor Hugo incidentally sets forth the pith and gist of the ten volumes before us. Strange words, indeed, to come from the pen of a French novelist under the Second Empire ; and all the more strange because, we are thankful to say, they convey no vain boast. They are in the main true. It was observed by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that to make the morals of her contemporaries square with the enactments of the Divine law, the printers of the Book of Common Prayer ought in future to omit all the *nots* in the Decalogue. In like manner it might be said, that if at each clause of the passage quoted above you were to insert a *not*—or, in other words, if you were to read the passage backwards—you would not in the slightest degree overstate the ‘*marche*’ which French fiction has taken during the last ten years. Proud as the Third Napoleon may be of the masterly manner in which his Parisian *edility* (as the French newspapers term it) have ruled out the capital in streets as straight (and we might add, as stiff and unpicturesque) as the lines in a schoolboy’s copybook ; bright as may be the lustre which he believes himself to have thrown over France by the less peaceful triumphs of Magenta and Solferino with which he has saddled the gratitude of Italy ; it will be a grave omission on the part of his historian if he omit to notice that while he embellished the streets of Paris with marble and mortar, his era enervated the minds of its inhabitants with a literature as filthy, as frivolous, and as false as ever sapped the morals of a nation or made the fortune of a publisher. Such works as ‘*Madame*

* Vol. ix. p. 205.

Bovary,' as 'Fanny,' 'Daniel' et Compagnie, reaching as they have done, some of them, a bonâ fide twentieth edition, and dragging in their trail the details of a medical treatise on the nervous diseases of women, poisoned by the nastiness of a prurient mind and set out with all the artifice of a showy pen, are not so much outrages on decency as signs of the times amid which they crawled out of the dunghill—their authors' brains—to bask themselves in the sunny *étalage* of the Rue Vivienne or of the Rue de la Paix, of a Levy or an Amyot. Shut out from all the inestimable benefits which political life confers, taught to believe meanwhile that in order to have the full use of liberty they must learn not to abuse it—which sounds like telling a man that to get the use of his limbs he must never stir but in a Bath chair—Frenchmen have allowed themselves to seek elsewhere for some substitute for that healthy excitement and play of mind which they can no longer find in the field of politics: we might add, which they no longer seek. Drowned in the beastly sinks of sensuality, zealous for nothing unless it be *côté à la Bourse*, the mind of France is only rescued from that most fatal disease, political apathy, by the vigorous efforts of those faithful few, the *δαδούχοι* in the race after everything which constitutes the higher life of man, who, from the Aventine of a dignified Secession, protest against the reign of a coarse materialism, and sustain, in all their force and beauty, the traditions of one of the noblest bodies of literature that ever wedded lofty thoughts to words that burn.*

Considered, then, with reference to the works of fiction which have caused the greatest 'fureur' in France during the last ten years, this new novel of Victor Hugo's, conceived as it is in the spirit which its author justly vindicates for it in the words which

* From the strictures in which we have here indulged on the light literature of France, it would be an unpardonable omission not to except the charming little works of M. J. T. de St. Germain—a pseudonym of a very transparent character to any one who has ever had before his eyes the books on which it figures. A writer in the 'Saturday Review' (Sept. 20, 1862), in speaking of the difficulty which French writers seem to experience 'in writing with success on the side of virtue,' and of the futility of that species of warning which is based on the example of anomalous and monstrous folly, rightly adds, that 'the best device of the instructive novelist is to sketch an ideal, to kindle or foster the better feelings of readers by inspiring notions of something purer, nobler, and better than themselves.' Such is the object which M. J. T. de St. Germain has proposed to himself in the 'Légende pour une Epingle,' in 'Mignon,' in 'Lady Clare,' and in 'Pour Parvenir,' &c. Not that the morality is offensively obtruded: it arises naturally out of the incidents related—it is put forth, not put on. To those who have experienced the difficulty of meeting with books among the current works of French fiction which may safely be left about, and are as adapted *virginibus puerisque* as for the ripper taste of a more advanced age, it may be useful to be furnished with the titles of the above works, which in France at least have met with a success, less noisy indeed, but scarcely less substantial, than that of their impure rivals.

we have placed at the head of this article, is a most welcome and noteworthy exception. Occasional grossness of expression indeed too frequently escapes him, but there is nothing that bewrays impurity of thought. The genius of the poet and the mind of the man have both of them been of too high an order to stoop to such lewdness, consciously and lovingly caressed, as seems to allure the readers and to absorb the minds of a Flaubert and a Feydeau. To what purpose, indeed, is Poesy a 'winged thing,' as Plato calls it, if it do not raise itself above the dirt and dust of the earth earthy, and become a 'sursum corda' to the world?

Hitherto we have allowed M. Victor Hugo to give his own version of the general tendencies of 'LES MISÉRABLES,' and this with the view of pointing out *in limine* the exceptional position which he so honourably holds in the French literature of the day. We must now, however, look more closely into the matter, and furnish the reader with such details as may give him a more accurate idea of the scope of the work, the nature of the story, and the merits of the style.

First, then, as to the material bulk and formal division of 'Les Misérables.' It consists of ten volumes, divided into five parts of two volumes each. These five parts bear successively and respectively the following designations:—I. FANTINE; II. COSETTE; III. MARIUS; IV. L'IDYLLE RUE PLUMET ET L'ÉPOPEE RUE ST. DENIS; V. JEAN VALJEAN. Each 'part' again is divided into eight or more 'books,' and each 'book' into chapters, and to the chapters are affixed headings, selected apparently for the purpose of giving the reader the smallest possible idea of the nature of the contents. The far-fetched conceits in which M. Hugo here indulges betray an amount of affectation scarcely compatible with good taste. The 4000 pages, in round numbers, of which the ten volumes (Brussels edition) consist would make about 1300 pages of the same type as the 'Quarterly Review.'

It is not, we believe, very generally known that 'Les Misérables' is the work of two writers—the one a poet, the other a system-monger; the one richly endowed with feelings of the highest order, which come to him as naturally as instincts (and herein is he a poet); the other sententiously parading the crudest notions, the product of no thought, the result of no experience, as the very foundations of Law and Order, as the only conditions on which the happiness of a nation can be secured, and the victory over Sin and Misery completed. The one great on the smallest theme—the gambols of an infant: the other small on the greatest theme—the relation of the Individual to the State,

and the condition of the Dangerous Classes. This literary partnership has been productive of all the mischief which might be expected from the collaboration of two minds of so opposite a character. It is not only that we are indebted to it for the infliction of nearly one thousand pages of digressions with which we could well have dispensed, but these digressions mar the interest by interrupting the sequence of the story, which they do nothing to develope, and everything to retard. So great, indeed, is the injury which the social and political quack has done to his colleague the poet, that many critics have been thrown, it would seem, off the scent; have been unable to reunite that thread of the story which these interminable episodic essays are ever breaking, and have thus denied to Victor Hugo the poet that artistic skill of which Victor Hugo the quack has done so much to mask the grandeur and to mar the effect. It will be our endeavour in the following remarks to eliminate as far as may be the disastrous results which have ensued from this untoward collaboration of two unequal wits lodged under one cranium. We shall make it our business, by a searching analysis of the two first volumes (for it is in them that the kernel of the nut is to be found), to unsphere the spirit which has presided over the conception of the entire work. We shall thus be enabled to disentangle the idea which, in spite of all unseemly obstructions, does, in fact, knit together the different parts of 'Les Misérables,' and so to vindicate that artistic power to which Victor Hugo's critics have done such scanty justice. This more searching analysis completed, we shall follow it up by a hasty summary of the sequel of the story, sufficient to bring out the '*consensus partium*' of which we shall previously have furnished the key. We shall then offer some remarks on other portions of the work which seem to call for special censure or special praise, as the case may be.

We think it will be seen on the whole that, amid all its defects, this work has something more than the beauties of an exquisite style, and the 'word-compelling' power of a literary Zeus, to recommend it to the tender care of a distant posterity: that in dealing with all the emotions, passions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius, and the loving patience and conscientious labour of a true artist. We sit here as utterly dispassionate judges. Unlike his own countrymen, we have no personal pique against the author, no old scores to pay off, no literary coterie to serve, no political principles to denounce, no bugbear of socialism to defy. We approach M. Victor Hugo, indeed, with all the tenderness which is due to an exile, and with all the respect which is due to a man of genius—Solem quis dicere

dicere falsum—but beyond that, it is needless to assure M. Victor Hugo that we have no purpose to serve but that of saying with all frankness what we think of this important addition to a literature of which we are ever anxious to hail the glory, and to deplore the decay.

The work opens with a highly-finished portrait of a Christian bishop. Nothing seems so much to have exasperated M. Hugo's hostile critics as his audacity in attempting such a portrait. The so-called religious party seem to consider he is poaching on their preserves, and we doubt not would infinitely have preferred that he should have pointed the finger of scorn both at Bishops and at Christianity. The portrait, we may remark, is generally believed to be more or less from the life, and to refer to Monseigneur Miollis.* He resides in the episcopal town—but not in the episcopal palace, which he has given up as a hospital, making the old hospital his palace—with his sister, Mademoiselle Baptistine, and his old servant, Madame Magloire. Mademoiselle Baptistine is thus beautifully described in language which it is impossible to translate:—

'Elle était une personne longue, pâle, mince, douce ; elle réalisait l'idéal de ce qu'exprime le mot "respectable ;" car il semble qu'il soit nécessaire qu'une femme soit mère pour être vénérable. Elle n'avait jamais été jolie ; toute sa vie, qui n'avait été qu'une suite de saintes œuvres, avait fini par mettre sur elle une sorte de blancheur et de clarté ; et, en vieillissant, elle avait gagné ce qu'on pourrait appeler la beauté de la bonté. Ce qui avait été de la maigreur dans sa jeunesse était devenu, dans sa maturité, de la transparence ; et cette diaphanéité laissait voir l'ange. C'était une âme plus encore que ce n'était une vierge. Sa personne semblait faite d'ombre ; à peine assez de corps pour qu'il y eût là un sexe ; un peu de matière contenant une lueur : de grands yeux toujours baissés : un prétexte pour qu'une âme reste sur la terre.'—(i. p. 11.)

The words we have placed in italics remind us of what is undoubtedly true, that old age, so it be found in the way of righteousness, gives to the features a beauty not their own. If the motions of the mind be good, the lines of the face will but become more and more beautiful as time wears, and as the more sensuous beauty wanes.

The life and conversation of the good Bishop—whom the

* Charles François Melchior Bienvenu Miollis, formerly Bishop of Digne, in Provence. This prelate was born at Aix in the year 1753, and was made Bishop of Digne in 1805, an office which he adorned with simple, unostentatious virtues till the infirmities of age made him resign in 1838, five years before his death. His friends and admirers have not been slow to protest against the historical substratum which the author of 'Les Misérables' would have his readers suppose underlies the portrait of the Bishop of the story.

people called Monseigneur Bienvenu, choosing from his numerous Christian names 'celui qui leur présentait un sens'—are described at great length by M. Hugo. The notion that the portrait is in part from the life, seems to be warranted by these words (p. 25):—'Nous ne prétendons pas que le portrait que nous faisons ici soit vraisemblable: nous nous bornons à dire qu'il est ressemblant.' It is not without a purpose that these details and traits of character are given with such fulness. They prepare us for the crowning act of what we should call Christian loving-kindness, if we had not some scruples about pious frauds, which forms the turning-point in the career, and effects the conversion—and what is conversion but a turning?—of the real hero of the novel, the convict Jean Valjean. Some of the Bishop's *mots* are worth quoting. A popular preacher in a charity sermon had drawn a picture so awful of the torments of hell, and so glowing of the bliss of Paradise, that a stingy old miser, who had made a mint of money in business and had never been known to give a farthing in alms, from that day forward gave a sou every Sunday to the poor at the door of the Cathedral. 'Un jour l'évêque le vit faisant sa charité, et dit à sa sœur avec un sourire: Voilà Monsieur Géboraud qui achète pour un sou de paradis.' Or take the following retort to an equally stingy old Marquis whom the Bishop dunned for alms:—"Monsieur le Marquis, il faut que vous me donniez quelque chose." Le Marquis se retourna et répondit sèchement—"Monseigneur, j'ai mes pauvres." "Donnez-les moi," dit l'évêque' (p. 37). Equally happy is the following:—A poor woman was arrested for issuing false coin, of which the man she lived with was suspected to be the forger. Nothing would make the woman confess; so the Procureur du Roi hit upon the device of laying before the woman some fragments of letters, not less forged than the coin, which professed to show that she had a rival. In a frenzy of jealousy she denounced her lover. 'L'évêque écoutait tout cela en silence. Quand ce fut fini il demanda: "Où jugera-t-on cet homme et cette femme?"—"A la cour d'assises." Il reprit:—"Et où jugera-t-on Monsieur le Procureur du Roi?"' (p. 42.) This anecdote is immediately followed by one of a man condemned to death, which seems on the face of it to be very absurd. But we can understand why M. Victor Hugo has forced it into his narrative. We all know that punishment by death is a practice to which the author of the '*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*' entertains the most rooted aversion. On the propriety of this aversion we offer no opinion. We can only say with Alphonse Karr—"Du moment que Messieurs les assassins veulent bien commencer." Be this as it may, the curé is represented as saying,

saying, when summoned to the side of the prison pallet, that it is no affair of his, and the Bishop as rejoining,—“Monsieur le curé a raison. Ce n'est pas sa place, c'est la mienne.” Now every reader of common sense and feeling must be aware, that for any minister of any religion in the world to have made such an answer as that, is an improbability so gross, that if it ever had happened in fact, it should have been kept out of the pages of fiction. But our author had no other way of introducing an eloquent denunciation of the guillotine:—‘Ce spectre qui semble vivre d'une espèce de vie épouvantable faite de toute la mort qu'il a donnée’ (p. 47). We cannot refrain from quoting one more of the repartees of Monseigneur Bienvenu. He had been earnestly but vainly urged not to visit one of the smallest of his parishes, situated among the mountains, which at that time were infested by banditti who had robbed a neighbouring cathedral. The Bishop persisted in going on his mule with no escort but an urchin to act as guide. Once there, he desired the curé to give notice that a pontifical mass would be celebrated. But what was to be done for episcopal vestments? “Bah!” said the Bishop; “cela s'arrangera.” Meanwhile a trunk was left at the *presbytère* by two unknown horsemen, which was found to contain all the vestments stolen from the cathedral, and a piece of paper with these words:—‘Cravatte à Monseigneur Bienvenu,’ Cravatte being the name of the captain of the banditti. Thereupon the Bishop remarked, “A qui se contente d'un surplis de curé, Dieu envoie une chape d'archevêque.”—“Monseigneur,” murmura le curé en hochant la tête avec un sourire, “Dieu—ou le diable?” L'évêque regarda fixement le curé et reprit avec autorité—“Dieu.”—p. 79.

We pass on to Chapter X., which contains one of the grandest scenes in the whole work. It describes an interview between the Bishop and a dying Conventionnel, who had all but voted the death of the King; a quasi-regicide in short. Our limits will not admit of our dwelling on this triumph of dramatic power, which, after all, is only a hors-d'œuvre, but we may mention one or two of the most striking points in the dialogue. The Conventionnel had contended that to kill Louis XVII. for being the great-grandson of Louis XV. was not a bit more unjust than to kill young Cartouche solely because he was brother of the robber of that name. “Monsieur,” dit l'évêque, “je n'aime pas ces rapprochements de noms.” The dying man replies, “Cartouche? Louis XV. ? pour lequel des deux réclamez-vous?” (p. 116.) The Bishop mutters something about '93. The Conventionnel drew himself up as far as his stiffening limbs would allow him to do so, and exclaimed, “Ah! vous y voilà, '93. J'attendais ce mot-là.”

mot-là. Un nuage s'est formé pendant quinze cents ans. Au bout de quinze siècles, il a crevé. Vous faites le procès au coup de tonnerre." The Bishop returns to the charge:—"Que pensez-vous de Marat battant des mains à la guillotine?" But the retort is not slow. "'Que pensez-vous de Bossuet chantant le *Te Deum* sur les dragonnades?'" The Bishop, determined on the one hand to recognize whatever of good existed in the world, and forget the evil, and, on the other, awed into charity by the near advent of the old Conventionnel's death, could not refrain from answering the question 'Qu'est ce que vous venez me demander?' with the words 'Votre bénédiction.' The fact, however, of his having held any intercourse at all with one of the sons of Belial, gave rise to some obloquy in the little coteries of the place. But the Bishop was armed at all points. 'Un jour une douairière de la variété impertinente qui se croit spirituelle, lui adressa cette saillie—"Monseigneur, on demande quand Votre Grandeur aura le bonnet rouge."—"Oh! oh! voilà une grosse couleuvre," répondit l'évêque. "Heureusement que ceux qui la méprisent dans un bonnet la vénèrent dans un chapeau"' (p. 130). A chapter on the political opinions of the Bishop—more Royalist than Imperialist, more Ultramontane than Gallican—is followed by one on his 'solitude,' which gives rise to some sarcastic, and withal humorous, remarks on the pushing, scheming clergy, who buzz about the palace of a worldly, influential Bishop. The latter—"Sachant prier sans doute, mais sachant aussi solliciter"—has always at his back, and oftener at his feet, a herd of bustling, fawning satellites, who would fain keep pace with the Sun of the system, and be lifted along with him into the high places of the earth. 'Plus grand diocèse au patron, plus grosse cure au favori.' Rome, too, crowns the vista. 'De la Grandeur à l'Eminence il n'y a qu'un pas, et entre l'Eminence et la Sainteté il n'y a que la fumée d'un scrutin. Toute calotte peut rêver la tiare.' No such entourage as this, however, flocked round the humble dwelling of the unambitious Monseigneur Bienvenu. 'Pas une ambition en herbe ne faisait la folie de verdier à son ombre.' The whole of this most humorous passage is wound up by the following eloquent anathema on Success, which we quote in full. It is only by such quotations, full or partial, a page or a phrase, that we can enable the reader to form any idea of the wonderful mastery of language, and vigour of style, which are to be found in the pages of 'Les Misérables,' as in everything which Victor Hugo has written. All French writers of mark are divisible into two schools: the one is characterized by the polish and smoothness to which the Romance element is carried in a Racine, or, in more modern times, a Lamartine: the other is full of the
viel

viel esprit Gaulois, a Molière or a La Fontaine. For this rugged force of speech, all knots, the bark still on, M. Hugo is very remarkable. The terseness with which he throws into a word the compressed power which a feeblar but more elegant writer would draw out into a whole sentence, indicates an amount of genius which belongs only to the kinglier spirits of an age, and which in French literature has only been matched by Rabelais; in Italian by Dante. The great epoch which Boileau's famous 'Enfin Malherbe vint' was intended to herald in, derived its importance from the fact that Malherbe went into the highways and byways of the people, and revived the old 'esprit Gaulois,' which had been almost stifled beneath the ponderous roller with which Ronsard smoothed the trim lawn of the French language. Malherbe dug to the roots; went back to the familiar words of the people, and the fresh-turned earth bore fruit a hundredfold in some of the choicest works of the great writers of France. We shall be pardoned this digression, for it will help the reader to understand the position which Victor Hugo, with Michelet by his side, occupies in the literature of France. We now proceed with our quotation. The very words of our author, whose force our own translation can but faintly convey, will be found below.*

'Success, we may say in passing, is a hideous affair enough. Men are taken in by its spurious resemblance to merit. In the eyes of the multitude, to get on has much the same *profile* as to be absolutely the

* 'Soit dit en passant, c'est une chose assez hideuse que le succès. Sa fausse ressemblance avec le mérite trompe les hommes. Pour la foule, la réussite a presque le même profil que la suprématie. Le succès, ce Ménéchme du talent, a une dupe : l'histoire. Juvénal et Tacite seuls en bougonnent. De nos jours, une philosophie à peu près officielle est entrée en domesticité chez lui, porte la livrée du succès, et fait le service de son anti-chambre. Réussissez : théorie. Prospérité suppose capacité. Gagnez à la loterie, vous voilà un habile homme. Qui triomphe est vénéré. Naissiez coiffé ! tout est là. Ayez de la chance, vous aurez le reste : soyez heureux, on vous croira grand. En dehors des cinq ou six exceptions immenses qui font l'éclat d'un siècle, l'admiration contemporaine n'est guère que myopie. Dorure est or. Etre le premier venu, cela ne gâte rien, pourvu qu'on soit le parvenu. Le vulgaire est un vieux Narcisse qui s'adore lui-même et qui applaudit le vulgaire. Cette faculté énorme, par laquelle on est Moïse, Eschyle, Dante, Michel-Ange, ou Napoléon, la multitude la décerne d'emblée, et par acclamation à quiconque atteint son but dans quoi que ce soit. Qu'un notaire se transfigure en député, qu'un faux Corneille fasse *Tiridate*, qu'un eunuque parvienne à posséder un harem, qu'un Prudhomme militaire gagne par accident la bataille décisive d'une époque, qu'un apothicaire invente les semailles de carton pour l'armée de Sambre-et-Meuse, et se construise, avec ce carton vendu pour du cuir, quatre cent mille livres de rente, qu'un porte-balle épouse l'usure et la fasse accoucher de sept à huit millions, dont il est le père et dont elle est la mère, qu'un prédicateur devienne évêque par le nasillement, qu'un intendant de bonne maison soit si riche en sortant de service qu'on le fasse ministre des finances, les hommes appellent cela Génie, de même qu'ils appellent Beauté la figure de Mousqueton et Majesté l'encolure de Claude. Ils confondent avec les constellations de l'abîme les étoiles que font dans la vase molle du boubrier les pattes des canards.'—(p. 147.)

best.

best. Success, that Menecmus of talent, has one dupe: history. Juvenal and Tacitus are the only ones who kick at it. In the present day it keeps at its beck a kind of official philosophy, which wears the livery of success and dances attendance in its antechamber. Get on: and what follows? To be in clover is to be clever. You win at a lottery, and you are set down as an able man. It is the winner who is worshipped. Be born with a silver spoon, and your fortune's made. Have but luck, and the rest won't lag behind. Be but fortunate, and you will be thought great. With five or six immense exceptions, which are the glory of an age, the admiration of contemporaries is mere weakness of sight. Gilding goes for gold. Where you come from, matters nothing: where you get to, is all in all. The vulgar is an elderly Narcissus, in love with himself and applauding what is vulgar. Those faculties of enormous power, by virtue of which a man is a Moses, an Æschylus, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, or a Napoleon, are awarded by the multitude, "at one go" and by acclamation, to any one who makes a good hit in no matter what. Let an attorney turn himself into a Deputy, a sham Corneille write a *Tiridates*, a eunuch become possessor of a harem, a military Prudhomme gain by accident the decisive battle of the day, an apothecary invent soles of pasteboard for the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, and with this pasteboard which he sells for leather make himself an income of 400,000 francs, let a man with a pack on his back take Usury to wife and bring her to bed of seven or eight millions, of which he is the father and she the mother, let a preacher whine himself into a bishop, let the steward of a well-to-do family be so rich on leaving his place as to be made Minister of Finances,—men give all this the name of Genius, just as they give the name of Beauty to the face of Mousqueton, and that of Majesty to the neck and shoulders of Claude. They mistake for the stars of the firmament, the splays which a duck makes as it paddles about in the soft mud of a boggy ground.'

We have now seen what manner of man this Charles François Bienvenu Myriel, Bishop of D., was; and the reader will probably agree with Victor Hugo in the remark: 'Comme on voit, il avait une manière étrange et à lui de juger les choses.' We must leave it to him to judge whether our author's solution of these eccentricities is one which commends itself to his acceptance. 'Je soupçonne qu'il avait pris cela dans l'Évangile.' (p. 41.) Those who consider that such eccentricities are matter either of ridicule or of censure may rest assured that we are under no immediate danger of seeing our own bishops follow in the footsteps of Monseigneur Myriel.

A new character now makes his appearance in our story. Early in October, in the year 1815, just before sunset, there entered the episcopal town of D. a wayfarer of most unprepossessing aspect, as may be inferred from the following graphic description of him:—

'It would have been difficult to meet with a person of more wretched

wretched aspect. He was a man of middle height, thick set, and strongly made, and in the prime of manhood. He might be from forty-six to forty-eight years of age. The leathern vizor of his cap came down and partly hid a face burnt with sun and heat and streaming with perspiration. A shirt of coarse yellow cloth, fastened to the neck by a little silver anchor, displayed to view a hairy bosom; his neckcloth was twisted like a rope, his trousers were of blue *coutil*, worn and threadbare, white at one knee, in holes at the other; he had on a grey blouse all in rags, patched at one elbow with a piece of green cloth sewn on with string: on his back a soldier's knapsack, quite full, well-strapped and perfectly new—in his hand an enormous knotty stick; his stockingless feet in iron-bound shoes, his head shaved, and his beard long.

Such was Jean Valjean, the son of Jeanne Mathieu (this name is of importance) and of Jean Valjean, a woodcutter at Favertolles. He had lost his father and mother when a child, and as he grew up carried on his father's craft in support of an elder sister, left a widow with seven children. He had reached his twenty-fifth year, when a hard winter, no work, famine at the door, and despair in the heart, drove him one night to break into a baker's shop to steal a loaf for the starving children at home. This was in 1795. He was condemned to five years at the galleys for this act of 'vol avec effraction.' Four times had he made fruitless endeavours to escape, and had only brought upon himself fourteen years more of the galleys. And now, after nineteen years of hard labour, the liberated convict enters the small town in the plight above described, in quest of bed and board. He is tossed from pillar to post. The inn, the public-house, the cottage, ay! and the very dog-kennel, deny shelter to this pariah of civilisation. 'Je ne suis pas même un chien!' he exclaims in despair. He goes outside the town into the fields; but even nature frowns on him; the louring sky warns him to return once more into the town. He lays himself down on a stone seat near the church. He is accosted by an old lady, who asks him why he has not got him a bed. He tells her that no one will have anything to say to him. 'Have you tried there?' she said, pointing to the good Bishop's house. 'No,' was the reply. 'Try then,' she says. Among other eccentricities of Monseigneur Bienvenu we have omitted to mention his practice of always leaving his house-door on the latch. This door opened into the room where he dined. He was that evening on the point of sitting down to supper when the door was thrown open, and, much to the dismay of Madame Magloire, who had just been beseeching the Bishop to let her fetch the blacksmith, and put a lock on the door, as a very suspicious

picious character had been seen about the streets, in walked the object of her fears, Jean Valjean. Without waiting to be accosted, he blurts out in hurried accents, as if stung by despair, a brief statement as to what he is and what he wants,—a liberated convict, dying of hunger, weary with fatigue. The statement elicits no rejoinder but this: ‘Madame Magloire, dit l’évêque, vous mettez un couvert de plus.’ ‘Are you deaf?’ exclaims the amazed Jean Valjean; ‘did you hear me say I was a convict? Look, here is my yellow passport! its colour tells its own tale.’ But the impassible Bishop only resumes: ‘Madame Magloire, vous mettez des draps blancs au lit de l’alcôve.’ The two women stare, but obey. The man is beside himself with joy: ‘Il y a dix-neuf ans que je n’ai couché dans un lit. . . . Vous êtes un brave homme: vous êtes aubergiste, n’est-ce pas?’ ‘Je suis, dit l’évêque, un prêtre, qui demeure ici.’ ‘Tiens, c’est vrai; que je suis bête! je n’avais pas vu votre calotte.’ The whole scene is full of power. The fatted calf is killed. The silver candlesticks are brought from the Bishop’s bedroom, as on state occasions; with them the six silver spoons and forks, which constituted the episcopal *κειμήλια*. Not a word is said by the Bishop to recall the unhappy Past of his guest, whom he always accosts as ‘Monsieur.’ Bedtime approaches. Candle in hand, the Bishop shows his guest into his room. The way to it lay through his own. All is quiet; all but the brain of Jean Valjean. ‘Que s’était-il passé dans cette âme?’ The answer to this inquiry is contained in that wonderful chapter entitled ‘Le dedans du désespoir,’ a marvel of psychological analysis, couched in language of which the force and beauty so carry us away that we have no time to be out of patience with the author for railing at what he calls ‘la société’ as the cause of all this evil; abuse which waxes still stronger in the wonderful chapter which follows—‘L’onde et l’ombre’—so Dantesque in conception, so full of a weird-like grandeur in execution. After this insight into what is fermenting in the soul of Jean Valjean, we are not surprised at the sequel. In the middle of the night he gets up, and in a moment of wild impulse steals the spoons from the cupboard over the Bishop’s bed, and escapes through the garden. The account of the robbery is extremely grand. How beautiful this description of the sleeping Bishop, with the moon-light casting a sort of nimbus round his head!—

‘Yon moon in the heavens, yon peaceful landscape, that garden where not a leaf was stirring, that dwelling so calm, the hour of the night, the moment, the silence, added something solemn, and which no language can describe, to the venerable repose of yonder man, and invested with majesty and serenity, as with a glory, those white locks,
and

and those sealed eyes, that face where all was hope and all was confidingness, that head of Age and that sleep of Infancy.'

In the morning Jean Valjean is caught, and brought back by the gendarmes to the Bishop's house. He feels ready to drop with surprise when the Bishop asks him why he had not taken the candlesticks as well as the spoons: 'he had given him both; he must take them with him now.' The gendarmes leave the house, and Jean Valjean follows with the candlesticks under his arm. As he staggers away he hears ringing in his astonished ears the Bishop's parting words: 'Jean Valjean, mon frère, vous n'appartenez plus au mal, mais au bien. C'est votre âme que je vous achète; je la retire aux pensées noires, et à l'esprit de perdition, et je la donne à Dieu.'—p. 301. Jean Valjean roams through fields and lanes, without knowing where he is going; steals a little Savoyard's two-franc piece almost without knowing what he is doing. He is, as it were, divided against himself. 'Comme une chouette qui verrait brusquement se lever le soleil, le forçait avoir été ébloui et comme aveuglé par la vertu.' The commotion within him would have been less wild if the gendarmes had simply put him once more in durance vile. Do what he would, he could not efface the touch of the Bishop's hand on his arm, or drown the sound of the Bishop's words in his ears. It was a presence not to be put by. It haunted him: it possessed him. It scared him into virtue. It set up against the Jean Valjean that was, a Jean Valjean that might be. His mind kept gazing first on one, then on the other: the figure of the Bishop flitting between the two. He looked with dismay at the Past; not wholly without hope at the Future. At length he wept. The eyes which for nineteen long years of agony had not known a tear now streamed apace with all the weakness of a woman, and all the terror of a child:—

'How many hours did he weep thus? After weeping what did he do? Where did he go? Was this never known? All we can say for certain is that on that same night the carrier, who at that time went to Grenoble and back, and reached D—— at three o'clock in the morning, as he went through the Rue de l'Evêché saw a man kneeling on the ground, in the shade, opposite the door of Monseigneur Bienvenu, and in the attitude of prayer.'

It must not be supposed that we have devoted a space at all disproportionate to this first volume of the long epic—for the novel is the modern epic—which has to unrol itself before us. It is this earlier portion which gives the keynote to the whole: it is here, too, we may observe, that our author has put forth his greatest strength. Critics have prated much about the want of
unity

unity in the work, and have stigmatised it as a mere congeries of episodes. They have not seen, or have been slow to acknowledge, that on the revulsion of feeling and of character which took place in that eventful October all the sequel of the story may as truly be said to hang as on the wrath of Achilles the tale of Troy divine. In every critical juncture of his life, on every occasion in which Jean Valjean dared to be greatly good, we seem to hear those parting words of the Bishop, and to recall the day when he wrestled so bravely with all that was bad within him and ceased not till he had won the mastery. Again and again, throughout the story, this struggle has to be renewed; again and again he has to choose between doing what was right and courting what was safe; between having a stain upon his conscience and keeping a mask upon his face. It is this great epic of a conscience at war with itself—it is this choice of Hercules which M. Victor Hugo, if we read him aright, has set himself to unfold as he traces the career of a despised convict—it is this which imparts to the work a far higher order of unity than any mere external connexion of incidents can supply.

The opening chapter of book iii. is entitled 'L'année 1817' (two years after we left Jean Valjean kneeling at the Bishop's door), and contains a most humorous satire on the Restoration. These few pages have probably drawn down upon the author severer criticism than all the rest of the work put together. To criticism of this kind some little zest has been imparted by twitting Victor Hugo with the political opinions which he himself held in early years. Some of his first poems manifest a sympathy with the Restoration which at times waxes to enthusiasm. In no respect, it would seem, were these poems so marked with power of imagination as in their political colouring. A few years elapsed, and the liberal tendencies took a very decided turn. Made a peer of France in 1845 by Louis Philippe, he still showed no disposition to abandon the Radical views, as we should term them, with which his later works abound. These reached their height in the Revolution of 1848, when M. Victor Hugo, who was elected one of the members of the City of Paris, took his place as one of the most brilliant and least influential orators on the Extreme Left. On all these fluctuations of opinion (which after all ended by sending M. Victor Hugo to exile on the occasion of the coup d'état in December 1852) Englishmen can afford to look down and laugh, which we accordingly do, though in this particular instance it requires considerable familiarity with the history of that period to enjoy all the persiflage, the point of which consists in representing the year 1817 as one in which a number of most trifling events, heaped together anyhow, took place,

place, to the exclusion from the narrative of all really historical occurrences. It is followed by an account of a 'spree' of four Paris students, which ends in the abandonment by those students of the mistresses with whom they had for some time been consorting. We do not intend to follow our author into these orgies. His French critics have been loud in denouncing the way in which they are described. We will not attempt to argue a point on which their larger experience may probably render them better judges than either M. Hugo or ourselves, who feel that we are wholly incompetent. The episode is merely thrown in as a vehicle for making us acquainted with Fantine, an unhappy creature, 'more sinned against than sinning,' as we are led to believe, who finds herself at the end of the volume abandoned by the man in whom she had trusted, and by whom she had been seduced; a mother, not a wife. She feels that she is on a downward path which will only lead from bad to worse. She resolves to make a stand in time, and to betake herself to her native place, M—— sur M——. There she might probably find some one who knew her, and who would give her some work. But meanwhile she must conceal her sin; must separate herself from her child. She sold all her finery, and with some 80 francs in her pocket left Paris one fine spring morning, at the age of twenty-two years, and carrying her child on her back, who was turning three. As she reached Montfermeil, just ten months after the 'spree,' her attention was drawn to two little children, somewhat younger than her own, who were playing at the door of a kind of public-house. M. Victor Hugo has not lost with advancing years his wonderful power of painting children. Nothing can be more exquisite than the description of these two children, or of Fantine's child either, when sleeping in its mother's arms, or when joining in the gambols of its little playmates. She gets into conversation with the mother of the two children, the wife of the aubergiste, whose signpost (a 'Sergent de Waterloo' carrying a wounded general on his back through clouds of smoke) was intended to convey the impression that he had been the means of saving a general's life at the battle of Waterloo. A few of M. Victor Hugo's powerful words will tell what manner of people these Thenardiens were.*

* 'C'étaient de ces natures naines qui, si quelque feu sombre les chauffe par hasard, deviennent facilement monstrueuses. Il y avait dans la femme le fond d'une brute, et dans l'homme l'étoffe d'un gueux. Tous deux étaient au plus haut degré susceptibles de l'espèce de hideux progrès qui se fait dans le sens du mal. Il existe de ces âmes écrevisses, reculant continuellement vers les ténèbres, rétrogradant dans la vie plutôt qu'elles n'y avancent, employant l'expérience à augmenter leur difformité, empirant sans cesse et s'empregnant de plus en plus d'une noirceur croissante. Cet homme et cette femme étaient de ces âmes-là.'—(ii. p. 29.)

'Dwarfs

'Dwarfs by nature, they needed but the warmth of some hell-born fire to be kindled into monsters. The woman had it in her to be a hag, the man to be a scoundrel. Both were to any extent susceptible of that hideous kind of progress which makes for what is bad. Souls there are of this crab-like nature, ever reaching back into outer darkness, take two steps back in life for one step forward, turning all the fruits of experience into so much added deformity, ever going from bad to worse, and assuming more and more a black of deeper dye. Souls such as these, that man and woman bore about with them.'

But we must return to Fantine, whom we left talking with the she-Thenardier. Charmed with the two children whom she saw playing at the door, whose innocence had not as yet yielded to the vicious example of their parents, and who would make, as she fancied, such desirable companions for her own child, she asks Madame Thenardier if she would take charge of Cosette. The question of terms is then discussed: a most exorbitant bargain is struck, and Fantine leaves her child at Montfermeil in charge of the Thenardiers (who treat it with all manner of cruelty), and proceeds on her way to M—— sur M——. She scarcely knew the town again, so great was the progress it had made. Its great trade was the manufacture of imitation jet. Towards the close of 1815 a man had settled in the town, and by means of an invention which made an enormous reduction in the cost of the raw material employed, which had always been a heavy drag on the manufacture, gave such an impetus to the trade, and such increase to the profits resulting from it, that in three years' time he had made both his own fortune and that of all around him. This man, it will readily be conjectured, was Jean Valjean, who now comes before us under the assumed name of M. Madeleine. It was in vain that he endeavoured to shun popularity. With wealth came distinction, and at length, in spite of himself, he was made mayor of the town. It was remarked, that in 1821, when the death of Monseigneur Myriel was announced in the papers, le Père Madeleine (as he was called) went into deep mourning. The Faubourg St. Germain *in petto* of the town thought they would take him up, as he was no doubt *somebody*, or he would not have put on mourning for the Bishop of D——. 'It was so, was it not?' asked an old lady *curieuse par droit d'ancienneté*. The reply was somewhat discomfiting to their new-born zeal on his behalf: 'C'est que dans ma jeunesse j'ai été laquais dans sa famille.' M. Madeleine's manufactory was divided into two separate compartments; one for men, the other for women and girls. 'Il employait tout le monde. Il n'exigeait qu'une chose: soyez honnête homme! Soyez honnête fille!' (p. 31). With this reservation, every one was sure to find work and bread on applying at the factory.

factory. Fantine applied, and was admitted; but she had not been there a twelvemonth before the busy tongue and prying curiosity of malevolent envy made it known that she had a child at Montfermeil. The superior of the female factory, in obedience to the general regulations of the establishment, gave her fifty francs and turned her off. Fantine's downward path is traced in thrilling words. The exactions of the Thenardiers increased in the inverse ratio of her means of meeting them. She sells everything,—her hair to the barber, her teeth to the dentist, and ultimately herself to the first comer. 'Elle n'évite plus rien. Elle ne craint plus rien. Tombe sur elle toute la nuée et passe sur elle tout l'océan! Que lui importe? c'est une éponge imbibée' (p. 129). One evening, a low, cold-blooded provincial libertine, who never passed the toothless prostitute without a leer and a sneer, took it into his head, out of very wantonness, to put a snowball down the poor creature's back. Frenzied with drink and despair, she flew at him like a panther. The inspector of police, Javert, made his appearance, and she was marched off to the station-house. As this inspector is one of the most prominent and best-drawn characters in the book, we must devote a few words to him before we proceed further. M. Madeleine had preceded him at M—— sur M——. He was the only man whose cordial goodwill the mayor had never succeeded in conciliating. Javert knew nothing of M. Madeleine's antecedents: this alone was enough to make him suspect him; keep his eye on him. But this was not all. He felt sure he knew the face; had seen it before; where, he could not tell, though he strove night and day to remember. An incident occurred which put him on the scent, and would probably have made him act, if he had not been disconcerted and thrown off by Madeleine's wonderful composure. An old man, of the name of Fauchelevent, fell with his cart and horse over him. M. Madeleine came up to the spot, and said that if there was no one who in the literal sense of the word would put his shoulder to the wheel, in order to extricate the man by relieving him from the pressure, he would do it himself. Javert kept his eye fastened on him, and said he had never known but one man—a convict at Toulon—capable of such a feat. M. Madeleine returned the glance without wincing, and then, with Herculean strength, raised the cart and saved the man, for whom he subsequently got a place as gardener at Paris in a convent, where we shall again meet with him. Meanwhile Javert kept watching. In fact, we are told—

'All he lived for might be summed up in these two words—watch and ward. Of a career the most tortuous in the world he had managed

to make a straight line : his usefulness was his conscience ; his duties his religion. He brought to the office of a spy the frame of mind of a priest. Woe to the man who fell into his power ! He had no pleasant vices, as we have already said. When he was in good humour with himself, he ventured on a pinch of snuff. It was in this he shared our common humanity.'

The whole of this chapter on Javert is an admirable portrait of the austere French agent de police—we must not call him policeman, for the English word, we are thankful to say, conveys a totally different idea. It is with this Javert that M. Madeleine is now brought into collision. A scene of great power ensues between them apropos of Fantine. Just as Javert is sending her off to prison for six months, the mayor enters the bureau, and asserts the right of adjudicating the matter conferred on him by the Code, and thereupon orders the release of Fantine. To Javert's remonstrances he replies, first of all, by a courteous explanation as an eyewitness of the street-row, and ultimately by an imperative *Sortez*. Meanwhile Fantine, from whose lips M. Madeleine had for the first time heard, in frenzied accents, the tale of woe, is placed in the infirmary attached to the mayor's own house, under the charge of some Sisters of Charity. That evening Javert posted a letter, addressed to *M. Chabouillet, Secrétaire de Monsieur le Préfet de Police*. It is in vain that M. Madeleine writes to desire the Thenardiers to send Cosette. The order is evaded, and in reply there only comes a bill. The doctor gives it as his opinion that if the child is to see its mother alive there must be no delay. M. Madeleine gets Fantine to sign an order to give up the child to the bearer, and says he will either send or go himself. 'Sur ces entrefaites il survint un grave incident. Nous avons beau tailler de notre mieux le bloc mystérieux dont notre vie est faite, la veine noire de la destinée y reparait toujours' (p. 173). One morning, while M. Madeleine is at work in his cabinet disposing of some business before starting for Montfermeil, Javert asks to speak with him. The scene is told as M. Hugo only can tell it. We can but give a hasty summary. The austere Javert stands crestfallen behind the mayor; and it is only when the mayor, who has received him coldly, asks what he wants, that he requests an application for his dismissal may be forwarded to Paris. The mayor is all amazement: 'Was it on account of the altercation about Fantine? That shall all be forgotten and forgiven.' No; it was worse than that: he had written to denounce the mayor as being the convict Jean Valjean, who after his liberation eight years before had robbed a bishop's house and committed a highway robbery on a Savoyard. They had written from Paris to say that he

must

must be mad, as the real Jean Valjean was now awaiting his trial at Arras. A man, who called himself Champmathieu (which Javert now believed was merely a device of Jean Valjean's, who had taken his mother's name, which we have seen to be Mathieu, and who from Jean Mathieu had got to be called Champmathieu), had been taken up for robbing an orchard. In any one else this was a trifle, but in the case of a liberated convict it was a case of *récidive*, and would be punished with the galleys for life. The discovery, Javert went on to say, was quite accidental. The gaol at the place where the robbery was committed was out of repair, so Champmathieu was taken to the departmental prison at Arras. He had no sooner got there than an old convict of the name of Brevet at once recognised him as Jean Valjean. Inquiries were made at Toulon. There were only two convicts there who remembered Jean Valjean. They are confronted with Champmathieu, and do but corroborate what Brevet had said. Champmathieu meanwhile, like a cunning dog, says Javert, plays the idiot, and simply persists in pretending not to understand what they mean, and in affirming that he is Champmathieu. When Javert made his denunciation against M. Madeleine, he had been sent for to Arras, and was obliged, with regret, to admit his blunder. The genuine Jean Valjean, he was now positive, was none other than Champmathieu. 'Le vieux coquin sera condamné. C'est porté aux assises à Arras. Je vais y aller pour témoigner. Je suis cité.' (p. 189.) 'When was the trial to take place?' asks the mayor. 'The next day,' is the reply; 'sentence would probably be given late at night.' Javert leaves M—— sur M——, but not without renewing his request that he may be dismissed.

M. Madeleine's first care is to see that Fantine has everything she wants; his next is to see after a horse and cabriolet which will take him twenty leagues in one day. He orders it to be at his door at half-past four on the following morning; he then returns home. All night long the cashier of the manufactory, who lived in a room right underneath M. Madeleine's, heard feet pacing to and fro, cupboards opening, and even windows, though the night was bitterly cold. Such sounds were very unusual. What could be going on?

The answer to this question is contained in the succeeding chapter—'*Une Tempête sous un Crâne*'—a prodigy of artistic and psychological skill, which alone would entitle M. Victor Hugo to the very highest place as a writer. The first feeling which came over him when Javert was relating what had turned up about Champmathieu was the instinct of self-preservation. With superhuman effort he kept down his struggling emotions,

and adjourned all resolve with a firmness inspired by terror. Through the remainder of the day he contrived to preserve a calm exterior, though hot burning coals were consuming him within. Everything was blurred and confused before his eye. All he felt was, that a great blow had fallen on him: that a great peril was to be shunned. The feeling of self-preservation was uppermost in his mind. At any rate, he thought he would just go to Arras, and see what turn things took. It could do no harm to be on the spot. He ate a good dinner, and then came home and tried to collect his thoughts. For some reason or other, he got up and locked the door. Then again, he got up a second time to put out the candle. He fancied some one might see him. Some one!—who? Fool! no bars or bolts could lock out, no darkness blind, what was then staring at him face to face—his conscience; that is, his God. Still he felt more comfortable after locking the door and putting out the candle. He leaned with his elbows on the table, his face in his hands, and thought; but his thoughts slipped from his grasp. His will was unnerved; his reason was unhinged. Untold anguish and dismay were all that he was sensible of. He got up, and opened the window. His brain was on fire. He came back, and sat at the table. One hour gone. By degrees one or two details came out to view. Critical as was his situation, he could not but see that he was absolutely and entirely the master of it. To think that that dreaded name of Jean Valjean, which for eight years he had been endeavouring to bury in oblivion, had now sounded in his ears—sounded, not to condemn him once more to ignominy, but to make that good, excellent Monsieur Madeleine more respected and respectable than ever—was enough to make his brain turn. And yet this was no more than what had happened: what God had permitted to happen. A thrill came over him; he relighted his candle. He was all safe now. He was quit even of Javert, whose suspicions not only were at rest, but who was also going to leave the town. Why had he got into such a fever? It was none of his doing, what had happened. Providence had done it; it would be very wrong in him to meddle with it. Here was the very thing he had been toiling and moiling for: his dream by night, his struggle by day, his constant prayer, all done to his hand. God had so ordered it. Then he got up, and walked about. He would think no more of it. His mind was made up. ‘*Mais il ne sentait aucune joie. Au contraire. On n’empêche pas plus la pensée de revenir à une idée que la mer de revenir à un rivage. Pour le matelot, cela s’appelle la marée; pour le coupable, cela s’appelle le remords. Dieu soulève l’âme comme l’océan*’ (p. 236). For the first time in his life

life he had tasted the bitterness of a bad thought and a base act. His end gained, indeed!—he said to himself—but what end? to dodge the police? Was it for that he had for eight years taken so much thought and care? Was there not a higher and a better aim, the only real aim, for which he had lived? To save his soul from a fouler bondage far than any fetter could lay upon his limbs. Close the door, indeed, on his accursed Past! But he was *not* closing it. Great God! he did but open it again when he became guilty of an act so base as to lay upon an innocent head that load of infamy and of suffering which calls itself the galleys.

‘He felt that the Bishop was there, all the more really there because he was numbered among the dead; he felt that the Bishop had his eye on him, that from henceforth it was M. Madeleine, the mayor, whom with all his virtues he would count as dung; and Jean Valjean, the convict, whom he would reckon pure and of good report. That the world saw his mask, but that the Bishop saw his face; that the world saw his going out and his coming in, but the Bishop saw his conscience. To Arras then it behoved him to go, to liberate the false Jean Valjean and to denounce the true one. Alas! what sacrifice could be greater than this—what victory more poignant? To do this was to do all; but done it must be. Lamentable destiny! Holiness in the sight of God could only be had by becoming once more infamous in the sight of man. “Well!” he said, “let me go where duty calls—that man shall be saved.”’

He said this out loud, without knowing he had done so. He took his accounts, and put them in order; then wrote a letter on which might have been seen the following address: ‘*A Monsieur Laffitte, Banquier, Rue d’Artois, à Paris.*’ This letter he sealed and put into his pocket-book. All this was done, as it were, mechanically. A nervous twitch every now and then about the lips was the only indication of what was going on within. A thousand thoughts besieged him. He saw battling before him the two ideas which hitherto had been the guide of his life—the concealment of his name from mankind, and integrity in the sight of God. The one involved the security, the other entailed the sacrifice, of self; and now they were at war—these two principles of action. The Bishop marked the first crisis in his career; Champmathieu was to make the second. Perhaps this Champmathieu was, after all, a good-for-nothing fellow! Then he bethought him that the very fact of his surrendering himself up, and of the life he had for seven years been leading, would procure his pardon. But this thought was soon dismissed: the law would be sure to take its course. There was nothing for it—he must do his duty. All his life would be poisoned if he left

left it undone. His brain was getting weary with these perplexing thoughts ; his temples throbbed. Twelve o'clock struck, both at the church and the town-hall. He remarked how much louder one was than the other. Then he thought of an old clock he had seen for sale at a pawnbroker's shop, and remembered the name on it—Antoine Albin de Romainville. He felt cold, and lighted the fire, and seemed to forget he had opened the window. A kind of stupor came over him. He had to make an effort before he could remember what he was thinking about when the clock struck twelve. All of a sudden Fantine came into his head. What would become of her if he gave himself up?—Ay, and not only of her, but of all the people dependent on his exertions and his bounty? He had only been thinking of himself—always himself—the first duty is to think of others. If he vanished from the scene, the whole place would go to ruin—the welfare of hundreds would be undone. Poor Fantine's child, too—what would become of it? This act of self-devotion would spread misery on every side! and all for the sake of an old vagabond who might, after all, be as happy at the galleys as in some wretched hovel! Surely it was not right to sacrifice the interests of a whole population to those of such a fellow as Champmathieu! He ought to stay where he was; it was a sphere of enormous usefulness, which it would be criminal to abandon. He got up, and walked about. He was all right now—he was M. Madeleine, and Madeleine he would remain. What had he to do with the name of Jean Valjean? He looked at himself in the glass, and felt more comfortable. His mind was at length made up. But would it not be well, this resolution once taken, to destroy all material traces of the past, and to snap all the threads which bound him to Jean Valjean? He took a small key out of his purse, and with it opened a secret cupboard in a corner of the room. From it he took a blouse, an old knapsack, and other articles of attire which any one who had seen Jean Valjean as he entered the town of D—— in October, 1815, would at once have recognised. He cast a furtive glance at the door, and then took all these things in his arms, and thrust them into the fire; he relocked the secret cupboard, and pushed a piece of furniture against it, to make it doubly safe from detection. The room was all in a blaze. He meanwhile paced up and down. His eye fell upon two silver candlesticks on the chimney-piece. They, too, must follow the knapsack. He stooped down with them over the fire. Of a sudden a voice called to him from within—'Jean Valjean! Jean Valjean!' His hair stood on end; a cold sweat came over him; his conscience smote him, lash after lash. He put the candlesticks
back

back on the chimney. The whole struggle had to be gone through afresh. Villany in clover, or integrity in chains—which was he to choose? It was now three o'clock. Utterly exhausted, he threw himself on a chair, and fell asleep. A horrible dread had overwhelmed him, and now filled his sleep with nightmare. He awoke cold as ice. The fire had gone out; the candle was burning in the socket. He went to the window, and heard a sharp, hard sound along the street. Two red-looking stars seemed to be twinkling in the distance, low down. Presently he saw that what he had taken for stars were lanterns, and that the voice he had heard was the clatter of a horse's feet. What can this carriage be at this hour? he said to himself. Just then he heard a knock at the door of his room. 'Who's there?' he called out in a voice of thunder. It was the old 'portière,' who came to tell him the tilbury was at the door. 'Tilbury!—what tilbury?' 'Why the tilbury Monsieur le Maire had ordered from M. Scaufflaire.' That name recalled him to his senses, and gave to his face an expression of agony too terrible to behold. The old woman waited for a few moments, and then ventured to ask what she should say. 'It was all right, and he would be down directly,' was the reply.

We are so impressed with the conviction that in this dire struggle of Jean Valjean's between the feeling of duty and the fear of danger is to be sought the leading idea which runs through the whole work, and which strings together, so to speak, all the incidents, divers and diverse, which follow one another in rapid, strange succession, that we have made it our business to lay particular stress on those portions of the book in which the tide of battle is at its height, and the victory seems to sway now on this side, now on that. Once possess ourselves of this key, and we have no difficulty in unlocking the mysteries of art and skill which M. Victor Hugo has brought together from the rich stores of his fertile imagination. With this view we have endeavoured to give the reader some idea of the power with which our author has described the fluctuations of stormy feeling with which Jean Valjean was assailed at this momentous crisis, which was to hurl him from affluence and fame to the ignominy of the galleys.

Jean Valjean's struggles do not end with his stepping into the tilbury. The succeeding chapter—*Les Bâtons dans les Roues*—records successive crises in the man's mind as successive obstacles—'spokes in the wheel'—render it almost physically impossible for him to reach Arras in time to save Champmathieu. The agony and despair which torture him as the wheels bear him on to the scene of self-denunciation tempt him in each succeeding casualty

casualty to see the finger of God telling him to retrace his steps, and let things be. And every such temptation entails a fresh effort to overcome it. Overcome them, however, he does. Where there is no cross there is no crown. He arrives at the Palais de Justice late in the evening. At every step he mounts, the iron enters into his soul. The court is so crowded, he cannot find admittance. He sends in his card to the President. The name and reputation of the able and benevolent Mayor of M—— sur M—— were not unknown at Arras. He was shown into the retiring-room, from which a door opened to the seats behind the President. Wonderful are the pages in which Victor Hugo describes the final struggle of the unhappy man. The trial itself, up to the memorable moment when M. Madeleine declares 'Je suis Jean Valjean,' is also described with a power which no one but a Hugo could command. Everywhere we see that conscientious work for which he is so conspicuous among his countrymen. We have not space, however, to continue our analysis on the same scale as heretofore. Jean Valjean is arrested by the Javert who, but two days before, had been so crestfallen, but now crows as he clutches his prey; he is lodged in the prison of that town of which he had for eight years been the pride; makes his escape for the purpose of concealing in a forest a sum of about 630,000 francs, which were lying in his name at Laffitte's; is recaptured, and sent to the galleys for life. With this event, and with the death of Fantine, ends the First Part. However much the reader may be astonished at finding the Second Part commencing with 170 pages on the battle of Waterloo, which have no further connexion with the story than can be found in the fact that an officer—the father of the *Marius* who gives the name to Part III.—was pulled out from among the wounded at that battle for the sake of being robbed by Thenardier, and so laid himself, as he erroneously imagined, under obligations to that villain for saving his life, no surprise at all can be felt that the child of the deceased Fantine should thenceforth serve as the pivot around which Jean Valjean's self-sacrifice would be made to turn. It was in consequence of his surrendering himself to justice, that he had not rescued Cosette from the hands of the Thenardiers, and restored her to her mother; so now his first step must be to complete the duty which he had left undischarged, and which was doubly sacred now that Fantine was no more. When he arrives at the galleys at Toulon, he is supposed to be drowned while saving the life of one of the crew of the ship, but in reality makes his escape, and we find him re-appearing at Montfermeil, and carrying away with him the wretched victim of the Thenardiers' cruelty. He reaches

reaches Paris, and there is detected by his old enemy, Javert, who, in consequence of the affair at M—— sur M——, had been promoted to form part of the Paris police. The news of the child of one Fantine having been carried off from Montfermeil by a stranger had aroused the vigilance which had been put to sleep by a paragraph in the papers on Jean Valjean's being drowned. After a chase of a most exciting character, Jean Valjean effects his escape by climbing over the wall of a garden, which turns out to be that of the convent at which, it will be remembered, M. Madeleine had procured the place of gardener for Fauchelevent. On recognising the man who had saved his life and improved his fortunes, Fauchelevent devotes himself to his service, and discreetly asks no questions. It was enough for him to know that he had saved his life. Once there, as the old gardener pithily puts it, the difficulty for Jean Valjean was how to get in; and this difficulty was preceded by another, how to get out. A solution for the first of these difficulties is devised by representing to the Lady Superior that he is becoming very infirm, and would be glad of the assistance of his brother, who had a little grandchild who might very possibly become a nun. This bait is swallowed by the Abbess, who gives him permission for his brother to come and live with him. But how to get out? A nun had recently died in the convent, whom they were anxious to bury within the walls, contrary to the law which forbade such interments. Fauchelevent is called in by the Abbess to consultation. While the nun was buried in the vaults of the convent, could not the coffin intended to convey her remains to the cemetery be otherwise filled, and so render the illegality they were bent on committing safe from detection? To this proposal Fauchelevent assents the more readily, as he sees in it a means of conveying Jean Valjean outside the convent walls. The man in charge of the cemetery was a great friend of his, and he would contrive to send him off to the public-house, and to remain himself to fill up the grave, but not before he had released Jean Valjean from his confinement. To this scheme Valjean consents. Every day he remained in the convent at the risk of detection filled him with trepidation, both for his own sake and for that of the child, whose fortunes were thenceforth linked to his own. He was determined to quit it at the risk of suffocation. As for Cosette, she could be carried out in a basket. This risk, owing to an unforeseen catastrophe, was greater than he had anticipated. Fauchelevent's friend at the cemetery was dead, and had been replaced by some one else, to whom he was a perfect stranger, and who had none of the readiness of his predecessor to abandon the bier with an *i* for the beer with an *e*.

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The scene which ensues, both inside the coffin and out, is one which may emphatically be called, in the language of penny-a-liners, a *sensation scene*. At length Fauchelevent contrives to get rid of this perversely sober gravedigger, and so extricate Jean Valjean, in a state of insensibility, from his perilous position. At the Second Part we find him installed in the convent as assistant gardener to his supposed brother, and Cosette admitted as pupil in the pensionnat. We will quote a short passage from the concluding pages of Vol. iv. to show how the author connects this phase of Jean Valjean's career with the memorable events of October, 1815.

'However, God works in His own way. The convent helped, as Cosette did, to build up in Jean Valjean what the Bishop had begun. Certain it is that on one side virtue borders very close upon pride. The space between is bridged over, and it is the devil who builds the bridge. Jean Valjean, without knowing it, perhaps, may have been on the confines of that bridge, when Providence placed him in the convent of the Petit-Picpus. So long as he had measured himself by the Bishop as a standard, he had thought scorn of himself, and had walked humbly before God. But for some time back he had begun to compare himself with other men, and pride came creeping on. Who knows? He might have ended by coming gently back to Hate. The convent arrested him on this slope.'

This quotation we shall follow up by another from the seventh volume, for the purpose of indicating the direction which the fresh trial of Jean Valjean's faith is destined to take. Our author is there taking a backward glance at Jean Valjean's history, and explains the reason of his leaving the convent in the following words:—

'It will be remembered that Jean Valjean was happy enough in the convent; so much so that his conscience began to be uneasy. Not a day passed without his seeing Cosette. A feeling of brotherhood waxed stronger and stronger within him: his soul yearned after that child; it was his, he said to himself—nothing could deprive him of it—it would always be the same—she would doubtless become a nun, led on as she was to do so day by day. To both of them the convent would from henceforth be the universe; it was there that he would grow old, that she would grow up; that she would grow old, and that he would die. Separation, oh! joyful hope, was out of the question. As he reflected on all this, he began to be perplexed. He put the question to himself—Was all this happiness his own that he could do what he liked with it? Was it not made up of the happiness of another, the happiness of that child, which he, a man on in years, confiscated and purloined? Was not all this filching? That child, he bethought himself, had a right to know the world before renouncing it: that to cut it off from every joy on pretence of saving it from every trial, that

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to make use of its ignorance and isolation in order to sow the seeds of an artificial calling, was to thwart the nature of a human being and to lie unto God. And who could tell but what Cosette when she came to understand all that had happened, and found herself, to her sorrow, a nun, might not end by hating him? This last thought was more selfish and less heroic than the others; but it was more than he could bear. He resolved to quit the convent.'

Accordingly, after the lapse of five years, during which Cosette's education was nearly completed, Jean Valjean leaves the convent. But we have been anticipating events, and must return to Part III.

'Marius,' from whom it takes its name, is the son of that Colonel—the Baron de Pontmercy—whom Thenardier, we have said, extricated from among the dying and the dead at Waterloo. This Baron de Pontmercy had won the affections and the hand of the younger daughter of M. Gillenormand, who stigmatised his son-in-law as the '*honte de sa famille*,' he being a rabid Royalist, and looking upon Napoleon and every one who had served under him as objects of unmitigated hate. At the Restoration Pontmercy was placed on half-pay; and consented to surrender his motherless, and, as far as he was concerned, penniless child to the care of his grandfather and maiden aunt, who lived with her father, on the condition insisted on by M. Gillenormand that he should never attempt to get speech of his child, or to hold intercourse of any kind with the family. Marius as a boy knows, indeed, that his father is living; but is brought up in the idea that he is never to be mentioned, and that some terrible disgrace hangs over him. When he reaches his seventeenth year his father dies, and it is only then that Marius discovers how shamefully he had been maligned. A violent quarrel ensues between him and his grandfather, which ends by Marius leaving the house, and refusing to be any longer dependent on M. Gillenormand for support. At heart the old man loves the boy; but his temper is so roused by the Bonapartist opinions paraded with all the exaggeration of reaction by Marius, that the rupture is complete. We now follow the fortunes of Marius, who takes up his quarters in an old house, which is also occupied by the Thenardiens, under the name of Jondrette. Some time, however, elapses before he is aware of it; and, meanwhile, his hard battle with poverty is carried on with a manly determination which brings out all the force of his character. As M. Victor Hugo well says: '*De fermes et rares natures sont ainsi créées; la misère, presque toujours marâtre, est quelquefois mère; le dénûment enfante la puissance d'âme et d'esprit; la détresse est nourrice de la fierté; le malheur est un bon*'

bon lait pour les magnanimes' (v. p. 305). It was now 1831. Marius had reached his twentieth year: after three years of hard work he had contrived to earn bread enough and to spare. It was no longer a matter of calculation whether he could afford a few sous to buy a côtelette, after having passed several days without tasting meat. About this time his attention is attracted towards a young girl, whom he meets day after day walking with an old man. The reader will have guessed, before we tell him, that these are Jean Valjean and Cosette. The former is annoyed by the assiduity with which Marius renews his visits to the Luxembourg; and not only ceases to go there, but changes his house, on finding that he had one day been followed home. He comes across them again in a way he least expected it. The Thenardiers, by means of a begging letter, had cajoled Valjean and Cosette to come and see them in their den, next door to the room occupied by Marius. Thenardier is not recognised by Valjean; but has himself no difficulty in recognising Valjean, and lays a plot for a guet-à-pens, the object of which is to extort money from Valjean. By means of a *trou-Judas*, Marius sees and hears everything that goes on, and at once informs the police in the person of—Javert! The scene of the guet-à-pens is most exciting. Marius is sorely perplexed at finding, from what he overhears, that this Thenardier is the man whom his father had charged him in writing to lose no opportunity of rewarding for the services he believed him to have rendered at the battle of Waterloo. Javert had charged him to let off a pistol, as soon as ever any overt act of violence was perpetrated on the victim of the guet-à-pens, whom Javert little suspected to be Jean Valjean. Neither does he make the discovery on the present occasion; for while the police are busy handcuffing the band of robbers who one after one had introduced themselves into the room, Valjean makes his escape through the window. 'Diable! dit Javert entre ses dents, ce devait être le meilleur' (p. 331). With this capture of the Thenardiers and escape of Jean Valjean ends the Third Part. With the assistance of Eponine, a daughter of the Thenardiers, who was not locked up with the rest of her family on the occasion of the guet-à-pens—and who nourishes for Marius a passion, scarcely secret, but unreturned by its object—the address of Cosette is no longer a secret to her ardent lover. Jean Valjean feels instinctively that the young man who made him abandon his visits to the Luxembourg is near at hand. He renews those visits for a day or two, and sees Marius loitering about in the distance. Victor Hugo describes with great beauty the feeling of despair and of dread which comes over Jean Valjean, as he awakens to the fact that Cosette—the being for whom he has lived,

lived, and exposed himself to numberless perils—the being to whom he has acted the part of father, mother, brother, friend—the being who alone has occupied and absorbed all the capacities of love and affection which were given to him, and which had lain at usury without a soul on whom to squander them, till he had reached the threshold of old age—that this Cosette might be taken from him; be clasped to another's breast; be the object of another's love! The jealousy which springs from a love into which nothing of sensual can enter or ever has entered is always, it will be found, akin to a bitterer hate, a more sombre moroseness, a more devilish frame of mind generally, than that which is begotten by jealousy of the more ordinary type. Here were the germs of a fresh crisis, the cloud in the horizon which betokened a coming storm. For Cosette, meanwhile, all was brightness and gladness. Marius had gained access to the garden of the house in the Rue Plumet, the scene of the Idyll which in part furnishes the title of Part IV. Of a sudden he hears that Jean Valjean means to leave Paris, and go—Cosette knows not for certain whither—perhaps to England. Driven into a corner, Marius pockets his pride, and asks his grandfather for the permission and the means to make Cosette his wife. The old libertine treats the whole affair as a silly amourette, and his grandson leaves the house in high dudgeon, before M. Gillenormand has time to recover himself from his astonishment, and to call him back and clasp him to his arms.

It is June, 1832. The days of the émeute, which it will be remembered commenced at the funeral of General La Marque, are at hand. The Epopée of the Rue St. Denis is about to commence. Marius, more from disappointment at thwarted love than from democratic rage at stinted liberty, throws in his lot with the revolutionary party, and becomes, in very wantonness, one of the heroes of the Barricade of the Rue de la Chanverie. In the thick of the fight a letter is given him from Cosette, saying that in a week's time she and her father—so she was wont to call him—would be in London. He tore a piece of paper out of his pocket-book and wrote to Cosette to say that by the time she received that letter his soul would have fled, and that his body might be taken to his grandfather's, M. Gillenormand, Rue des Filles-du-Calvaire, No. 6, au Marais. After despatching this remarkably cheerful missive to Cosette by the hand of one Gavroche, a *gamin de Paris* (one of the most charming creations in the book), he returns to his post at the Barricade. Shortly before it arrives at its destination—we are speaking of Marius's note, not his body—Jean Valjean, who was hugging in secret the idea of a voyage to England, which would rid him, as he hoped, of Marius, and nip
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in the bud any lurking feeling which Cosette might possibly entertain in return, was suddenly arrested, as he paced up and down the room, by a strange spectacle which met his eye. He happened to be looking into a mirror which surmounted the sideboard, and there read, in so many words, the five lines which Cosette, in the hurry of quitting the Rue Plumet, had written to her lover, partly to tell him of their new abode, and partly, as we have seen, to let him know that they were bound for London. The mystery is soon solved. Cosette, who had gone upstairs into her room under pretence of a migraine, which in reality was nothing but crossed love, had left on the sideboard the blotting-book which she had brought with her from the Rue Plumet, and on which she had dried the aforesaid note. The impression was of course reversed; but this the mirror rendered legible, and thus presented to the astonished eye of Jean Valjean. The description of the old man's agony of mind furnishes the theme of a chapter almost as grand as that which we analysed at length when M. Madeleine was on the eve of surrendering himself to save Champmathieu. One might have thought that after so many severe trials his conscience would have become as it were seasoned; but it was not so. 'C'est que de toutes les tortures qu'il avait subies dans cette longue question que lui donnait la destinée, celle-ci était la plus redoutable. Jamais pareille tenaille ne l'avait saisi. Il sentit le remuement mystérieux de toutes les sensibilités latentes. Il sentit le pincement de la fibre inconnue. Hélas, l'épreuve suprême, disons mieux, l'épreuve unique, c'est la perte de l'être aimé!' (p. 424). In the midst of this gloom and despair which seem to freeze up the issues of life, the letter which Marius had sent by Gavroche reaches the house and falls into the hands of Valjean. With almost fiendish glee he chuckles, as he reads it, at the thought of Marius being dead: he resolves to keep the note in his pocket—Cosette would be none the wiser. Her lover would be disposed of, and he (Valjean) would once more be at peace. The sound of firing made him put on his uniform of a garde nationale and stroll out, musket in hand, in the direction of the sound.

How Jean Valjean passed through the ordeal which this discovery of the clandestine love-passages between Marius and Cosette had laid upon him, is the subject of the two concluding volumes, or Part V. By the time that he arrived at the Rue de la Chanverie, the defenders of the Barricades were sorely reduced in number: Marius was still alive, and Javert, who in an early stage of the proceedings had come among them as a spy and had been detected by Gavroche, was not yet shot, though still a prisoner. We cannot follow the incidents of the street-fight through all its
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revolting and bloody details. Suffice it to say that Jean Valjean, who had taken no part in the fray beyond exposing his person to danger and dressing the wounds of those who were less fortunate than himself, ends by letting Javert escape and by carrying off Marius, faint with loss of blood, through the manhole of the great sewer of Paris. He no sooner emerges from it, after adventures and hairbreadth escapes almost as startling as those they had recently met with above ground, than he finds himself once more confronted by the ubiquitous Javert. His first care is to take the almost lifeless body of Marius to his grandfather, whose address he had learned from the intercepted note sent by Marius to Cosette. He then expresses his readiness to put himself in Javert's custody; but Javert lets him go—an act of such abnormal dereliction of duty, that it drives its author to commit suicide. Life had in his eyes lost its *raison d'être*, and nature was out of course when a criminal was allowed to escape the grip of the law. The last volume is filled with the convalescence of Marius and his marriage with Cosette, who receives from Jean Valjean a dowry of six hundred thousand francs. Once more the spirit of self-sacrifice had gained the victory over selfishness—love over hate. The service of God, to which the Bishop's parting words had, as it were, devoted him, had not been in his case perfect freedom; but, sooner or later, that service had been paid. But one more act of martyrdom awaited him: he feels it to be his duty to tell Marius that he is a liberated convict. Marius receives the intelligence with anything but equanimity, and there results a coolness between him and Jean Valjean which ultimately communicates itself to Cosette, and poor Jean Valjean discovers that he is *de trop*. He drops his visit to Cosette, and worn out in body and mind, remains at home to die of a broken heart. As Marius learns that the suspicions which he had conceived as to the origin of his wife's dowry, when he heard that Jean Valjean had been a convict, were without foundation, and further, that the man who had saved his life and conveyed him from the Bar-ricades to his grandfather's house, and whom he had in vain endeavoured to discover, was no other than this same Jean Valjean, stung with remorse for his cold, churlish treatment of one to whom he owed so much, he hurries with Cosette to Valjean's lodgings, but only in time to receive his last blessing and hear his last sigh.

Thus have we endeavoured to conduct the reader through the labyrinth of this Titan tale, making use all the while of the clue to its intricacies which we believe the author intended to be furnished by the successive crises in the career of Jean Valjean. The whole history of this extraordinary man, as recorded in the ten volumes before us, is but the development of that injunction which

which the Bishop gave him when, by an act of signal clemency, he reclaimed him from the downward path of a brutalised conscience, and set him with his face toward Heaven—on that onward, upward path, that *odós òvōs*, as Plato calls it, which leads, like Jacob's ladder, up to God. On the last round of that ladder we leave him, no longer troubled by the persecutions of a Javert, or heartbroken by the ingratitude of a Cosette.

As we cast a backward glance and survey the ground we have traversed, we think the reader will admit that if the tale we have unfolded before him be indeed a wondrous maze, it is not without a plan which witnesses to the artistic power of its author. It seems to us that nothing but the inconsiderate hastiness with which modern criticism is in the habit of tossing off a judgment on the works, great or small, which come under its ken, can account for the blindness which, so far as we know, has everywhere been shown respecting the leading idea which forms as it were the trunk-line of the work. But the merits of *Les Misérables* do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole; it abounds, page after page, with details of unequalled beauty. We feel bound to say that we know of nothing in the whole compass of French literature which can even be compared with such chapters as those entitled 'Le dedans du désespoir,' 'L'onde et l'ombre,' and 'Petit Gervais,' in the first volume; 'Une tempête sous un crâne' and 'Bâtons dans les roues,' in the second volume; 'La cadène,' in the seventh volume; 'Buvard, bavard,' in the eighth; and 'Immortale Jecur,' in the tenth. The power which they so transcendently display is not merely different in degree, it is different in kind, from anything in the language at any period of its history. Michelet, indeed, in some passages of his 'Histoire de France,' suggests a parallel, but on closer examination it will be found that one cardinal distinction prevents us from pursuing the parallel any further. The process which presided over the cradle of all language, and which embodied the abstract emotions of the mind in terms borrowed from the concrete material world, is one which also presides over that inexhaustible fund of imagery with which every page of Victor Hugo is rife. His metaphors are almost uniformly the *carrying over* of the invisible into the visible world. With Michelet it will be found the converse is the case; and this difference so affects the style, that Victor Hugo is still left without any one to whom we can liken him. By no writer since the time of Rabelais have the capabilities of the French language been set forth to such advantage—never before have so much bone and muscle been laid bare. Some French critic—M. Cuvillier Fleury, if we remember right—has said that, in the presence

presence of the author of '*Les Misérables*,' his readers must feel like the Lilliputians in the hands of Gulliver. The comparison is a very just one. Victor Hugo's mind is essentially Titanic; he is more at home, shows more power, where he is dealing with conceptions of a superhuman character, than when he dwells among ordinary men. And yet the tenderness, the grace, the pathos which he brings to bear on his description of children, are no less wonderful than the grandeur of his style and the majesty of his gait when dealing with the colossal and the superhuman. But, while thus at home with pigmies and giants, he seems at times to be lacking in what Pascal somewhere calls '*l'entredeux*.' His creations of men and women, such as we meet with in everyday life, lay themselves open to criticism, as being types of a class rather than individuals with definitely marked outlines of their own. This, however, is a defect which characterises all the works of Romance literature, as contrasted with that of Teutonic races.

It is much to be regretted that a work abounding with beauties of such a very high order, and destined to occupy a permanent place in the literature of France, should have been *weighted*, in its passage to posterity, with so many digressions and so much nonsense. So little have these last to do with the development of the story that at the commencement of this article we asserted our right to assign them to a distinct author, in order that we might the more completely disembarass ourselves of them in following up the leading idea of the story from the commencement to the close. To do this, however, our course from the end of the second volume onwards has been a steeplechase of a very arduous kind. At the very opening of the third volume we had to clear at a jump upwards of one hundred and fifty pages on the battle of Waterloo, to which justice has been done in another part of this number of the '*Quarterly Review*.' We then come in the fourth volume to about one hundred and forty pages on convents in general, and on the convent of the Rue Picpus in particular. No one can deny that these pages are not destitute of beauties of the very highest order, and breathe an amount and depth of what we believe to be genuine religious feeling, in its way, which those who only know Victor Hugo by what they read in reviews and newspapers would scarcely be prepared to meet with. We allude especially to the chapter on Prayer. But then these beauties, though neither sparse nor slight, lose half their charm by losing all their *à propos*. The digressions, however, do not cease here. At the commencement of the seventh volume we have nearly a hundred pages on the causes which led to the *émeutes* of June, 1832; and the account of the *Journées des*

Barricades themselves—though grand beyond all conception—is, after all, only a digression, and a digression which extends over some five hundred pages. Nor is this all. At one of the most critical periods of the story, just when Jean Valjean has effected his escape with Marius in his arms from the pursuit of the soldiery, we are treated to another hundred pages on the valuable uses to which the sewage of large towns might be put. From one of these numerous digressions we are tempted to extract a few pages, which will be read, we believe, with all the interest which is due both to the subject and to the author. We allude to Victor Hugo's character of Louis Philippe, which has deservedly been considered one of the most remarkable passages in the entire work:—

“The son of a father to whom history will certainly award “attenuating circumstances,” but as worthy of esteem as that father had been worthy of blame; having all private and most public virtues; careful of his health, his fortune, his person; and his affairs; knowing the value of a minute, not always the value of a year; temperate, serene, easy-going, patient; a good man and a good prince; sleeping with his wife, and having in his palace servants whose business it was to show humbler people his conjugal couch—an ostentation of bedward regularity which was not without its use after the illicit connexions of the elder branch; knowing every language in Europe, and—rarer still—not only knowing but speaking the language of every interest: an admirable representative of the “Middle Class,” but overtopping it, and in every sense its superior; having the admirable tact, while prizing the blood in his veins, to rate himself at his intrinsic value, and, even in the matter of race, punctilious to a degree, calling himself an Orleans and not a Bourbon: very much indeed of a First Prince of the Blood all the time he was only “His Serene Highness,” but sinking into the plain-spoken bourgeois as soon as he was Your Majesty: diffuse in public, concise in a room; stigmatised as a miser, but *not proven so*; at bottom one of those economical men who would spend without a thought if fancy prompted or duty called; lettered, but with no taste for letters; a man of birth, without chivalry; simple, calm, and strong; adored by his family and his household; an excellent talker, as a statesman not susceptible of illusions, no fire in his breast, a slave to the interests of the moment, governing from hand to mouth, incapable of a grudge or of gratitude, wearing out talent against mediocrity, clever at playing off parliamentary majorities against those mysterious unanimities which keep growling beneath a throne; open-hearted, sometimes open to the verge of imprudence, but catching himself when thus tripping with wonderful address; fertile in finding expedients, and in putting on a face and a mask; making Europe a bugbear to France, and France to Europe: loving beyond all dispute his country, but preferring his family; prizing mastery more than authority, and authority more than dignity—

dignity—a tendency this which is so far untoward, that, being bent on compassing success, it counts cunning among its instruments and does not exclude baseness, but which is so far beneficial that it preserves the policy of a country from violent crises, the state from fractures, and society from catastrophes; painstaking, accurate, vigilant, attentive, sagacious, indefatigable; sometimes giving himself the lie; showing a bold front to Austria at Ancona, making a dead set at England in Spain, bombarding Antwerp and paying Pritchard; singing the Marseillaise and singing it with zest; inaccessible to dejection, languor, to a taste for the Beautiful and the Ideal, to inconsiderate generosity, to Utopias, to chimæras, to anger, to vanity, and to fear; capable of every known form of personal valour; at Valmy a general, at Jemmapes a common soldier; eight times the butt of a regicide, and never with a smile off his face; brave as a grenadier, courageous as a thinker; never uneasy but at the prospect of a European convulsion, and ill-suited for great political schemes; always ready to risk his life, never his throne; making his will felt rather than seen, that the obedience might be paid to the mind more than to the monarch; gifted with observation, not with divination; not troubling himself about currents of thought, but a good judge of men, that is, forced to see before he could decide; full of good sense, prompt and keen, of practical wisdom, ready of speech and with a prodigious memory; to that memory having hourly recourse—his only point of resemblance with Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon; knowing facts, details, dates, names; but ignorant of the tendencies, the passions, the habits of thought of the multitude, the inward aspirations, the hidden and obscure fermentations of the soul, in a word, of everything which might be called the invisible currents of the conscience; accepted by the surface of France, but not much liked by the lower strata; getting out of the difficulty by finessing; governing too much and not reigning enough; his own Premier; dexterous at stemming the immensity of ideas with the trifles of realities: combining a genuine creative power of civilisation, order, and organisation with a kind of pettifoggery and quibbling spirit; the founder and the Procureur of a dynasty; having in him a dash of Charlemagne and a dash of an attorney: in a word, a man of lofty and original mind, a prince who made his rule felt in spite of the uneasiness of France, and his influence in spite of the jealousy of Europe, Louis Philippe will be classed among the eminent men of his time, and would be ranged among the illustrious Rulers of history, if he had only had a little love of glory, and if his mind had been as much imbued with a sympathy for what was great as with a sense of what was useful.

Many more pages follow. The whole is wound up by the following touching words:—

‘Louis Philippe having been judged severely by some, harshly by others, it is only natural that one who has known that monarch, and who is himself at present nothing more than a shadowy being, should come

and give his evidence for him in the face of History. This evidence, be it what it may, is at least disinterested: one shadow may be allowed to console another; to share a common darkness gives a right to praise; and we need not fear of its being said of two tombs in exile: 'This one flattered the other.'

On the social and political opinions of which these numerous digressions are made the vehicle, it is difficult for an Englishman to speak without impatience and surprise;—impatience at the amazing ignorance of the rudiments of social and political philosophy which even such a man as Victor Hugo displays in every line; surprise at the stolidity which prevents the author from seeing that the events which are either the pretext or the cause of his becoming and remaining an exile were but the natural and only possible fruit of those doctrines, which are paraded with so much emphasis and apparent sincerity. Not often has greater genius been placed at the service of greater nonsense. Had we followed the example of certain critics of '*Les Misérables*,' we should have indulged in ridicule of these digressions and this nonsense, to the exclusion of almost all that really constitutes the true beauty and grandeur of the work. Nothing could have been easier than such a task. Possibly the love of detraction, which holds so firm a place in the human heart, might have rendered this treatment more palatable to the public than that which we have adopted. We venture to think, however, that we have chosen the better—we are certain that we have chosen the more laborious—part. We hold, with Winckelmann, that, of all canons of criticism, one of the most important to bear in mind is this—always to set yourself to find out what is beautiful in a work of art before you begin to criticise the defects. Whatever may be the blemishes observable in this work—and we have not been slow to point them out—it bears undoubted traces of having been the produce of much honest toil, and many noble aspirations. Qualities such as these are not of such common occurrence that we should treat their possessor with sarcasm and contempt because he indulges at times in extravagances which test the patience of the reader.

ART. II.—*The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers.* By William Whewell, D.D. 3 Vols. 1859-1861.

IT is one of Mr. Ruskin's *dicta* that 'an intelligent and rightly bred youth or girl ought to enjoy much even in Plato by the time they are fifteen or sixteen.' Dr. Whewell is not less sanguine in his expectations. He has acted on the supposition that

that 'a large portion of the Platonic Dialogues' can 'be made intelligible and even interesting to ordinary readers of English literature.' We sympathize with him in his hope, and we applaud the spirit of his undertaking. It may be, indeed, that his endeavour to popularize the 'way of thinking' known as Greek Philosophy is not throughout inspired with the highest reverence for the genius of these writings, which he prizes chiefly for their educational value. He has not 'unsphered the spirit' of the great Athenian. But the work presents so many traces of a genuine liking and *almost* enthusiasm for Plato, and in many parts is executed with so much vigour, that we desire to accept it cordially, not only as an additional proof, if that were needed, of the universality of its author's interests and powers, but as a timely contribution to the Platonic literature of our country.

There was certainly room enough in England for a fresh attempt to make Plato accessible to those who cannot 'enjoy' him in the original. Until late years the only English translation of the whole of Plato's works was that in five thick quarto volumes by Sydenham and Taylor (1804). Sydenham's dialogues (including the Symposium, Meno, and Philebus) leave comparatively little to be desired; but unfortunately the great bulk of the work is done by Taylor, who, though he has turned some things gracefully, is frequently deficient both in style and accuracy. Shelley's Symposium is in parts exquisite in point of language and rhythm, but he has fallen into some errors which were avoided by Sydenham. More recently a complete version of the Dialogues by different hands has been published by Mr. Bohn. The three volumes are of unequal merit, but none of them can pretend to first-rate excellence. To these, and to the elegant little volume of Selections in which Lady Chatterton has brought together some of the most impressive passages of Plato, translated by herself, we can only allude in passing. Besides these, two translations of separate dialogues have lately appeared, which have a more serious claim to be considered: of the 'Republic,' by Messrs. Davies and Vaughan, late Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge; and of the 'Philebus,' by E. Poste, Esq., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. The first-named publication is already passing through a second edition, and is undoubtedly a very meritorious work. But it can scarcely convey to a reader who is unacquainted with the Greek anything like an adequate impression of the poetical and dramatic power manifested in the 'Republic.' The perusal of it will convince any one who is familiar with the original how difficult it is even for good scholars to translate Plato. The art of translating is like the art of preserving: it
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is impossible to keep the colour and the aroma in their first freshness, and yet the degree in which this point is approached is the test of skill. Many of the finer touches of Plato's masterpiece have disappeared in this copy.* Mr. Poste has been more successful. His version, while fastidiously accurate, combines a certain antique dignity with ease and smoothness. Still it tastes a little too much like the dried fruit. The 'Philebus' could not by any means be presented to English readers as a popular treatise; but with all the complexity of its massive structure, it has a light and graceful beauty and an harmonious movement, which we would fain have seen more perfectly rendered.

The Platonic Dialogues, as Dr. Whewell has introduced them to us, come before us with a more engaging air. It must be admitted that they afford very pleasant reading. They have no lack of perspicuity, nor of freshness and vigour of expression. If other translators, in preserving some nicety of meaning, have occasionally suffered some of the pith and force of the original to escape them, Dr. Whewell, by keeping a tough hold of his author's drift, and of the Saxon idiom, moves with a firm step, even where he may have too hastily let go the finer clue of literal interpretation. But, as we have already hinted, we feel a want in reading him which troubles us more than mistakes of construing. The translator has not sufficient faith in his author. For what Wordsworth says of the poet applies with at least equal force to the philosopher: 'You must love him, ere to you he will seem worthy of your love.' And Dr. Whewell is not in the fullest sense a lover of Plato. Either his mind has not been cast in the same imaginative mould, or possibly a wholesome reaction against the high-flying interpreters has carried him a little too far. Whatever may be the cause, he does not appear to be *quite* an enthusiastic admirer of the Platonic wisdom, and he is not always a satisfactory interpreter of Plato's thoughts.

The defect adverted to is not merely that the style is inadequately rendered,—that for instance the various music of the

* In some cases the rendering appears to be (we write under correction), not merely imperfect, but mistaken: e.g. p. 373 (St.)—ἐξ ὧν, 'to causes which'; 382, ψεύδεσθαι τε καὶ ἐψεῦσθαι, 'to lie or to be the victim of a lie'; 421, ἐπιστάμεθα, 'we are well aware that we might'; p. 449, τὸ ὁρθῶς τοῦτο, 'this word right'; p. 492, διαφθειρομένους τινὰς ὑπὸ σοφιστῶν νέους, 'certain individuals corrupted by Sophists in their youth'; ib., ἀλλοίων ἦθος πρὸς ἀρετὴν, 'a character that will regard virtue with different feelings'; 528, ὅτι τῇ ζητήσει γελοῖος ἔχει, 'because it is studied absurdly'; p. 536, οὐκ οὖν ὥς γ' ἐμοὶ ἀκούρη. Ἄλλ' ὥς ἐμοί, ἢν δ' ἐγὼ, ῥήτορι, 'At least, in listening, I did not think so. Well, in speaking it struck me that I did'; p. 579, οὐδὲν δέμενος, 'Without any excuse for it'; p. 612, τὰ τ' ἄλλα ἀπελυσάμεθα τῷ λόγῳ, 'And have we not divested ourselves of all secondary considerations in the course of the argument?'

Phædrus (παρρηγόριος ῥήτορ) and the simple grace of the Protagoras are represented by the same rough and occasionally frigid manner—nor merely that the fragmentary mode of treatment is ill adapted for the reproduction of a work of art: it is rather that some part of what lay deepest in Plato and of what he most valued is thrown into the background, if not ignored. Hence the gradations through which his philosophy unfolded itself are traced imperfectly, and the real harmony which pervades this ‘diverse body of writings’ is obscured and marred. There are elements, indeed, of Plato’s life-work, to which Dr. Whewell has given fresh prominence, and which a less cool and unexcited handling has sometimes eliminated. For the meteor-light of German philosophy our author has substituted the candle of English common sense; while in his command of geometry he holds a thread which reaches almost directly to the Academy. He has done wisely in protesting against certain crude methods by which Plato’s meaning is overlaid with ‘modern thought,’ and disguised under the language of Descartes or Hegel. He has further avoided the mistake of aiming at a formal consistency, while sacrificing the obvious meaning of a particular writing. One bond of connexion between the several dialogues he has brought into full relief; the common presence in them of the direct, unswerving, merciless appeal to common sense, and the absolute determination to uphold an immutable morality. Our author, if not deeply imbued with Platonism, is a genuine Socratic. He is strongly attracted by what Antisthenes called the Socratic vigour (Σωκρατικὴν ἰσχὺν), the inexorable sequence, the keen wit, the imperturbable good humour, the homely, yet sublime, moral attitude of the Father of Philosophy. He thoroughly enjoys the way in which Socrates sets the young men a-thinking; he is entertained with the discomfiture of the Sophist, though he is no less pleased when the adversary makes a good fight of it and dies hard; and he is ever ready to appreciate the moral grandeur of the whole position (even though coloured here and there with ‘Platonic exaggerations’). Had he lived in Athens at the time of its greatest glory, when philosophy had its birth there, it is more than doubtful whether he would have accompanied Plato far, but he would have been found with Plato, Euclides, and Antisthenes at the feet of Socrates, and would not have been lightly absent from his master’s death. The aspect of Plato’s mind which he has presented to us is perhaps the most universally interesting, and certainly has the nearest affinity to English modes of thought.

To stimulate intelligence, to rouse the mind to seek for clear definitions of familiar notions, especially of those which are

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at once most familiar and most indefinite, namely, our moral ideas: these objects, common to Plato and Socrates, Dr. Whewell fully recognises, and he exhibits with considerable pith and raciness the 'inductive' method of catechizing by which they are pursued. But Socrates was something more than an acute reasoner about ethics in their infancy; and the intensity of his personal character was accompanied with a corresponding loftiness of intellectual aim. He sought with religious pertinacity not merely knowledge of moral relations, but knowledge as such. And that which binds Plato's dialogues together is the continuation of this speculative impulse and the consciousness of it ever becoming more distinct until it has reached the whole extent of previous and contemporary thought, and has travelled over every surrounding aspect of Hellenic life. The same spirit rules amidst the rich variety of the *Phædrus* and the comparative simplicity of the *Protagoras* and *Meno*.

This ever-present spirit of inquiry is the very life of Plato; and it is this which Dr. Whewell appears frequently to overlook. The cause may be partly gathered from his own words in the preface to his first volume:—

'If I have been led in many cases to views of the purport of these dialogues different from the views which have been put forth by modern translators and commentators, I have tried to give my reasons for my interpretation, and have discussed the interpretations proposed by others. To those who have been accustomed to the usual style of commenting upon the "*Platonic Dialogues*," I shall probably appear, especially in the earlier Dialogues of this series, to see in Plato a less profound wisdom than has been commonly ascribed to him. But I hope the reader will find in the Dialogues themselves, as here presented, and in their connexion with each other, a justification of my views as to the purpose and object of the arguments used. In every part my rule has been to take what seemed the direct and natural import of the Dialogue as its true meaning. Some of the commentators are in the habit of extracting from Plato doctrines obliquely implied rather than directly asserted: indeed they sometimes seem to ascribe to their Plato an irony so profound, that it makes no difference in any special case whether he asserts a proposition or its opposite. I have taken a different course, and I have obtained, as I think, a more consistent result.'

We have already granted that it is possible to find too much in Plato; that is, to attribute to him associations which are of another age. But when fully guarded against this danger, and wholly apart from any desire to give a profound meaning to common-place language, an attentive reader is soon led to suspect him of a very deep irony and a love of indirect expression. Further, as he becomes familiar with Plato's writings, he will be made

made aware of a continuity of growth pervading them, as he perceives the germs of later thoughts appearing in the earlier dialogues: theories stated tentatively and relinquished, which are afterwards accepted when put differently; the same idea appearing at one time in a mythical, at another time in a severer, form; while sometimes, what has been in one place worked out with strict dialectical exactness, seems in a later passage to be weakened or softened down. And thus an intention or tendency may often be quite fairly deduced from the comparison of other dialogues, which is by no means evident on the surface of a particular writing. No analysis of Plato can be searching, no account of him can be adequate, which omits these plain facts. It is possible to assign to Plato notions which are foreign to him; it is possible, in treating him as a philosopher, to forget that he is a dramatist and poet;—to draw a sort of bust of him instead of the full-length figure. But it is no less a fault to give us the limbs without the head, or the body without the inspiring soul. In avoiding the error of imagining an ideal Plato, Dr. Whewell has fallen into the opposite extreme. He has discarded the help of imagination, and his Plato is sometimes a very matter-of-fact person indeed.

The little dialogue which bears the name of 'Lysis' or 'On Friendship' affords a good illustration of our meaning. This Dr. Whewell regards 'as a series of puzzles, fitted well enough to exercise the intellect of boys, and of men in the infancy of speculation, and employed mainly for that purpose by Plato.' It is true that the scene of the conversation is a boys' school, and that the only actual interlocutors besides Socrates are boys; and Dr. Whewell has very happily rendered the playful manner in which Socrates (*παίζων πρὸς μειράκια* *) insinuates himself into the good graces of the boyish mind. But are we to suppose that he has no object beyond his own amusement in doing this? May he not be at the same time insinuating some true lesson?

'Laughing, to teach the truth

What hinders?'

Or is his main purpose simply to puzzle them? And is it a matter of indifference to Plato in what direction they are 'set a-thinking'? Before accepting such a conclusion, it would be prudent to compare the 'Symposium,' in which a cognate subject (Love) is treated more fully and with undoubted earnestness. Here we find several of the hints thrown out in the 'Lysis' carefully elaborated. Thus the suggestion that 'what is neither good nor evil loves the good because of the presence of

* Plat. 'Theat.,' p. 168.

evil in itself'* is paralleled by the thought that 'Love is neither wise nor unwise, neither a God nor a mortal, neither rich nor utterly poor; yet that he has always a want accompanying him: that he is the son of Invention and Poverty.'† The vague notion of an Absolute ground of Friendship (πρώτον φίλον)‡ is more distinctly set forth in the 'Symposium' as Absolute Beauty (αὐτὸ καλόν),§ and its relation to particular objects is similarly described; while the anticipation with which the 'Lysis' closes, that the ground of Friendship is that which is at once Good and Proper to the person aiming at it (ἀγαθὸν καὶ οἰκεῖον),|| is strikingly confirmed by the doctrine of Diotima, that the real aim of Love is that the Beautiful should be realized as our own.¶ This last thought, as Dr. Whewell himself remarks, becomes the centre of Aristotle's deeply philosophical analysis of Friendship,** in which other questions raised in the 'Lysis' are also noticed; such as, 'whether friendship is always mutual, and whether it arises naturally between similar or opposite characters?' Hence it is not unreasonable to think that real difficulties may lie at the root of these, which Dr. Whewell considers merely verbal questions. To the Greek philosophers, at all events, they were not merely verbal. And, gathering boldness in the face of these analogies, we venture to ask, whether Socrates' advice to Hippothales at the opening †† is not intended to convey the impression that truth is the real ground of love, and hence that the true way to conciliate love in another is to awaken in him the love of truth. Lastly, when we remember how closely allied in Plato's mind were the ideas of love and friendship (represented here by the two friends of Lysis, Hippothales and Menexenus), and that love was to him the symbol of the highest philosophy, we shall not be startled if we find this boyish discussion of a boyish affection running up into such questions as 'What would be the case if evil were done away? Would there then be no desire?'‡‡ That is not a merely childish discourse, though it might well be suggested by the question of a child, in which we find such words as these:

'Tell me, I beseech you, supposing Evil were destroyed, would there then be no more hungering, nor thirsting, nor any such thing; or would there still be hunger, as a condition of the animal frame, yet so as to do it no harm; and thirst also, and the other desires, only with no touch of evil, seeing that the Evil Nature was destroyed? Or

* 'Lys.' p. 217.

§ 'Symp.' p. 211.

** 'Ar. Eth. N.' b. ix.

†† Compare 'Theæt.' p. 176, ἀλλ' οὐτε ἀπολίσθαι τὰ κακὰ δυνατόν, ὃ Θεόδωρε.

† 'Symp.' p. 203.

‡ 'Lys.' p. 222.

¶ p. 210.

† 'Lys.' p. 219.

¶ 'Symp.' p. 205.

is it not rather vain to ask what would happen or not happen then, for who can tell? *

We conclude, therefore, that the hypotheses of the 'Lysis' were either seriously put forth by Plato before his own thought on the subject was fully matured, or were seriously intended by him to lead the mind of his reader a few steps in the direction which his own more advanced speculations had taken. The fact that boys are the interlocutors rather favours the latter view; that he is intentionally leading us only part of the way, as children may be lifted to catch a momentary glimpse of some pageant which they are not allowed to follow. And it deserves to be remarked in confirmation of this, that the hypothesis already mentioned—that the indifferent loves the good because of the presence of some evil—though it is relinquished because of the difficulties surrounding the mutual relations of good and evil in the world, is not expressly and finally set aside.

This instance may suffice to indicate the importance of comparing Plato with himself. But to be fully understood he must be studied with reference to the whole history of the Greek mind. Dr. Whewell is not insensible to this necessity; but it is a point on which the Historian of the Inductive Sciences might have rendered more valuable assistance than we have met with in these volumes.

The age of Socrates and of Plato has features peculiar to itself—it is the culminating point of the Greek intellect; but it may be regarded as typical of every age in which intellectual movements have predominated. And a clear likeness of it is preserved for us in Plato's writings. It had been preceded by a long transition period, in which the Greek was no longer a child, but a growing boy; and when the state, mirrored in the Homeric poems, in which everything in and around the life of man was met with an awestruck, yet loving and familiar reverence, no longer occupied the whole mind of the people, but had retired to the inner chambers of memory, still ready to awake at the touch of the poet into more than imaginary being. Even with the poetical forms, the beginnings of philosophy were ere long inwoven. The fine sense of harmony and proportion inherent in the Greek race was puzzled in comparing past and present, elements of liberty and of order, the Fates and Justice, positive and unwritten law. The 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, and the 'Antigone' of Sophocles, had a deeper than the merely poetical interest. Moral reflections, like those of Pindar and Thucydides, began to insert themselves beneath the pictures of Olympus,

* P. 220.

and to supplant the fear of the Divine jealousy. The political history of Athens had given scope for the display of the highest public qualities, and the exigencies of the state had been a surer guide to Themistocles and Pericles than the example, which seemed to animate them, of the heroes of old. The law-courts were training every citizen in the arts of disputation. The more ambitious longed for the power of oratory to sway the Demos. Meanwhile, an ideal philosophy had arisen, and came into contact with this eager, mobile atmosphere of awakened intelligence. Thus Pericles strengthened his mind with the converse of Anaxagoras. And while the true meaning of the earliest thinkers passed over the heads of their contemporaries, and wandered, a mere bodiless creation, until it found harmonious utterance through the mind of Plato, their words were eagerly caught up and applied. Hence philosophy stood in danger of being vulgarized, through being turned to popular uses. The lofty speculation of Parmenides in the form of the Zenonian logic was transformed into a mere gymnastic of the brain, a paradoxical means of pulling the world to pieces, and of binding fast the spirit of inquiry. The scarcely less exalted theory of Heraclitus became the occasion of the merely subjective doctrine of Protagoras, which threatened to make men indifferent to absolute truth. The singular attitude presented by Socrates was the only means of rescuing the world from this result. It was the reverse of dogmatism, yet it was not the attitude of scepticism but of inquiry. Two things are implied in this: * the belief that there is an absolute and universal truth, and the consciousness that we do not possess it. Socrates further assumed that if there is an absolute truth, it is applicable in the form of good to everything in human life; and that to learn something of it by self-questioning is not only possible, but a duty absolutely binding. The lesson which he taught, though it stood in the closest relation to the contemporary phase of the Greek mind, and became the key to its interpretation, was yet perfectly independent of the theories of other men. He is one of those heroic figures who have lived in their age but were not of it; who have made an impression on mankind incomparably greater than any which they can have received. He did not fable when he claimed a Divine mission. To him we owe the faith, where it is still found, that truth is one, that the same thing cannot be true and false, that what is true cannot be separated from what is good. Had Socrates not lived, is it too much to say that the 'marvels of

* See some remarks on Descartes, in Mr. Maurice's new volume on the 'History of Philosophy,' p. 298.

modern science' would have been impossible? 'He was the first who pursued knowledge as a religious duty, and sacrificed his life to truth. He laid the foundation-stone of science in Man, of which it was reserved for our own Bacon to place the corner-stone in Nature. He alone in his day saw clearly that before we can reason accurately concerning anything, we must first know by inquiry, What it is.' In an age and country where all theories were received, but none were really sifted; when men were amused rather than disturbed by intellectual and logical difficulties; when they could laugh at representations of gods and heroes, and yet were panic-stricken by any violence done to their traditional superstitions; when success was worshipped, and dogmas never known as principles were in the mouths of lawyers and public men; in an age when poetry and oratory were honoured and studied but not yet really analysed and understood, there was one man whose eye pierced through and through the body of the time. That man was Socrates. His ironical speech to the Athenians really expresses all: 'I know nothing; but others seem to know: I find that they also are really ignorant; but I know that I know nothing: therefore the Deity has pronounced me wise.' He is the first who brought the standard of absolute knowledge to bear upon the individual mind; by self-reflection upon his own, and then by inductive questioning upon the minds of others. He seemed to them the cause of their perplexity; but really he only revealed to them, by the light of reason, the confusion in which their thoughts still lay. (So Plato makes him say to Euthyphro, 'It is not I that make the argument to move in a circle, but you.')

The method of Socrates seemed the destruction of all in which men lived and moved, of that beautiful poetry which was enshrined in the hearts of the people, of the statesmanship which had won and secured their liberties, of the oratory which was the mouthpiece and apparent mainspring of the national will; of the mythology in which, as in an opal casket, the secret of their social and religious life lay hid. It was in reality the creation of a new principle, which should give to each of these elements of Athenian life an ideal significance, and should, unlike them, speak directly and with immediate power not to the Athenians only, but to the men of intellect throughout the world. A contrast is sometimes drawn between the sense of discord and confusion, the distraction and agony of the soul, which is the forerunner of religious peace, and the 'harmony with Nature' in which Philosophy is supposed to rest. But it is not less true that there is a parallel between the

* 'Euthyphr.,' p. 15.

dissolution of the old elements of intellectual life, the destruction of appearances in which the mind reposed, the breaking up of seeming foundations, which are the first-fruits of the spirit of inquiry, and the isolation of the individual from the world, the separation of the flesh and spirit, which are the foretaste of the experience of the Christian. And while the work of Socrates appeared the death-stroke of all confidence in traditional teaching, and in the powers of the mind itself, it was really inspired with a deep and sober faith; the belief that Truth exists for man, and that he is able, if not at once to grasp it, yet to aim at it not without a sure hope.

The object of this faith, to which Socrates clung so firmly that he died rather than relinquish it or hide it from mankind—differed from the 'universal reason' of Heraclitus, and the 'universal Deity' of Xenophanes (1), in that, while the sole object of true knowledge, it was regarded as for the present unknown, and (2), in being not merely a speculative, but also a practical principle. And this in two ways, both as it must be found applicable to everything in human life, and as the search for it with a view to practice was his one endeavour. I *know not* what anything *is*, till I have found an account of it which is *universally* true.' The exemplification of this maxim in familiar instances was Socrates' life. If it does not seem a great thing to die for, then no principle is worth supporting, for it is this which gives to every true principle its value. It lies at the root of philosophy and of all science, and gives the hope of a secure foundation to morality. No one had so brought the 'dry light' of reason, without any intervening haze of speculative imagination, into immediate contact with the opinions and practices of men. When he said Virtue is knowledge, he meant that virtue, if it is to stand firm, must be based on principle, and not on custom, education, and tradition; and that hence a 'science of ethics' was necessary as a guide to men.

Plato received the Socratic spirit of inquiry into a mind which became also filled with all the literature and science and all the speculative theories then extant. As Dr. Whewell remarks (though he attaches more importance to the circumstance than seems quite necessary), he found an illustration of the certainty which his master sought for in the definitions of geometry. He applied the 'questioning method' not merely, as Socrates had done, to the confutation and quickening of individual minds, but more generally to the refutation or development of doctrines,—physical and metaphysical, as well as political and moral. Moreover the method itself grew under his hands into a theory of method, which was at the same time a philosophy of knowing and

and being. Thus Plato's mind may be regarded as that of Socrates idealized and projected upon the earlier and contemporary philosophies, revealing their forms, but also searching them with a light not their own, and weaving them anew into a living and harmonious symbol of the universe, and a true record of the Laws of Mind. In this process the Socratic method of questioning is generalized, and its first effect is to reduce the impressions of the senses and of common opinion from appearing fixed, and stable, and absolute, to appear unfixed and fluctuating, and merely relative to the individual. In so far it runs parallel to the Heraclitean doctrine of change, and to the maxim of Protagoras, 'Each man the measure of what is to him.' 'As Dædalus made his images to move of their own accord, so Socrates gives wings to the opinions of men.' But then he does so in the act of pressing forwards towards an absolute standard. A positive aim is ever combined with the destructive method. This goal of Truth towards which the upward face of the Platonic Socrates is directed, was linked by Plato with the Eleatic Being. But this One Being is with him, as it had been with Socrates, no bare abstraction, 'developed out of consciousness' in the attempt to scale the universe at a bound—it is 'the real' in everything, τὸ ὄν ἑκάστου, the true ground of its nature. Each thing in its universal aspect is a part of Being. The highest intellectual effort is the endeavour to grasp this universal reality, so as to recognise its traces everywhere.*

Now Socrates had spoken of the One Eternal Principle as the good and beautiful; and Plato further speaks of the impulse of the soul which seeks for it as the essence of love. But we cannot be in love with a lifeless, hard perfection; we cannot believe that the object of our highest aspirations is without energy and thought. Hence the Eleatic theory is unsatisfying until we have interwoven with it the Heraclitean in a higher form. The absolute contains the relative under it. The abstract becomes concrete when it is clearly seen. For the good, and beautiful, and real, are distinct, and stand in relations to each other: even 'that which is' cannot be conceived of as existing, unless contradistinguished from that which is not, and at the same time embracing it. Thus the unreal has a kind of reality imparted to it. That which has not absolute reality, in a manner is. Innumerable things exist, no one of which is identical with absolute being. From this point Philosophy ceases to be merely abstract: the strife between reason and the world is partly reconciled by imagining a state in which opinion shall be ruled by

* 'Theæt.', p. 174: πάντα πᾶσαν φύσιν ἐρευνημένη τῶν ὄντων ἑκάστου ὁλου.
knowledge,

knowledge, and appearances shall be conceived of harmoniously with reality. And in this effort to give proportion, and power, and life to the Ideas, Plato's imagination is greatly assisted by the Pythagorean 'Harmony.'

Such, very briefly, and leaving out of view his more decidedly polemical aspect, is the mere outline of the development of Plato's mind. Three elements are throughout perceptible:—(1) the philosophical impulse, idealized as *Eros*, Love; (2) the analytical and inductive method which accompanies this (*diacresis* and *synagoge*); (3) the goal of the impulse and end of the method, the form, not yet seen but loved, of Absolute and Universal Goodness and Beauty, which alone is real. The Erotic symbolism prevails in some dialogues, dialectical and scientific keenness predominates in others; some dwell more upon mental processes and the powers of the soul, and some on the eternal objects of Mind. But each of the three strands is present, even when comparatively little seen.

And they are often hidden by the richness of their covering. For Plato's truth is dyed in beauty—his philosophy is ever clothed with poetry, dramatic, dithyrambic, epic. The Elenchus of Socrates in his hands becomes a series of melodramas. His Socrates is not the spirit of dialectical irony and enthusiasm personified, but the most polite, provoking, pertinacious, charming person. Himself in love with the Universal Beauty, and finding traces of it in the fair youths who come to him, he really imparts of it to them, and fixes their affections by destroying their conceit of knowing something. And there are passages in which some aspect of the highest life is mythically set forth, as in the 'Phædrus,' in which the glowing zeal of a religious philosophy exercises over language a creative power greater than that of Æschylus or Pindar. Again, in the great dialogues, as in the 'Republic,' the interest is hardly less sustained than in the *Odyssee*, while thought rises above thought, in an apparently careless order, yet one which, in its chief points, certainly cannot be inverted without doing injury to the effect of the whole. So little can any merely logical or metaphysical analysis do justice to the genius of Plato.

Yet, great artist as he is, his thought frequently outruns the expression of it. There are deep reflections and subtle observations, sometimes casually introduced, sometimes indirectly hinted at, in the midst of a seemingly verbal argument, which we feel to be of more lasting value than that of which they are the ornaments: gems, whose setting was not yet ready, picked up by the way, and given to after ages for a prize.

His humour, on the other hand, pervades the whole, and is hardly absent even from the gravest passages. It is closely allied

to

to the vividness of his imagination. His keen realization of the 'windy ways of men' adds a point to his perception of the weakness of evil and falsehood which nothing else could give; and the most intricate discussions are not only relieved but enlivened by the spirit of fun.

We must retrace our steps to consider Plato's controversial side. The war with the 'Sophists' was only a part of his life-long effort to refute and bring under everything which seemed inconsistent with the spirit of philosophy. His quarrel with them was certainly not more deadly than with the politicians and lawyers, and the popular assemblies of his time. He argues more with them, because their pretensions give him more hold; but, as has been frequently remarked with reference to Protagoras, he by no means treats the greatest of them with unmeasured contempt. His irony is rather levelled at the state of the world itself than at the men who guided it; and while he warns these from the sacred precincts of philosophy, it does not appear that he would deny to them the utility which they lay claim to in their own sphere. Protagoras at least is further regarded by him as the author of a theory which must be examined by all who would grasp the idea of knowledge.

Mr. Grote, as an historian, has been naturally anxious to rescue from misconception every integral part of Athenian society, and has sought to vindicate these men from the unmixed blame which Plato's commentators had thought it right to lay upon them. He has given us a true and life-like description of their activity, for which every student of Greek life must feel indebted to him. But while frankly accepting his account of what they were in relation to their age and country, we still feel that Plato's view of them in relation to Socrates and to philosophy is substantially correct. They were the accepted teachers of their time. But the philosophers of any period are seldom its accepted teachers. They supplied a temporary want, which Socrates and Plato probably could not or would not have supplied; they were many of them wise in their generation and for it; they did some service in special fields of science; they helped to keep thought alive, and were in various degrees the representatives of a necessary phase of the human mind, that in which old beliefs are giving way, and men, satisfied with the consciousness of intellectual energy, are not yet aware of the need of a firm standing-ground. But they may not the less have been a grievous hindrance in the way of those who strove to awaken a belief in Truth as an Eternal Unchangeable Reality; who required the confession of ignorance in those who came to them. The exponents of popular ideas by an essentially popular method; winning

reverence by the assumption of authority, they may doubtless have been fit educators for 'boys and for men in the infancy of speculation,' but they were apt to prolong the boyhood of the human reason, and to check and stunt the growth of calm contemplative wisdom amongst men. We can conceive of an ideal state in which the philosopher and the ruler, the divine and the public speaker, shall each have recognised the other's function, and shall be willing to work in harmony. But that consummation has not yet been realized, and it was very far from being realized in Athens. Nor is Greece the only country in which the spread of truth has been impeded by 'theories springing up spontaneously,'* by the men of action using their influence to counteract the men of thought, by the confusion of facts with principles, of the ideal with the actual, by the weight of moral obligation being attributed to traditional or conventional notions, or to the fancies of individuals.

We cannot agree with Dr. Whewell that a counterpart of Plato's battle with the Sophists is to be found in the contrast existing between such men as Coleridge and Locke, each of whom has exercised a direct influence extending far beyond his contemporaries. We are much more disposed to acquiesce in the account which he has incidentally given us of the 'Anti-Sophist' Dialogues, as those 'which are employed in urging the claims of Truth and Philosophy against Rhetoric and Political Success.'† Only we should be inclined to add that many of them are at the same time busied with the solution of real difficulties; an important step, as Aristotle is fond of observing, in the elaboration of Truth.

Plato's philosophy, like that of Socrates, was not merely a speculation, but a life. There is a profound under-current of moral conviction, felt most distinctly perhaps in the *Republic* and *Phædo*, but discernible in all the dialogues, even when they seem to approach opposite phases of thought. The death of Socrates is always in the background, and gives a significant depth to the whole colouring. This of itself makes an essential difference between Plato and such men as Prodicus and Hippias,—though it is not denied that they assisted to uphold morality.

If there is truth in the preceding remarks, there are two bonds of 'connexion,' besides the simply Socratic influence, which give coherence and harmony to Plato's various writings: the unity of a more or less continuous speculative development, and the

* ἀνθρώποι ἀναφύοντες. 'Theæt.', p. 181.

† In his 'Remarks on the *Gorgias*.'

still more unbroken unity of an unrelinquished practical aim ; and the first of these helps to part as well as to unite. Our feeling of this unity is in some danger of being impaired by the sharpness of Dr. Whewell's division, when he distinguishes between the Dialogues of the Socratic school, the 'Anti-Sophist' Dialogues (in which Socrates is engaged in perplexing, refuting, and silencing 'persons who have been called Sophists by Plato or by his commentators'), and the constructive Dialogues. If the term 'controversial' were substituted for 'Anti-Sophist,' the three sections might be allowed to indicate, though somewhat roughly, three successive phases in Plato's literary career. A place might then be found for some pieces (like the *Theætetus*) in which doctrines other than 'sophistical' are combated. But it should not be forgotten that Plato's first thoughts contain the germ of his later productions, and that every controversy is made subservient by him to the one aim of finding Truth. He is always pressing forwards, even where his work seems purely destructive. The *Lysis* is not a merely Socratic dialogue ; and the *Phædrus* is very far from being merely 'Anti-Sophist.'

The reader who has accompanied us so far is therefore perhaps prepared to acquiesce in a slight modification of Dr. Whewell's arrangement, which we now propose, not attempting, however, to determine the exact chronological order.

I. We agree with him in placing first those dialogues in which Socratic questions are treated in something approaching to the purely Socratic manner. Such are the *Laches*, *Charmides*, *Euthyphro*, *Ion*, and *Greater Hippias*. The *Apology* and *Crito* would also be included in this first series, and they would be followed, after a slight interval, by those which, while they contain more of Plato's mind, are still chiefly occupied with questions raised by Socrates. Such are the *Protagoras* and *Meno*.

II. A second class, which may admit of further subdivision, contains the dialogues in which Plato's own philosophy is being developed in various aspects and in relation to different forms of thought. The *Phædrus* may be regarded as the preface to this miscellany, which will include, besides some important dialogues which Dr. Whewell rejects, the *Lysis*, *Symposium*, *Gorgias*, *Theætetus*, *Cratylus*, *Philebus*, and *Phædo*.

III. The *Republic* may be allowed to stand by itself, as the royal dialogue.

IV. The *Timæus* and *Critias*, followed at some distance by the *Laws*, represent a still later phase of Plato's mind, which, though most interesting, is not in all respects an advance on what precedes.

In this classification there is no difficulty in placing all the more important dialogues. There are some slighter pieces, which may also be referred, without much trouble, to one or other of these four heads. Thus the *Menexenus* might naturally be bound up with the first series, and the *Euthydemus* with the second.

In what follows, we propose to dwell at some length, in the order thus briefly indicated, on some of the greater dialogues, with the view of bringing out more fully the characteristic features of the Platonic philosophy.

I. The *Protagoras* is one of the most charming of Plato's dialogues; the charm arising partly from the dramatic liveliness with which the characters are drawn, and partly from the mixture of ironical and real respect with which Protagoras himself is treated by Socrates. Every reader must have smiled over the description of the humble suite whom the great 'Sophist' had drawn, like Orpheus, by his voice, out of all the cities which he had visited, and at their comically respectful air; and there is a pleasure, independent of the progress of the argument, in reading the fable of Prometheus and his brother, and the graphic account of the ordinary education of a Greek. But when we put down the book, the question rises, What was Plato's aim in writing the whole? Dr. Whewell says:—

'In its point of view the dialogue agrees with the dialogues of the Socratic school. The arguments are nearly the same as those in the *Laches*, *Charmides*, and *Meno*. But an object of no less importance than the moral arguments is the assertion of the superior value of the Socratic method of seeking truths over the prevalent modes of professional dissertation and commentatorial discussion of the poets.'

This is hardly enough. For it raises the further questions, In what relation do the moral arguments of Socrates stand to those of Protagoras? and, What is intended to be the upshot of the discussion? Is there any connexion between the method of Socrates and the notions which he advances? And are we to suppose that the dialogue as a whole has any positive meaning over and above its conversational and dramatic interest? On these points we are not left merely to conjecture. The comparison of the *Meno*, and of the general spirit of Plato's writings, comes to our aid.

The teaching of the *Meno* is that the ordinary virtue, which is deservedly praised in the world, does not spring from knowledge, and accordingly cannot be taught. It must be attributed to a sort of inspiration, or divine instinct. But, 'if there were a
virtuous

virtuous man who could teach virtue, he would be like Tiresias amongst the shades, alone intelligent and substantial,'—ὥσπερ παρὰ σκιάς ἀληθὲς ἂν πρᾶγμα εἴη πρὸς ἀρετήν. This saying puts into our hands the key to the Protagoras. It clears up the apparent inconsistency of denying that virtue can be taught, while maintaining that it is identical with knowledge; and shows the relevancy of the 'commentatorial discussion' of Simonides to the question about the unity of Virtue.

The virtue of the statesmen and men of the world who are pointed at in the Meno, is the same virtue which Protagoras and the other Sophists professed to teach: the virtue which is dependent upon education, and custom, and social exigencies, which is indeed multifarious, because not consciously derived from the contemplation of truth and good, which may approximate by various degrees to the standard of goodness, but has no absolute ground of reality within itself. Plato is here in the presence of an intellectual difficulty, which he grapples with in earnest, yet all the while despises in heart. The Relative and the Absolute view of things which we shall find afterwards conflicting in the region of metaphysical speculation, are now doing battle in a more palpable form in the sphere of moral inquiry; the subjective 'process' here asserts itself not in the universe nor in the mind, but as a theory of virtue; essential diversity is held as a principle; degrees of approximation are laying claim to exact scientific truth. Plato fully felt the strength of this sceptical position, and in the 'Protagoras' he brings it into the clearest possible light, with the confidence of one who sees a reality beyond, which will eclipse its brilliance. Two reflections seem to underlie the saying that 'Virtue is not taught.' First, that virtue is not a 'limited profession' like the arts, but more difficult to grasp in thought, because it embraces the whole of human life; and secondly, that what men call virtue is only an incomplete and shadowy phase of a thing, which is unstable and infirm till it is based on philosophy.

The difference between Protagoras and Socrates about virtue, is parallel to the difference between their theories of knowing and being. Protagoras says virtue is diverse and can be taught; Socrates, if it is diverse, it cannot be taught, but it is one, and there must be a science of it, though that has not yet been found. The result pointed at is that there is a higher idea of virtue than the contemporaries of Socrates had conceived, an absolute principle which, if it could be once known, would be the guide of life. Simonides is interpreted so as to hint that, whatever approximation might be made under existing methods, the reality of

of virtue could not be so attained. The ordinary human being may be becoming virtuous, but he cannot be so.*

The reality of the lower excellence is not denied, though a difficulty is felt in accounting for its existence. 'Go amongst barbarians,' Protagoras is made to say, 'and you will find what moral culture has done for Greece. The recognition of human claims (*αἰδώς καὶ δίκη*) is, like the air we breathe, an instinct of civilized human nature.' A niche for this 'moral culture,' as distinct from philosophical training, is afterwards found in the Republic. In the mean time, the power of rhetoric, and the plausible teaching of the relative or subjective theory,† and the claims of ordinary respectability, as well as those of exalted public merit, are vividly represented and clearly acknowledged, while by the silent contrast of an ideal standard they are overborne. Where the conflict between philosophy and common opinion is at its height, we are made to feel the force of common opinion. Plato's dramatic genius is active in giving shape to that which it is the aim of his philosophy to destroy.‡

II. Already, in the 'Recollection' theory (put forth in answer to Meno's question, 'How will you inquire about what you do not know?'), and possibly also in the criticism of Simonides, Plato has overstepped the limits of mere Socratic converse. A further stage is reached, however, when he takes up the elements of other philosophies into that of Socrates, and begins to develop that which is peculiar to himself; at once reflecting upon his own previous thoughts and taking a wider survey of the thoughts of others. The subject of his speculation becomes now more abstract and general—not 'Is virtue knowledge?' but 'What is knowledge?' Not 'Is virtue absolutely one?' but 'What can be discovered about absolute and relative being, the one and the many?' Not merely, 'Is pleasure the good?' but 'What is the highest good?' At the same time the Dialectical method itself and the philosophical impulse which gives birth to it are symbolically imaged forth as Love, whose end and object is the fruitful commerce of the soul with beauty, or of the mind

* γενέσθαι μὲν χαλεπὸν, δυνατόν δέ, ἐσθλόν, ἔμμεναι δὲ ἀδύνατον, p. 344.

† Protagoras represents the positive, as Gorgias does the negative pole of scepticism; the one asserting the reality of the changing and relative, the other denying the existence of anything beyond. Between them they seem to paralyse the human intellect, although unconsciously helping to call it forth.

‡ Some may be surprised to find Plato proving that virtue is knowledge, by showing that it implies the comparison of present with future pleasure. Whether this have anything of the nature of an *argumentum ad hominem* or not, it is exactly parallel to the proof in the 'Theætetus' that knowledge is not sensation, because we cannot judge by sensation of *aspection*.

with being. And while the creation of truth in the learner's mind is the consummation of this desire, Socrates, as the questioning spirit, presides under divine assistance over this mental travail, guides it, by skilful treatment, to a prosperous ending, and pronounces the fate of its result.

The Phædrus forms a splendid porch or entrance-hall to this second circle. Looking back with a proud smile on the rhetoricians, Plato still invites the nearest of them * to enter and find the reality, of which their art was only the rudely attempted copy. We have here, though for the most part in symbols only, the brief or abstract of what Plato undertakes to teach—the true inspiration, the true method of learning, the true art of writing and speaking.

Dr. Whewell speaks of the Phædrus as being, though full of beauties, yet 'prolix, rambling, and fantastical.' This judgment will hardly be confirmed by those who have perceived the close relation subsisting in Plato's mind amongst the three chief subjects treated of—namely, Love, Dialectic, and Teaching. The discussion turns in the first place upon the contrast between the true and the false rhetoric; which is in another aspect the contrast between the true and false poetry, *i. e.* between philosophy and other arts of persuading or charming men. We are made to feel from the first that there is some nobler object for the ingenuous enthusiasm of Phædrus than the frigid, paradoxical diatribe† on which it is wasted. It is impossible not to see in the theme of this prose essay, 'that it is better to yield to one who loves not than to a lover,' a satire on those who sought to teach eloquence by rules; who told men not to trust the promptings of Nature, but to buy of them their 'orthoepy' or their 'mnemonicon'—the tricks of speakers coldly furnished forth. Socrates, taking the hint suggested by this notion of loving 'by the card,' pleads eloquently against the warmth of passion in favour of the coldness of reason. Here also more is meant than meets the ear. As reflection is a surer guide than feeling in common life, so in a wider sphere the calmness of philosophy is better than the 'heat and dust' of political controversy. And yet, if wisdom is cold and calm, whence came the inspiration which made Socrates so eloquent in pleading the cause of wisdom? Philosophy is something more than logic. The genius of the delightful spot where they are sitting, and the beauty of Phædrus, warn the speaker not to depart thence till he has recanted and sung the

* *Viz.* Isocrates, Phædr., p. 278.

† Some scholars have maintained that this writing is really by Lysias, and not merely Plato's parody of his style. But they are well answered by K. F. Hermann, 'Gesammelte Abhandlungen,' &c., pp. 1-21.

praises of Love—not of that indiscriminate passion which gives its tone to popular oratory, but of the heavenly.

‘For madness is not one, but diverse; and that there is a heavenly madness, the inspiration of prophets, and diviners, and of poets, witnesses. But to understand something of the madness which is really divine, we must think of the immortal nature of the soul.’ Then follows the famous myth, in which we see how closely the philosophic impulse (love) and the dialectical method (diæresis and synagoge) are associated in Plato’s mind. ‘No soul that has not seen the plain of Truth can enter the form of Man. For Man must be able to rise from many particular sensations to one universal conception of each kind.’ And this he does by recollecting the eternal forms which the soul has once seen in her winged state. Of these the Beautiful alone assumes a shape which can pierce the avenues of mortal sight, and awaken those higher perceptions which extend also to the Righteous, the Holy, and the True. The process which now begins is spoken of as the preparation of the soul for another winged state hereafter. The impulse which leads to this endeavour is the white horse in the pair which draw the chariot of the soul; the dark horse is the emblem of the low desires which aim at the enjoyment of the particular bodily forms of beauty here. The struggle between these two at the sight of a beautiful object is graphically described. The white and aspiring horse is struck with awe, because he sees the reflection of the eternal beauty which he has once beheld, and which now beams upon him, as in a vision, from its lofty throne. The dark horse rushes madly forwards. The office of reason is to curb the lower love, and at once to follow and direct the higher. Then there springs up a sacred passion between the lover and the loved one, in which the claims of the really beautiful and true are never forgotten—the several stages of which are set before us as in a painting. Gradually, but surely, the brute is ‘kept under and brought into subjection,’ while the god within them begins to ‘prune his feathers and let grow his wings.’ The first stirrings of the ‘new strong wine of love’—consciously in the lover, unconsciously in the beloved one—are depicted, in a passage which is one of the triumphs of language, with the most vivid truth and power. (It should be added that there are features in the description which show the impassable gulf existing between Heathen and Christian morals.) The pure love of the invisible beauty in the visible is the birth of the soul into a new life, which philosophy is to develope into an immortal being.

We return to the earth, ‘our habitation,’ and to the writing of Lysias, and the field of rhetoric, from which we took our adventurous

adventurous flight. The thoughts which have been developed are applicable, not only to rhetoric and poetry, to which they have been incidentally applied, but to statesmanship and the *writing* of decrees. He who is bent on seeing everything in the light of universal principles, and has learnt something of the nature of the soul, will know how to mould written and spoken language to true purposes, and to vary it according to the character and capacity of his hearer. The true rhetoric is the art which educates the human mind, and imparts to it the love of truth, so leading man towards the vision of the Eternal. This differs from the art of Lysias and his friends as science differs from a mere knack—distinguishing and combining the forms of existence according to nature, and at the same time discerning the state of the individual soul, so as, while still aiming at the highest truth, to accommodate the mode of communication to particular persons. As a means to this end, prose writing* (at least in its ordinary form) is far inferior to that living dialectic, by which, through the immediate intercourse of mind with mind, fresh discoveries of truth—the genuine children of the intellect—are born: creations of our own reason and enthusiasm in a kindred soul. Herein the saying of Lysias is reversed. Written teaching is like the influence of the cold lover. With this reflection, and with the prayer of Socrates, to be fair within and rich in wealth of mind, this Ode to the Immortality of Love and Truth fitly concludes.

Several thoughts are here concentrated which in other dialogues are expanded separately. The theory of 'Love,' for instance, is matured in the Symposium, as that of Recollection had been anticipated in the Meno: this reappears again, together with a clearer doctrine of Immortality, in the Phædo; the relation of the teacher to the taught, and of the mind to knowledge, is more fully illustrated in the Theætetus; the true Dialectic is developed in the Sophista, Politicus, Parmenides, and Philebus; while the false is ridiculed at length in the Euthydemus. And, on the more practical side, the Politicus endeavours to draw the line between the true and false 'writer of decrees,' just as the rhetoricians receive a separate castigation in the Gorgias.

Now in following up each of these subjects with continual reference to his master's spirit of inquiry, Plato is always 'conversing' with some other mind either in the past or present, and realizing some particular aspect of philosophy. And in doing so he has sounded every note from the very bass-string of materialism to the unheard harmonies of Pythagorean

* Compare Prot., p. 329, εἰ δὲ ἐπανέροιτό τινα τι, ὥσπερ βίβλια οὐδὲν ἔχουσιν ἀποκρίνασθαι. Theæt., p. 161, ἐκ τοῦ ἀδύτου τῆς βίβλου ἐφθέρχεται.

mysticism. Even if he had added nothing to philosophy, his works would have been most valuable as the interpretation of all that precedes. It would have been no small gain to have the unsubstantial world of thought brought before the imagination as vividly by him as the world of passion is by Shakespeare, and by Homer that of heroic action. (We may figure to ourselves his genius as that of Shakespeare intellectualized, and goaded forward by an ever-present moral and philosophic motive, which the death of Socrates had made unalterable.) Plato is not merely philosopher and poet. He is the poet of philosophy. But he is more than this. Not only does he give a perfect expression to the different phases of reflection; he creates it anew. While his imagination is bodying forth the forms of things unseen; while his humour plays lightly with the foibles of contemporary thought, his reason comprehends all that it surveys, judges and moderates between contending factions, and gives proportion and meaning to the parts of the imperfect fabric by reconstructing the whole.

In the intermediate period of his activity which we are considering, his mind still appears as many-sided, not yet perfectly in harmony with itself; and still retaining a paradoxical attitude towards the majority of men. Yet there is apparent everywhere the consciousness of a single effort—the endeavour to conceive more clearly the mental phenomena which had arisen in the act of Socratic inquiry and the realities corresponding to them. These phenomena may be resolved, as before, into—1, the belief in an absolute standard of Knowledge and Being; 2, the irrepressible impulse to continue searching for this; 3, the method of conducting this search, and of coming nearer to the object of it by conversational definition.

There is more art in these dialogues than in most of those contained in the first series. The form of question and answer is used less as a means of proposing and solving difficulties, and with a more marked intention of leading the reader towards the writer's point of view. There is a more definite tendency towards positive results, though these are often not distinctly stated. When Socrates himself speaks of being perplexed and doubtful, we are less inclined to believe him, because the inquiry is evidently not merely followed but directed by him. Not that he is by any means fighting with shadows; real difficulties remain to grapple with. Only these are conceived of in a more comprehensive way, and are more firmly and systematically dealt with.

We now proceed to examine separately the chief elements of Plato's philosophy at this period.

1. The

1. The soul which animates it is the religious zeal with which the inquiries are conducted. The pursuit of truth—of that truth by which men are to live—is regarded as the one work which is worth doing in the world. The mind which is ready to acknowledge the existence of something to be perceived apart from sense, is ‘beautiful,’ though unadorned with personal charms.* The same mind needs not to be convinced with arguments that Deity, and not Chance, is the true cause of things.† There were not wanting those who turned the Socratic confession of ignorance to the annihilation of the Socratic spirit of inquiry; but they are met, not so much by any proof (see, however, the argument in the ‘Meno’), as by the unquenchable faith in the power of Mind and the existence of things not seen. ‘How will you proceed, Socrates, if you are denied the use of this term Knowledge, which you have not defined?’ ‘While I am Socrates, I shall not relinquish it,’ is the answer.‡ This undaunted impulse towards the attainment and contemplation of universal truths is spoken of in various ways, but it is most frequently symbolized as Eros, love. The soul of the philosopher is described as from the first averse to rest in the particular circumstances with which he is surrounded here, or in the contemplation of particular objects.§ Despising these, he seeks to view everything in its universal aspect; to know, that is, not this or that man, but human nature; to study, not instances of private wrong, but justice and injustice in themselves; and, instead of envying the great, to contemplate real greatness and real happiness. To have seen something of these things is to feel the necessity of mounting upwards in action as well as thought; while a just and holy life inspired with wisdom makes the man like to God, conforming him to the eternal pattern of the Divine.|| This is a more literal account of the aspirations which are mythically described as the desire of the soul for the beauty, and truth, and goodness which it has once seen, and the recollection of which is gradually awakened by the sight of the beautiful on earth. This passion of the reason is the subject of one of the most remarkable of Plato’s dialogues, the ‘Symposium,’ in which the several banqueters are made to sing, each in a strain peculiar to him, the praises of love. The conception formed by each speaker is distinct, and yet the dialogue is conducted not without a tacit reference to that ‘figure veiled to whom they sing;’ for all, as Alcibiades bluntly hints to them, are ‘bitten’ with the love of Socrates.¶ Phædrus, the beloved youth, descants generally

* ‘Theæt.’, p. 185.

† ‘Theæt.’, p. 197.

|| ‘Theæt.’, p. 176.

† ‘Soph.’, p. 265.

§ ‘Theæt.’, p. 173.

¶ ‘Symp.’, p. 218.

in praise of love, the invincible, the eldest god. Pausanias, the poet's lover, distinguishes (with Socrates in the 'Phædrus') between the common and the heavenly love, corresponding, that to the modern, this to the eternal beauty. Eryximachus, the physician, speaks of love (in the spirit of Empedocles) as the one power which pervades all nature, bringing into harmony what before was contrary. Aristophanes grotesquely sees mankind by a Divine Nemesis bereft of half themselves, and wandering forlorn and sadly in search of their doubles. Then Agathon the poet sings that love is not the 'eldest god,' but ever young, tender, and moving delicately, yet with power to still the winds and soothe the anguished breast. The inconsistency of these different encomiums shows that so far love has been praised rhetorically, rather than philosophically. Each speaker has, however, contributed some hint towards the discourse which follows, especially Pausanias, by separating the earthly from the heavenly love; Eryximachus, by speaking of love as a *universal* power; and Aristophanes, by describing it as the *want* of something, which he particularizes as our other self. Agathon had also introduced a useful distinction between Love and his works. But there is a deeper distinction, which had escaped them all, though Aristophanes came near to it, but which is now drawn by Socrates,—between love and the object of love. Love is not immortal; it is a contradiction to speak of 'immortal longings;' he would not be himself were that which is desired possessed. Therefore he must be in need of something. He is not ignorant, yet he has not wisdom; he is not beautiful, though to call him ugly would be a sin; he is far from evil, yet he has not excellence. He was conceived when Aphrodite was born. His father is Invention, the son of Thought, his mother Poverty. He resembles his mother outwardly, but his father inwardly. He is not rich, and sleek, and fair, but wizened and squalid, *shoeless, and without a home*, lying on the ground uncovered, in doorways or in the open street. But he is full of schemes and plans for aiming at the good and beautiful, dauntless and bold, huntsmanlike ever weaving some contrivance by which wisdom is to be overtaken. And often he alternates between his father's and his mother's nature; now full of immortality, now starved to death, and then revived again.* Knowledge is the wealth he seeks. Hence he

* Compare Shakespeare, Sonnet lxxv.—

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found,
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

is not foolish, though he is not wise; for folly is unconscious ignorance, but Love knows that he knows nothing, and desires to know. Such is Love considered in himself.

In order to understand the works of Love, his Object must be more accurately defined. There is something which all creatures desire, and this is not simply the 'good,' nor simply 'the other half;' *i.e.*, something which they have not which is their own. But they desire some absent *good* which shall be *their own*.* Still this is too general an account of that special good possession which is the end of love. This is not the beautiful merely, but 'creation through the beautiful,' as the outward assurance of immortality. Thus that love, whose end is natural offspring, is satisfied by the contemplation of our own life made permanent; in our children we seem to live again. The love of fame is the desire of producing noble deeds, in which our name and our energy shall live on for ever. These are one kind of offspring of the soul. Another kind, which is prized still more highly, is that already spoken of in the 'Phædrus,' the creation of noble thoughts, of true discoveries, by the intercourse of mind with mind. The man whose soul is teeming with invention first loves the beautiful, even in bodily forms, more than another; but his grand delight is to meet with a beautiful soul, through which he may beget fair children, that is, true accounts of things. Such are the noblest pledges of affection, the best monuments of fame, like the good poems and noble institutions handed down to us from them of old.

But there is a love higher than the purest human intercourse, whose affections are fixed on nothing lower than the Idea of beauty. Towards this the soul is led by a continuous ascent—first gazing on one beauteous person, then perceiving the resemblance of others to this, until it knows the beautiful in persons everywhere; from this rising to the contemplation of beautiful souls; and from this, again, to study the beauties of life and action, and, higher still, to the beauties which science unfolds; until, at length, there is attained the conception of one supreme science—the science of absolute beauty, in which the soul finds an all-absorbing delight.

Lastly, as if to show what in the preceding discourse was symbolical and what was real, the person of Socrates himself is rudely unveiled by Alcibiades (who breaks in) as the embodiment of the true love. He is represented (and the portrait is no doubt historical) as being, under the ironical outward garb of his erotic profession, absolutely pure from the taint of vicious

* Compare the 'Lysis.'

desire,

desire, and full of noble things within *—a lover of the beautiful apart from all the 'nonsense' of transitory objects. In the life of Socrates we are led to think the ideal 'Eros' which he himself described was actual; and, in the narration of Alcibiades, he indeed rises to the height of what a Greek was able to conceive of virtue.

It will be easily seen, especially if the 'Phædrus' is compared, how closely the above symbolic teaching is connected with the mythical and religious aspect of the ideas, and with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. This last is made the immediate subject of the 'Phædo.' Here the same idealizing effort which was intended by the symbolic 'love' is spoken of with deeper solemnity as the preparation for death. In the 'Banquet' philosophy was found to be the true kernel of this present life; in the 'Phædo' it is discerned to be the ripening germ of a future one. As in the former dialogue the soul is imagined as rising by the staircase of limited affections to that absolute contemplation in which these are absorbed, so in the latter the immortal part in us is represented as shaking off by degrees the coil of sensible things,

'this earthly load

Of Death, called Life, which us from life doth sever.' †

Plato's feeling of immortality seems to have been quickened through his contact with Pythagorean thinkers, but the form which it assumes with him is characteristic; the belief in the immortality of the soul is allowed by him to stand or fall with the eternity of those ideas which are the true objects of mind, which the soul has seen in a previous state, and only finds the imperfect likeness of them here in things which, to use the strangely Platonic words of Shakespeare,

'Are but dressings of a former sight.' ‡

And it should be noticed, as a point liable to be overlooked by the modern reader, that the life-long struggle towards immortality described in the 'Phædo' is quite as much the endeavour to get free from the limitations and contradictions of sensible perception as to be released from the disturbing influences of desire.

2. Plato has been often interpreted, censured, and admired, as if he were a mystical writer; and the above remarks may seem to confirm such an impression. But the side of his teaching which we have just noticed will be most imperfectly understood unless studied in connexion with another, at first sight

* Compare the 'Phædrus,' *sub fin.*

† Milton.

‡ Sonnet cxxiii.

very different, but never for a moment separated from it by Plato himself. His love of truth is no mere aspiration, but is ever accompanied with the most intense intellectual effort. The desire and the actual search go hand-in-hand. It is the invisible, but not the incognisable, which he strives to grasp. The forms of existence must be distinct, or they are nothing to him. The unity of the mind itself and its independence of the senses is not suffered to remain a mere dreamlike consciousness; it must be placed clearly before the eye of reason.

When Socrates, by professing ignorance, set up an absolute standard of knowledge, he did not merely, like Parmenides, assert his belief in Absolute Being, but continued asking, *What is a state, virtue, government?*—i. e., what is the true account of them? Plato found an expression for the aim of this endeavour in two words which Socrates had doubtless himself used, though in a less technical sense, λόγος 'account,' 'definition,' and εἶδος, 'kind' or 'form'—i. e., the universal nature corresponding to a common name. These are respectively, in modern language, the subjective and objective end of what Mr. Grote has called 'the scientific operation.' The word λόγος is also frequently applied to the discussion through which a definition is sought for, while the habitual use of such discussions is called λόγοι. Further the method itself (the inductive process by which general definitions or conceptions are approached) is spoken of in the abstract as the 'conversational method' or 'dialectic,' διαλεκτική. And, with the exception of the famous ἰδέα (idea) which is in the first place a more picturesque εἶδος, the terminology of Plato's 'transcendentalism' is already complete. Out of elements, apparently so simple, when brought into contact with a few surrounding theories, grew his philosophy of the mind, of its highest object, of Man and of Nature.

The earlier efforts of the 'applied Dialectic,' in the Theætetus, appear at first sight purely destructive. The relative theory of knowledge is shown to be not even relatively true. The Heraclitean doctrine of motion is made to move and vanish away. And thus the mind is robbed of the fallacious support of a so-called philosophy, which encouraged its natural tendency to rest contentedly within the limits of its individual impressions. To use Plato's own image, the bonds are loosed and the man is enabled to turn away from the shadows on the prison wall. Here the negative side of the work of Socrates is generalized. The 'conceit of knowledge without the reality' is set forth with the utmost ingenuity as a philosophical theory in order to be destroyed. 'One neck' is given to hydra-headed ignorance that it may be despatched at a blow. Yet the consciousness of particular and relative impressions

impressions which has been elicited, is rather reduced to its place than absolutely destroyed. The acknowledgment that sensation is purely relative, not only helps us in dividing sense from knowledge; it is a step gained in the direction of a theory of sensation. And that Plato felt it to be so, afterwards if not at the time, appears from his own account of sensation in the *Timæus*.^{*} The same negative result is also a positive step towards the definition of knowledge. For if knowledge is nowhere in the sphere of sense, it follows that the mind has objects higher than sensible things. And the disciple of Socrates has little difficulty in fixing upon some of these. *Being*, for instance, is not perceived by sense, for it belongs to the objects of all the senses. And so of Goodness, Beauty, Resemblance, Difference, and Number. But we can have opinion of these things as well as knowledge; and there is such a thing as false opinion; whereas knowledge must be always true. This opens a fresh difficulty, which is in fact only a more subtle form of that already disposed of, 'How can our individual impressions be disproved?' This now returns upon us in the question, How can a real operation of mind have an unreal object, since what is known is real, and what is unknown cannot be present to the mind? Several efforts are made to get rid of the perplexity occasioned by this argument, which runs parallel to Zeno's proof of the impossibility of motion. No satisfactory solution is, however, proposed, and we are left to reflect that something more is needed in order to make good the distinction between knowledge and opinion, than the theory which is given as a last resort of a process between sensation and memory, even though memory be made to include abstractions from sensible things. This much only is clear, that knowledge is distinct even from true opinion. For an opinion without real grounds may happen to be true. What constitutes, then, the 'real ground' of knowledge? The Socratic answer would be, 'The power of giving an *account*, or reason.' But how is this to be interpreted? Is it, as the Pythagoreans seem to have dreamed, the comprehension of a certain harmony between elements which are themselves unknown and can only be named? How is this possible? For if the complex harmony is known, must not the simple element be known also? Unless we conceive of the 'whole' as an abstract something independent of its component parts; but then will it not be simple and therefore unknown? Abandoning this line of thought for the present, we retain from it only the notions of an element and of an abstract whole. Does the true analysis of such a whole into its

^{*} p. 43.

parts, then, constitute an account, and is this the test of knowledge? No; for knowledge implies not merely truth in one case, but certainty in all. But suppose we add the power of distinguishing this whole from every other. Well; but do we mean to add the *knowledge* or the *true opinion* of this distinction? In the latter case we have added nothing to 'true opinion;' in the former the term *knowledge* still remains undefined.

Such, compressed into a few words, is the argument of the 'Theætetus.' At the close of it we see the mind, after being emancipated from the prison of sense and assured of its power of grasping truth, still fluttering uneasily in an unresisting atmosphere, and asking 'How shall I know that I know?' Although the answer to this has been already anticipated in a mythical form, by the hypothesis of recollection, it is not now at once given to the inquiring reason. For knowledge cannot be conceived of apart from its object, and there are difficulties concerning this also which have to be cleared away. The examination of these difficulties is reserved for the Sophista (with which the Politicus is closely connected) and the Parmenides. And in these the object of knowledge and the method of knowledge are so closely combined as almost to be identified.

We are compelled from want of space to waive the task of vindicating the Platonic authorship of these dialogues from the objections of Dr. Whewell and his favourite German interpreter of Plato, Socher.* We must fall back upon the authority of Aristotle and of Mr. Grote, who both quote these dialogues as Plato's, and of Professor Thompson of Cambridge, who has defended their authenticity on sufficient grounds, which might perhaps be considerably strengthened.

The Sophista opens with the distinction between a name and an 'account' which enters into the concluding passages of the 'Theætetus.' And the idea of *definition*, as implying *distinction*, is here retained. The process of logical division and subdivision, as the first stage of the dialectical method, is illustrated with a good deal of pleasantry and at great length.

* 'Ueber Platon's Schriften,' München, 1820. Socher's argument against the genuineness of the Sophista, Politicus, and Parmenides may be stated in a few words: 1. The minute and long-drawn subdivisions of the Sophista and Politicus are tedious and unlike anything in Plato. 2. The Socratic irony is silent in them! 3. Being and not-being are here conceived of logically, and not, as elsewhere in Plato, really. 4. Being is with Plato the unchangeable. The author of the Sophista combats this, and endeavours to reconcile Rest and Motion under one idea. Therefore we have here an Anti-Plato, and Plato is ranged with the 'friends of ideas.' 5. The Permission of Evil, implied in the myth in the Politicus, is inconsistent with Plato's general optimism. 6. As the Sophista combats the unchangeableness, so the Parmenides undermines the unity of the Idea of Being.—We have only room to indicate our dissent.

At the same time the hunt after the Sophist by means of it is begun, at first playfully, but presently in earnest. How are we to define this creature? to discover him, and grasp him firmly, and bind him down? He appears in a Protean variety of shapes. A fisher after young men of fortune, a vendor of mental wares, a barterer of intellectual intercourse; these and other such ironical descriptions are attempted. We go about the bush setting snares for him at every point from which we catch a glimpse of his whereabouts. At last, when we think to have surrounded him, we find him at our elbow. He claims the method of division and negation which we are pursuing (the *abscissio infiniti*) as his own vocation. Nay, more than this, he claims for his own the end of the method, the purification of the soul, by cross-questioning, from the ignorant conceit of knowledge. This startles us, and we fear that it is the savage wolf who thus puts on the semblance of the gentle dog. Even this, however, is granted to him for the present through very weariness; and the inquirers 'stop to take breath,' and to count up the different forms under which the Sophist has appeared to them.

Let us, too, pause and ask ourselves to what this curious piece of mingled satire and inquiry is tending. If we compare the Protagoras, where several of these professors of wisdom are dramatically portrayed, we find a description of 'the Sophist,' which is only one of the many 'false scents' indicated above, viz., that he is 'a merchant-man of intellectual wares.' And Hippocrates is put on his guard lest the Sophist, like other salesmen, should deceive us by praising indiscriminately what he has to offer. In that attempt at definition there appears the first trace of the ideal Sophist, who is the subject of inquiry here; and who impersonates, not simply the 'conceit of knowledge without the reality,' but the appearance of philosophy without the reality. And the real difficulty which Plato here proposes for solution is, how is this deceptive appearance possible? He cannot be quite exonerated from the charge of applying to his rivals an invidious term which others would have equally applied to him, and thus condescending to seek the suffrages of the vulgar. But it must be allowed that as meaning a *professor* of wisdom, or *pretender* to wisdom, the word lent itself very temptingly to his purposes.* In this dialogue the notion of the pseudo-philosopher is generalized, and it is also extended so as to embrace a larger class. For one cannot help suspecting

* Æschylus has very clearly shown his appreciation of the tone of feeling accompanying the use of the term *σοφιστής*, in two passages of his 'Prometheus,' vv. 62, 946, where it is applied to the impersonation of the liberating intellect by the servile ministers of blind and arbitrary power.

that some Socratics are included in this sweeping net, when the Sophist is made to plume himself on his negative dialectics, and on the power of cross-questioning. A 'Sophistic' use could be made even of these. The allusion to the Megarian or Eristic school of Euclides is too obvious to be ignored. And when the hunt for the fisherman is made to illustrate the hunt for the Sophist, we may notice a tendency to generalize the Socratic method in the employment of a trivial example to illustrate, not here the subject of inquiry, but the mode of inquiry.*

To proceed with the argument. The multiform activity of the creature under the same title makes us suspect some trick.† For every art which deserves to be called by a single name has some one principle on which all its various performances depend. Now the man professes to talk controversially on every subject, and in doing so gives the impression that he knows it. It is impossible that he can know everything. How does he make men believe that he does? In other words, how is the appearance of philosophy without the reality possible? The inquiry is soon found to run up into a deeper one, which is the main subject of the dialogue: How can that which is not, appear to be? This is obviously the complement to the question raised in the Theaetetus: How is false opinion possible? They are the objective and subjective aspects of the same difficulty. Now follows the criticism of Parmenides, who flatly denied existence to all but Absolute Being. We are compelled to assign a relative existence even to that which is not 'absolute being'; otherwise, it is humorously said,‡ the Sophist will appear nowhere, and escape us. From this point Plato dispenses with the ironical mask which he had assumed, and the inquiry is conducted with unmistakeable earnestness, though not without many touches of humour. The subject was indeed most interesting in its bearing on philosophy and life. How to conceive intellectually of the problem actually solved by Socrates, who believed in an absolute ideal standard of goodness and truth, and yet could bring this belief into daily practical contact with the world as it was—seeming to annihilate while he really called forth a new spirit? This, though in form of expression peculiar to that time, and only intelligible in connexion with Greek thought, is essentially the last and highest problem of the philosophic intellect as such: How to mediate between Abstraction and Reality—how to give life and energy to ideal conceptions by the return to fact? How shall thought be not like a straight line passing

* Compare the *δραστής* in the *Politics*, and the words (p. 279) *παράδειγματος αὐτὸ τὸ παράδειγμα καὶ δεξιότης*.

† *θαύμα*, p. 233.

over things, but like a curve embracing them? Or rather, how shall it do both, comprehending unity and variety in one?

The difficulties besetting the idea of Not-Being are first set forth. Then the One-Being of Parmenides is taken in hand, and treated much as in the dialogue which bears his name: the conception of One Whole is shown to involve diversity both of attributes and parts; while, if the same conception of Being is denied, that-which-is-not-being is also made inconceivable. The Absolute implies the Relative, and the Relative requires the Absolute for its support. So much for the Eleatic and Ionic doctrines in their antique exactness. The more recent phase of each is then approached. Plato describes the idealism and materialism of contemporary schools, and endeavours to draw them together that he may meet them upon a common ground. The materialists are made to acknowledge the existence of wisdom and the other virtues (though not of the mind) as immaterial; and are thus driven to conceive of being as 'that which has active or passive power.' The speaker then turns to the lovers of ideal forms (who are probably Plato's fellow-Socratics of Megara), and tries to stir them from the rigidity of their abstract notion of *being* as opposed to *becoming*. 'Power' is just that which their conceptions lack. An endeavour is made to lead them to think of Being in a more living way. Knowledge must be in some sense a process between subject and object: and, it is added, we cannot think of the Highest Being as devoid of movement, and wisdom, and life, and mind—as 'if He were some sacred image (Τί δὲ πρὸς Διός; ὡς ἀληθῶς κίνησιν καὶ ζωὴν καὶ ψυχὴν καὶ φρόνησιν ἢ ῥαδίως πεισθισόμεθα τῷ παντελῶς ὄντι μὴ παρῆναι, μηδὲ ζῆν αὐτὸ μηδὲ φρονεῖν, ἀλλὰ σεμνὸν καὶ ἅγιον, νοῦν οὐκ ἔχον, ἀκίνητον ἑστὸς εἶναι;). Neither motion nor rest, neither becoming nor being, neither the relative nor the absolute, can alone be conceived of as the true object of Knowledge; and yet how are these opposites to be brought into harmony? It is as difficult to conceive rightly of Being as of Not-Being, that dark cave into which the Sophist ran to earth. The point of the difficulty is this: 1. Are ideas which are distinguished from each other ever connected with each other? 2. Are all ideas thus connected?—and (3.), if not all, which are so? 1. If there is no connexion of ideas, every theory of the Universe is alike undone; and those who assert this contradict themselves in every proposition. The extreme analytical tendency would paralyse thought.* 2. But if there is unlimited

* Τελευτάτη πάντων λόγων ἐστὶν ἀφάνισις τὸ διαλύειν ἕκαστον ἀπὸ πάντων. 'Plat. Soph.' p. 259.

communion between all, then Rest will be confused with Motion, and Motion with Rest. It would be as much as to say, everything can be predicated of everything.* A science then is needed to determine which of these elements will unite—the science of the contradistinction and connexion of ideas or kinds of being: Dialectic, the science of the true freeman. We have found a trace of the Philosopher before catching the Sophist. Plato then proceeds to determine the relations, not of all the ideas, but of the chief ones—Being, Rest, and Motion. Two more emerge as we examine these, the ideas of Sameness or Identity and Difference, which run through them all—each being the same with itself, but different from the other two. As we pursue this train of thought, we find that each of the five ideas that have been mentioned both *is* and *is not*; and, in particular, that even the idea of being which *is* in the most absolute sense, *is not* motion—*i. e.* is something different from it; while, on the other hand, motion, which *is not*—for it is different from being—yet *is* by partaking of the idea of being. Thus, we are unexpectedly enabled to vindicate the existence of that which is not—not as the mere negation of existence, but as ‘something different’ from the idea of Absolute Being; and even this idea is limited and partakes of not-being, in so far as it is distinguished from other ideas. Yet after all this labour, a further proof is necessary before we can ‘catch the Sophist.’ We must prove that thought and language can partake of this element of not-being, which is accordingly done; and the creature is unearthed and taken.

The reasoning, of which the above is an imperfect sketch, appears to indicate a critical point in the development of Plato’s mind. It is here that he breaks with the half-Eleatic, half-Socratic philosophy of Euclides, and proclaims his dissatisfaction with the merely analytical methods of knowledge. This seems to be the acmè of the transition from the satirical and negative towards something of a constructive method—from separate generalizations towards a harmony of opposing thoughts—from a paradoxical attitude towards a position at once higher and more comprehensive. We have not space to examine how this is followed up in the *Politicus*, and how a cognate problem is worked out in the *Parmenides*. It is worth mentioning, however, that in the former dialogue, in which there occurs the same Pythagorean association of cosmical with political notions as in the *Timæus*, some further steps are made in the evolution of a dialectical method; while in the latter several difficulties

* Compare ‘Aristotle, *Met.* Γ. 4. καὶ γίγνεται δὴ τὸ τοῦ Ἀναξαγόρου, ὅμοιόν τάντα χρήματα.

are started at the outset as to the relation of the ideal to the actual world.

In the *Philebus* the conception of Dialectic (as the science of the One and the Many) is found in its full maturity, while that of Absolute Being has grown into the more concrete idea of the Highest Good. The Pythagorean antithesis of Finite and Infinite is also substituted for the simpler one between Rest and Motion. At the same time Plato's Psychology becomes more distinct. Of all the Dialogues, this—which moderates between the Megarian and Cyrenaic ethical conceptions, between wisdom and pleasure as the chief good, and points to the Divine Life as the *measure* of all beneath it—is perhaps metaphysically the most perfect. It is the last and greatest of the dialectical, and the first of the regularly constructive, dialogues: it brings the scientific into closer harmony with the religious and speculative reason. And while Plato's own thought is matured and dominant, all the elements of previous and contemporary philosophy have a place assigned them. We could wish that Dr. Whewell had given a more complete account of the *Philebus* to the English reader.*

III. The '*Republic*' is acknowledged to be Plato's master work. All that precede are but as sketches preparatory to the execution of this great painting; inferior members of the Epic cycle, destined to be absorbed in this. Plato's powers are present there in their maturity; for if something of the dialectical keenness is softened, this is more than compensated by an increased comprehensiveness of view; and the '*Timæus*,' if in some ways more wonderful, is hardly so perfect. The change which began at the height of metaphysical speculation has now passed over the whole field of philosophical vision. Hitherto we have been laboriously ascending towards the ideas; we are now endeavouring by their still distant light to see the objects of which the shadows surround us in our common life; to conceive of that concrete ideal form, both of the individual and of society, apart from which virtue in the abstract is to us only a name.

The imaginary reconstruction of the State is made the symbol of what the individual ought to be; and the division of it into the deliberative, executive, and working classes corresponds to Plato's tripartite division of the soul into the faculties of Reason, Will or Anger, and Desire. Little is said of the lowest principle, either in the individual or the community, except gene-

* See the translation of the '*Philebus*,' by E. Poste, Esq., already mentioned. Also that by Sydenham in the large English edition of Plato.

rally that it must learn to do its own business and to obey; although we gather something incidentally concerning it in the account of the education of the second, or executive class,* and in the description of the vicious states.† The discussion chiefly turns on the education of the two higher principles and the subservience due from the lower of these to the higher.

We cannot but think that the arrangement of the 'Republic' which Dr. Whewell has adopted, tends considerably to obscure this its general scope. For instance, if there is one point on which the whole fabric may be said to rest, it is the proposal that philosophers should be kings; the discussion of which is immediately followed up with an account of the education of the royal philosopher, who is to be the 'eye' of the State. Yet Dr. Whewell treats each of these arguments as if it were a separate digression, thus: 'Digression III. Of Philosophers as Politicians; Digression IV. Of the Degrees of Human Knowledge.' And it may be further objected to this last title, that no one would suppose from it that Digression IV. bore any relation to Digression I. 'Of Education in the Ideal Polity.' Whereas in Plato's mind these were evidently contrasted, as the education of the reason through philosophy and the education of the dispositions and tastes by habit; the latter of which was a necessary preparative to the former, though it was only to be acquiesced in finally in the case of those who were found incapable of the higher training.‡ Several passages of the 'Politicus' (where even the image of the steersman is anticipated §) prove clearly that the aspiration towards a kingdom of philosophy was by no means an afterthought, but that this was the consummation on which the whole energy of Plato's mind was centered.

It is fair to add, however, that while the effect of the whole work is thus gratuitously injured, the treatment of the several parts is often exceedingly clear and spirited, and many of the remarks are valuable. We may call attention to the following passage, on Plato's conception of a higher astronomy. ||

'Thus the Platonic notion of an Astronomy which deals with doctrines of a more exact and determinate kind than the obvious relations of phenomena, may be found to tend either to error or to truth. Such aspirations point equally to the five regular solids which Kepler imagined as determining the planetary orbits, and to the laws of Kepler, in which Newton detected the effect of universal gravitation. The realities which Plato looked for, as something incomparably more real

* E. g. p. 456, τοὺς σκυτοτόμους τῇ σκυτικῇ παιδευθέντας.

† E. g. p. 571, 590.

‡ See Rep., pp. 402, 619.

§ p. 298. Cf. Rep. p. 488.

|| Vol. iii., pp. 306, 314.

than the visible luminaries, are found, when we find geometrical figures, epicycles and eccentrics, laws of motion and laws of force, which explain the appearances. His realities are theories which account for the phenomena, ideas which connect the facts. But is Plato right in holding that such realities as these are *more real* than the phenomena, and constitute an astronomy of a higher kind than that of mere appearances? To this we shall, of course, reply that theories and facts have each their reality, but that these are realities of different kinds. Kepler's laws are as real as day and night: the force of gravity tending to the sun is as real as the sun; but not more so. True theories and facts are equally real, for true theories are facts, and facts are familiar theories. Astronomy is, as Plato says, a series of problems suggested by visible things; and the thoughts in our own minds, which bring the solutions of these problems, have a reality in the things which suggest them.

'But if we try, as Plato does, to separate and oppose to each other the astronomy of appearances and the astronomy of theories, we attempt that which is impossible. There are no phenomena which do not exhibit some law; no law can be conceived without phenomena. The heavens offer a series of problems; but however many of these problems we solve, there remain still innumerable of them unsolved, and these unsolved problems have solutions, and are not different in kind from those of which the extant solution is most complete.'

Our space forbids us to enlarge further on what some one has called 'the greatest uninspired writing.' One point, however, may be noticed as illustrative of the growth of Plato's mind. Those lower forms of human excellence, the existence of which apart from knowledge appeared so perplexing to Socrates in the 'Protagoras,' are here admitted, through the recognition of different elements in the constitution of our common nature; which though inseparably united and indispensable to each other's perfection, are not identical. The union of the reasoning and active principles in the state, makes right action possible for individuals who are not perfectly possessed of reason.*

IV. The only dialogues which are certainly later than the 'Republic' are the 'Timæus,' the fragment called the 'Critias,' and the 'Laws.' Of these the 'Timæus' and 'Critias' are intimately connected, the account of the constitution of nature forming the introduction to that of the activities of an ideal society. The 'Laws' are a popular treatise, in which the author, instead of remodelling the state, proposes certain amendments of existing institutions. Ed. Zeller, who vindicates the genuineness of the 'Laws' as a posthumous work of Plato's, imagines him to

* In Aristotle's language they may be said to partake of it, but not to have it in themselves: *μετέχειν λόγου*.

have written it when disappointing experiences had taught him to despair of seeing his Republic realized. This may be so, but may we not also recognise in this labour of his old age a weakened manifestation of the same impulse which was to have produced the 'Critias'?

It is clear, at all events, that Plato at different times proposed to himself two problems, which he has nowhere completely worked out. 1. The definition of the philosopher, which is promised together with those of the Sophist and statesman, though some hesitation on this point is afterwards expressed; * and 2. The detailed account of the workings of the ideal state.† Plato's mind, therefore, was still looking forwards when its activity was broken. Neither his metaphysical nor his moral speculations had attained their final form. We have his physical theory, however, probably complete.

The difficulties of the 'Timæus' are proverbial. They are really far greater than those of the 'Parmenides,' which require for their solution, when Plato's position is once clearly known, only a continued effort of very close attention. But in the 'Timæus' there is a blending of dialectical philosophy with a half-mythological, half-scientific theory of nature, which it is a hard matter to unravel. Dr. Whewell has succeeded in giving a clear and popular account of a dialogue from the elucidation of which many scholars would shrink. This is, perhaps, the happiest of his performances in these volumes. The introduction, which want of space alone prevents us from quoting, is very instructive, and admirably clear.

We are glad to be able thus to 'praise in departing' from Dr. Whewell's book. We have no wish to depreciate a work which will be most valuable in exciting, and, in a measure, satisfying, the curiosity of the English public on the questions, What did Plato say? and, What did he mean?—a work from which the most advanced Platonic scholar may learn something. Only it is surely matter for regret that an undertaking of so much promise should have been allowed to suffer in its execution through occasional mistakes of scholarship, through a piecemeal mode of treatment which was unnecessary, and through an apparent unwillingness to trace the subtle gradations of the development of a most subtle and ever-growing mind.

* 'Soph.' p. 217. Σοφιστήν, πολιτικόν, φιλόσοφον. Ib. p. 253. Τὸν μὲν φιλόσοφον—καὶ ἔπειτα ἀνευρήσομεν, εἰς ζητῶμεν. Ib. 254. περὶ μὲν τούτου καὶ τάχα ἐπισκεψόμεθα σαφέστερον, ἂν ἔτι βουλομένοις ἡμῖν ᾖ. 'Polit.' 257. ἐπειδὴν τὸν τε πολιτικὸν ἀπεργάζονται σοὶ καὶ τὸν φιλόσοφον.

† 'Tim.' p. 19.

A few words may be added in conclusion on modern Platonism, which has at different periods become the ally of literature and art, of romantic friendships, of 'immutable' systems of morality, of idealizing Divinity, of revolutionary schemes of government, and of an anti-social communism. In each case only a fragment of Plato's real meaning has been retained. Either his poetic symbolism has been treated as if it were the substance of his thought, or that which he descried as the distant goal of his forward endeavour has been isolated, and made the starting-point of a mystical and abstract logic; or his resolution of the apparent fixity of the objects of sense has been turned to the denial of the reality of material substances; or a single feature of his imaginary state has been made the basis of an actual attempt to reconstruct society. By such means there is obtained only a partial and distorted image of the Socratic inspiration and the Platonic faith; which must be understood in themselves and as a whole, in order to become really fruitful. Yet even when not fully comprehended, the influence of these writings has been powerful. In the fifteenth century, when the Florentine Academy under Marsiglio Ficino was esteemed the brightest point in the galaxy of intellectual light, the 'New Philosophy,' though tinged with Neo-platonic fancies, was a great help to the world in throwing off the trammels of Scholasticism and Superstition, and, itself constituting a new beginning in speculation, must have contributed not a little towards the free exercise of thought. The Medici, perhaps, hailed it as an inspiration congenial to the spirit of Italian poetry and art, and as providing fresh aliment for a waning faith. But there is little doubt that the intellectual force there gathered, and the spirit of freedom instilled by the words of one who had opposed the strength of mind to dominant beliefs, cannot have been lost to other countries and succeeding generations.

The revival of Platonic studies has also been a marked feature of our own age; and at last it is not merely Plato's doctrine of Ideas, or his proof of immortality, that we are studying, but Plato himself. It is true that these studies have grown up under the shadow of modern philosophy, and the interpretation of Plato and the estimate formed of his contemporaries have been coloured by the different phases of transcendentalism and eclecticism. The light which ideal thinkers reflect on their great prototype has been mistaken for his own. But there have not been wanting critics who have successfully made the effort to see Plato simply in himself, and in his relation to Greek thought and to his own age. The amiable

amiable Van Heusde* was probably one of the first who did so. Even Mr. Grote can hardly be dissatisfied with the treatment which the 'Sophists' received from him. Indications are already visible that the interest felt in this subject amongst our own countrymen is no longer confined to a few. It is, therefore, natural to ask what may be expected to be the effect of an increase of Plato's influence on education and literature at the present day. The most obvious elements of this influence are the scattered thoughts, 'modernisms' as they have been sometimes called, which are equally intelligible to every time, and often admit of an immediate application to our own circumstances. The description of the scepticism resulting from the rash and inconsiderate use of dialectic, as the state of one who has been brought up as a supposititious child, and discovers that those whom he has called his parents are not really so, before he has found those who are;† the repeated warning that controversy, as such, leads only to the hatred of inquiry, and despair of truth;‡ the humorous description of this word-fencing, reminding one of Squire Ralpho's account of logic,—

'This pagan heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention,'§

the satire directed against a method which substitutes the imputation of inconsistency in opponents for a real examination of the matter in hand;|| the observation that in the nature of things the ideal must ever be more perfect than the actual,¶ the analysis of the ridiculous:**—these, and numberless similar hints, cannot but suggest useful thoughts. The person of Socrates is another unfailing source of interest; although we have not in Plato the literal faithfulness of Boswell-Apollodorus, who, for three years at least, took daily note of everything which Socrates said and did.†† Even the superficial study of Plato is of real value. 'The image of our highest natural powers in their freshest vigour,' 'the unattainable grace of the prime of manhood,' is to be seen there as it is not elsewhere, even in classic literature. The mind which has only slightly tasted of them must be raised and purified by great thoughts and beautiful imaginations, expressed in the most perfect language.

But the essential interest of Plato lies in this, that in his works we have clearly presented to us the first complete and harmonious impress of philosophy upon the human mind. The

* 'Initia Platonica.' Leyden, 1842.

‡ 'Phæd.', p. 90. 'Theæt.', p. 168.

|| 'Rep.', 454. 'Theæt.', p. 164.

** 'Phileb.', p. 48.

† 'Rep.', p. 538.

§ 'Theæt.', p. 154. 'Hudibras.'

¶ 'Rep.', p. 473.

†† 'Symp.', p. 172.

true elements of scientific method are there—not separate, but blended; ideal anticipation followed by inductive verification; analogy and hypothesis pointing the way to truth, but not slackening the search for it. The field of observation has been wonderfully enlarged since Plato's time; but though the contents of experience are different, the spirit in which all inquiry should be conducted is the same. There is a lesson which the world has not exhausted yet, in his union, or rather identification of religion with science; in the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake considered as a religious duty; and in the belief repeatedly expressed and implied throughout in the absolute goodness of the Supreme Being, the idea of Whom philosophy approaches, but cannot wholly grasp. Plato never loses sight of the admission that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy;' but for this very reason he is ever striving to test the reality of his dream. His thoughts are never lost in mysticism, nor will he suffer them to be bound within the limits of what is known positively, as by a sort of fate. The difficulty which haunted him, that of bridging over the chasm between idea and fact, is parallel to many difficulties in our own day. And if the human mind, after passing forth out of the sphere prescribed by Socrates—after 'measuring the earth and spanning the heaven' (Plat. 'Theæt.' p. 173), and bringing all things in the sensible universe within the reach of human knowledge and power—has now come full circle, and is again seeking to read in the 'large letters,' not of an imaginary Greek community, but of human history, the laws which the Creator has impressed on his creature man; if inductive science, after traversing the field of Nature, is turning inwards, and falters in the application to a new subject-matter of the 'cross-questioning' method which has so far been employed on things external to the mind, is it unreasonable to hope that the truly inductive method of Plato, whose deepest intuitions are ever accompanied with the appeal to consciousness and experience, may afford a preliminary training which even the greatest minds can hardly dispense with in endeavouring to place the science of human nature on a sure foundation? What if it should be found that Plato's philosophy in its different aspects is a true epitome of the mental progress of the race; that as his ideal theory is a sort of prophecy which his dialectical energy is ever striving to fulfil, so faith is the mystic anticipation of reason, and reason but the gradual verification of faith; while, as Jeremy Taylor says, 'Faith must ever take something into her heart which Reason cannot take into her eye?'

The Christian is indeed the recipient of a far deeper spirit than

than Plato knew. There was a veil upon the *heart* of the heathen world which has been removed. On the other hand, external facts exercise a more powerful influence now that they are better known. That influence may be partly corrective and partly blinding. But neither the priceless possession of a holier faith, nor the extended range of our observation, can make less interesting or less instructive to us the spectacle of human intelligence consciously growing into perfect beauty. The pure love of truth ('than which nothing is more delightful to investigate, or more beautiful to contemplate, when found' *), which Plato made the rule of his life, may be an example to us in times of intellectual perplexity. His belief in God and immortality may even now be a support to faith. The delight of reading him is that of drinking from a living fountain. He has objected to all written composition that it must fall dead, in comparison of that oral teaching which is adapted to create new thoughts in the spirit of one loved and known. He seems to have been oppressed, in writing, with something of Goethe's feeling—

'Mein Lied ertönt der unbekannten Menge;'

but he has provided that his own works should belie his foreboding, and be the exception to prove his rule. So long as there is a mind devoted to classical studies, in which the faculties of reflection and imagination are united in any degree of power, so long his written converse will retain its creative force, generating and preserving, in the soul of a friend, thoughts kindred to his own.

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- ART. III.—1. *The Journal and Correspondence of William Lord Auckland.* By the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Vols. III. and IV. 1862.
2. *The Private Diary of Richard Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.* In 3 Vols. 1862.

THE class of memoirs to which our attention will chiefly be directed in this article differs very widely from those which are known as illustrating the manners rather than the politics of French or German Courts. This difference is but the reflection of another: of that which exists between two quite distinct modes of government; between parliamentary government and closet government; between the mace of the House of Commons and the fan of the Duchess de Longueville. In French memoirs, politics and scandal, the jokes of the salons and the counsels of the cabinet, are inextricably mixed up together, and

* Scotus Erigena.

reveal a political system in which the authority exercised under free institutions by men had been transferred to the art, the tact, and the accomplishments of the female sex. If France was a despotism tempered by epigrams, it was the life of the salons which brought those epigrams to perfection; and the salons thus constituted a sort of social parliament, which, though unable to stop the supplies or withhold the Mutiny Act, still possessed a formidable weapon of offence in the power of making the government ridiculous. England, as we need hardly say, has never had a government of this description. The nearest approach to it which she has ever seen was under the sway of Charles II., and accordingly the nearest approach to French memoirs which our literature possesses, is in the volumes of Pepys and Hamilton. Some of the characteristics of the reign of Charles II. reappeared partially and in a very unattractive form under the two first Georges, and have served to impart a tinge of French colour to the memoirs which describe their Courts. But, fortunately for England, neither Walpole nor his royal master were men of refined taste. It would have been hard for a monarch like Charles II., or a minister like Lord Bolingbroke, to resist the charms of those beautiful and sprightly girls who sparkle like diamonds in all the memoirs of that time. Their influence was but small. George I. and his successor pursued their unwieldy loves and enjoyed their boorish romps in a style not seductive to English gentlemen. Politics were surrendered to Walpole; and the consequence was that, although there was plenty of immorality under those gracious sovereigns, yet the feminine element of Court life had no longer that connexion with public policy which once for a brief space it had possessed; and the resemblance to French manners in this respect grew less and less till it disappeared altogether with the accession of George III.

Thus in that witty and amusing style of memoir in which grave and gay are treated on the same level, in which drawing the sword against an enemy or throwing the handkerchief to a lady, treaties of peace or canons of taste, a fresh famine or a new play, are of equal importance, England is unquestionably deficient. We have some such memoirs and letters, no doubt, though they are not equal to the French. Hamilton, and Pepys, and Walpole, and Chesterfield, and Selwyn, and Hervey, to say nothing of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Suffolk, Madame D'Arbly, and others, have written to a certain extent in that style. But these are nearly all that we have, and even these betray their native soil. There is, however, another class of memoirs more truly deserving the title of political, in which English literature

is absolutely without a rival: as in England alone are to be found the institutions under which they flourish. We mean the diaries, correspondence, and biographies of that long succession of eminent public men who have conducted our parliamentary system during the last hundred years. The study of constitutional government through the medium of these pages is like the contemplation of bees under a glass hive. We see the secret and intermittent processes by which great events have been matured. We see how curiously patriotism and selfishness, a sincere faith in principles and an obstinate love of power, may be united in the same men. We see their busy movements to and fro, their mines and counter-mines; the disgust after failure, the elation after victory. We see the strangest inconsistencies and contradictions; and, not losing our faith in excellence or greatness, we learn at the same time to be more charitable and less credulous.

In our examination of this class of memoirs, we will begin with the accession of George III., as the epoch at which the memoirs devoted to Court gossip and anecdote may be said in general terms to have been replaced by matter which is more purely political. The character of the memoir affords one sufficient reason for making that date our starting-point. But in the character of the period itself we shall find still stronger motives.

In the first place, from 1715 to 1760 our parliamentary contests were, with one exception, confined to our parliamentary parties and unconnected with the powers of the Crown. That exception was a war. When George II. heard of any fighting to be done, he pricked up his ears and required to have a hand in the business. But to all other questions he was comparatively indifferent. Excise Bills and Septennial Acts were nothing to him, and the Tory party, being left without a natural head, was reduced either to declamation against bribery and perpetual dictatorship, or to the declaration of opinions which might have brought the professor to the Tower. Throughout the whole period, then, the battles of Parliament were fought over particular measures, or were mere scrambles for place between the various sections of the Whig party, which did not even profess to be separated from each other by any distinctions of principle. But with the accession of George III. a new political element was at once introduced. The country seemed only to have been waiting for a sovereign who would assert his rights, to become the scene of a violent reaction. It had never been intended by the leaders of the Revolution of 1688 that Parliament should rule without the King. The object of that great change had been that the King should not rule without the Parliament. When
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the House of Hanover was placed upon the throne as a further guarantee of these principles, the Whig party became the inevitable depository of power. But they had gone too far. They had abused the trust committed to them; and now, when a King had risen up to restore the balance of the constitution, the English nation would support him. Thus, we may be sure, reasoned a large portion of the public in those days; for on no other hypothesis is the success of George III. intelligible. And now began a struggle hardly less important in principle than that which took place between Charles I. and his Parliament. Toryism had again become practical; it rallied round an actual living representative, to whom obedience was not treason. Tories either had, or had good reason to believe they had, the constitution on their side. The Sovereign was young, popular, and bold; and, all things considered, the two armies joined battle upon far less unequal terms than at first sight we might suppose. Our two great political parties were now, therefore, for the first time after nearly eighty years drawn out against each other upon a perfectly distinct issue, upon a great constitutional question; not upon any mere measure, however momentous or interesting, but upon the method of government itself.

In the second place it is to be observed that the history of the reign of George III. has still to be written. Lord Stanhope brings us to the Peace of Versailles. But from 1783 downwards, we have no History that is qualified to rank as a classic. Mr. Massey will not in our judgment supply the want: though we desire to do full justice to the spirited style and generally useful character of the volumes which he has already published. There are obvious reasons, therefore, for endeavouring to gauge the extent and estimate the value of the materials which the future historian will command: to ascertain how much of the rapidly accumulating mass of Political Memoirs is useful, and how much of it is not; and to classify the works in question according to the period of which they treat and the tone in which they are composed.

One very marked impression which remains upon the mind after the study of any number of these memoirs, is that Tradition is generally trustworthy. From the first William Pitt down to Sir Robert Peel, few statesmen emerge from the cross-examination to which their characters are submitted in these volumes either whiter or blacker than before. There are exceptions, but the conclusion is valuable because it confirms our faith in history. We see that acquaintance with the private side of a public man's character, while it enables us to fill in particular details, leaves the broad outlines untouched. We are led to reflect how improbable

bable it is that men of eminence, whose lives and actions have been exposed to the full light of publicity for some thirty or forty years, should be greatly misjudged by their contemporaries. The existence of political memoirs affords, no doubt, an excellent security against falsehood. Even an historian who is not very anxious for truth, will be checked by the knowledge that his mis-statements can be confuted from the papers which are pretty certain to emerge, sooner or later, from old family repositories; and we think with Lord Hailes, that they who suppress such memoirs do all that in them lies to leave history in darkness. There is, however, thus much to be said, that a limited and partial study of these memoirs is worse than no study at all. An interested or one-sided writer may construct any conceivable case upon any question out of these abundant materials, without a chance of being confuted, except by one who knows them all. He who possesses that knowledge will be armed against such political representations as we too often find in the Liberal historians of the present day.

These memoirs, if read aright, will throw great light upon various complicated passages of our political and Parliamentary history, and in many instances materially change our opinion of them. But we shall usually find that change to be one which tends rather to reconcile our previous estimate of the actors with facts which had perplexed us, than to overthrow that previous estimate. On the other hand, it is to be remarked that much more vigilance is necessary in scanning the accounts of transactions than in reading the characters of individuals. Writers or editors who are reluctant to libel persons, are yet apt to misrepresent events, in their anxiety to exhibit their own conduct or that of their friends in a favourable light; and leaving the reader to draw certain inferences for himself, they delude themselves into the belief that they have avoided all personalities. Upon the whole, however, we repeat that it is events rather than persons which are affected by these publications. We have not, after the perusal of some forty works of this nature, changed our opinions of Lord Chatham, or the Duke of Bedford, or Lord Temple; of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning, Lord Grenville, Mr. Fox, or Mr. Addington. But we have changed our opinion of, or rather perhaps gained a clearer insight into, certain phases of the Catholic question; certain events of the war; some ministerial embarrassments; and certain transformations of party.

We gather, indeed, from this course of reading, that the boundaries of party have been observed much more laxly than some modern politicians suppose. The facts which show this may be read in any ordinary history; but all which draws atten-

tion to those facts we find in the political memoir. A casual reader of history would see that one ministry succeeded another, and that certain statesmen were in Cabinet; without thinking, perhaps, of inquiring if that is where he should expect to see them. But when a member of one party passed over into the ranks of another, it was, of course, a fine theme for political correspondents and diarists. Yet, whatever the comments they provoke, we are startled to find how frequently and easily events of this nature occurred or were considered to be ripe for occurrence. Although there was a very clear distinction between Whig and Tory on the one fundamental principle of the King's right to choose his own ministers, yet individual statesmen passed backwards and forwards between the two rival camps, without provoking more or even so much disapprobation as such conduct would elicit now.

Public opinion appears to have exercised in former days a very slight influence upon the calculations of statesmen. Sometimes, indeed, it spoke out with sufficient plainness, as against the Excise Bill of Walpole and against the India Bill of Fox; but at other periods it remained comparatively sluggish, and then it seems to have been forgotten. Statesmen moved in a small circle, with their gaze invariably turned inwards, and seem to have judged of men and events by criteria of their own. But the opinion of the vulgar world not unfrequently set at defiance the predictions of the wisest statesmen. Nothing is more remarkable throughout these voluminous memoirs than the contrast which they present between the opinions of the initiated few and the actual issues of affairs. The downfall of ministers, for instance, is constantly predicted, because they were deficient in those qualities which at White's and Brooks's were held to be essential to success—brilliant eloquence, or great connexions, or striking administrative talent. The moral support which a ministry derives from feeling itself in unison with the popular opinion of the day went for little. Not even the large majorities which these doomed Governments regularly obtained in Parliament seem to have affected this prejudice. It led the Opposition into a confident way of talking, and has introduced into memoirs of the time assertions of ministerial weakness, which, not being founded upon fact, are calculated to mislead us very much in our estimate of particular transactions.

Such is one source of error peculiar to the political memoirs of this period, which is perhaps only to be detected by close study of their contents. Another is more obvious. We mean that, unless edited with extreme care, the journals, letters,

letters, and miscellaneous remains of public men are sure to represent so much of personal prepossession as greatly to impair their value for historical purposes. The first idea which occurs to the mind of any man interested in such subjects, on seeing or hearing of a fresh issue of family papers, is that now at length we shall have the true history of some hitherto mysterious transactions; that we shall be admitted behind the scenes, and see the actors in great events with their stage costume thrown aside. Well, we do see all this; but in proportion to the freedom with which transactions are discussed and motives acknowledged in such documents, is the openness with which personal prejudices are indulged and political enemies defamed. Thus what we gain on one side we are in danger of losing on the other. We are certainly admitted to disclosures which could never have been made in Parliament; but we are also distracted by interruptions which greatly obscure their moral lesson. The saints of old are said to have suffered much from the malignity of demons, who would interpose themselves between the pages of a good book and the eyes of the devout reader, leading away his thoughts to unholy objects, and making the words of truth and wisdom unintelligible. The reader of political memoirs is tormented in the same fashion by the demons of spite and partiality, which flit before his eyes like bats, as he labours to extract the truth from some long and confidential narrative. The value, therefore, of a really honest and competent editor for works of this description may be easily understood. But it seems very difficult to procure one. The task is often undertaken by relations; and the relations of a distinguished man are prone not only to ascribe an undue importance to him and his actions,—and therefore to flood the press with needless and trivial matter,—but also to adopt all his views, and defend all his fancies with little or no examination. Or if the work be confided to the hands of some professed author, he again may naturally be unwilling to displease his patrons; while the chances are that neither the one nor the other possesses that minute knowledge of our Parliamentary history which is required for the correction or modification of *ex parte* statements. When Lady Hester Stanhope was told of the publication of the Chatham Correspondence, she observed at once that it would be certain to mislead the world. Nobody, she said, was competent to edit political papers of that era; for young men understood neither the old phraseology nor the old politics. Lady Hester was probably in the right: for it is very difficult to tell at this distance of time how much, or how little, certain phrases of the old school were intended to convey.

The first batch of our memoirs which admit of being marked

off by themselves are such as relate mainly to the earlier part of George the Third's reign. With the first Ministry of Mr. Pitt a new state of things commenced; new ideas began to bud; new men appeared upon the public scene; and a different class of public questions began to agitate Parliament. We may safely, therefore, take the previous period as one complete within itself, with its own particular ideas, difficulties, and methods. Some of the memoirs which relate to it will, of course, run on into the next; and some there are which carry us over the whole breadth of the reigns of the two last Georges. But this does not affect the principle of division we have adopted; and it will generally be found that such memoirs are not equally useful for both the earlier and the latter period. One exception, however, there is, and that is in that unbroken series of family papers which preserve to us the memory of the Grenvilles. Stretching all the way from the year 1742 to the last accession of Lord Derby to power, they are equally interesting and equally important at any point of time as far as 1830. But the Diaries and Correspondence of Lord Malmesbury, which rank next in point of duration to the Grenville series, do not throw much light upon domestic politics earlier than the French Revolution. From 1767 to 1787 Lord Malmesbury was almost constantly abroad. From 1793 to 1796 he was abroad again; and it was only during the latter years of his life, down to 1812, that he was much involved with the political parties of the time. But in 1792 and the early part of 1793 he was intimately concerned in those private negotiations which preceded the great Whig secession; and we shall notice in its proper place the highly interesting account which he has left us of that transaction. On foreign affairs, of course, he is throughout a valuable authority. Running nearly parallel with the Malmesbury Papers is the Diary and Correspondence of Lord Cornwallis. The former begin in 1767, and terminate in 1808. The latter extend from 1776—1805; and, like Lord Malmesbury's, their chief value for our present purpose depends upon their later portions. During the earlier part of his career Lord Cornwallis was in America. From 1786 to 1794 he was in India. And though, of course, full of very interesting matter, the papers which relate to these periods do not afford so much material for illustrating the peculiar characteristics of political memoirs as those which relate wholly to domestic politics. The Correspondence of Burke (1744 to 1797) is singularly barren of Parliamentary topics till after the rise of Mr. Pitt. Both the Memorials and Correspondence of Fox and the Life of Fox, the one edited and the other written by Earl Russell, resemble in this respect the Correspondence of Burke. They are,
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indeed, full of the Coalition of 1783, on which Burke, strange to say, is silent; but we find nothing in them to help us in understanding those earlier intrigues of George the Third's reign, the intricacy of which is sufficient to daunt the most inquisitive. Nevertheless, as Fox was thirteen years in Parliament during the first period, his Correspondence must not be forgotten in enumerating the works which relate to it. He entered Parliament, in fact, just as that series of wretched squabbles which began with the ministry of Lord Bute had been finally concluded by the promotion of Lord North to the Treasury, during whose long administration parties were plainly divided on one or two great questions, and few of those complications occurred of which we are driven to look to private sources for a solution.

The works which more properly belong to and illustrate the first twenty years of George III. are a certain portion of the Grenville annals, and the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Chatham*, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Rockingham. These four are purely political, and bear directly upon the Ministerial movements of that quarrelsome era. The chief actors in them were all at different times in the Cabinet, and were, for the most part, leaders. Of course both the writers and the editors have a natural bias in favour of their own opinions and their own heroes. But then that bias is virtually avowed on the title-page. We know that we are going to have the Woburn, the Hayes, or the Wentworth, or the Stowe version of a particular epoch submitted to us. And, by carefully comparing these sets of correspondence, we can arrive at the truth on most of the questions to which they relate. But, besides those which have just been mentioned, we have other memoirs of a less exclusively political character, containing nevertheless very interesting matter. First among these stand Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of George III., 1760—1783*. Then we have the celebrated *Memoirs of Wraxall, 1772—1789*, of which one instalment was published in 1815 and another in 1836. The later letters of Lord Chesterfield, those of Lady Suffolk, Lady Hervey, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, all throw some light upon the period; and as these writers were less immediately interested in politics, such remarks as they do occasionally make on the conduct of contemporary statesmen are doubly valuable. George Selwyn's *Correspondence*, which extends down to 1780, contains no political information.

It is a curious circumstance that of all these works, the two which have been most copiously drawn upon by succeeding writers are the two which are decidedly least trustworthy, —those of Walpole and of Wraxall. The unfitness of either to
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be accepted as an historical witness has been very publicly and conclusively demonstrated. Yet we find them as unblushingly quoted for party purposes as if no such exposure had been made. Wraxall, however, is valuable to a certain extent for his political portraits. We do not mean, of course, that they have any pretensions to stand alongside of the masterpieces of this branch of composition. But they have merit; and Lady Hester Stanhope, though she contradicted him on one or two important points, said that his descriptions were often so good that she should have liked to make him a Duke. But all except these portraits is pure gossip. How many turkeys' eggs the Duke of Rutland used to eat for breakfast—how much money Fox lost to Lord Clermont on a heifer's capacity for turnips—*anecdotes* of this class, spiced with political scandal, and interspersed with some semi-apocryphal accounts of his own adventures in Denmark, form the staple of his memoirs, of which the general impression left upon the reader's mind is that here we have *not* any valuable materials for history. Walpole's memoirs are written in a spirit of sour and unscrupulous Whiggism, which has poisoned at the fountain-head the whole stream of information which descends from him. On any nicely-balanced point we should not think of allowing his evidence to turn the scale. Even where his representations are strengthened by contemporary testimony, we shall generally find that he exaggerates. But it has been reserved for an eminent Whig writer of our own day to accept him where he stands alone, and to reject his authority where it is confirmed by numbers. Walpole may have exaggerated the bad qualities of the Duke of Bedford; but there is, at all events, a preponderance of contemporary evidence adverse to the noble Duke. He abuses in no measured terms the Ministry of Lord Shelburne; and in this he has but few supporters. Yet Lord Russell adopts, with only trifling reservations, his hostile account of Lord Shelburne, while he repudiates with disdain his aspersions on the Duke of Bedford.

The second batch of memoirs which are capable of being classed together date from the rise of Mr. Pitt. To these have to be added the memoirs which, like the Malmesbury and Cornwallis Correspondence, start from an earlier point, but whose chief interest lies in the subsequent period. This we should say, speaking roughly, extends from 1783 to the termination of the great war; and as we had memoirs relating to the first epoch which ran over into the second, so we have memoirs relating to the second which extend into the third. Among these are the *Lives of Canning, Wilberforce, Lord Grey, Lord Eldon, and Lord Sidmouth*; the *Diary and Correspondence of Lord Colchester, of Madame*

D'Arblay,

D'Arblay, and Miss Knight. Those which are limited to the period we have just defined are the *Lives of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan*; Lord Holland's *Memoirs of the Whig Party*; the *Courts and Cabinets of George III.*; the *Diary and Correspondence of George Rose*; of Lord Auckland, of Lord Castlereagh, and the Marquis Wellesley; and the *Reminiscences of Lady Hester Stanhope*. The line of demarcation between the Pittite and pre-Pittite period is marked with curious distinctness. The foremost men in the earlier one were Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, George Grenville, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Rockingham, Edmund Burke, and Lord North. Chatham died in 1775, Temple in 1779, Grenville in 1770, Bedford in 1771, Rockingham in 1783. Lord North retired from public life after the rout of the Coalition; and of the whole phalanx only Mr. Burke remained. During the first ten years of Mr. Pitt's administration a new generation of statesmen sprang into existence; and to this same eventful period we trace the source of more political memoirs than to any other period in our annals. Abbot, Scott, Canning, Rose, and Addington, Castlereagh, Grenville, Wellesley, and Wilberforce, all came into the House of Commons about this time, and have all left materials for memoirs. On the Whig side only two men of real eminence made their début within the period—Lord Grey and Lord Erskine. Sheridan dates from 1780. Eden was not so much either a Whig or a Tory, as a personal adherent of Lord North: though the Whigs seem to have claimed him as one of themselves after 1783, and to have regarded with anger his subsequent desertion to Mr. Pitt.

Of this second division of memoirs it is difficult to say that one is more trustworthy than another. The fullest and most interesting are the *Courts and Cabinets of George III.*, the latter part of Lord Malmesbury's *Diary*, the *Colchester and Auckland Diaries*, the *Diary of George Rose*, and the *Lives of Mr. Pitt and Lord Eldon*. We still want a good *Life of Mr. Canning*, although Mr. Stapleton's work contains important information. The *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, by his son-in-law Dean Pellew, though a valuable addition to our political literature, is heavy. The *Lives of Fox and Sheridan* are, the one slipshod, and the other (though an interesting book) ill supplied with state secrets. The *Castlereagh Papers* are protracted to an unmanageable bulk. In Wellesley there is too much of Asia, and in Wilberforce too much of Africa. Of the three lady memoir-writers whom we have mentioned, two have produced works of considerable interest. Unhappily, however, they are not great authorities on politics, and all their statements require to be carefully checked;

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Lady Hester Stanhope in particular, whose wonderfully lively and graphic pictures of the persons and the society which she had known during her residence under Mr. Pitt's roof must be received with extreme caution, though on the personal habits and character of Pitt himself she speaks with a weight that cannot be disputed. The voluminous Diary of Madame D'Arblay is disappointing, and yields few materials to the historian; but Miss Knight's autobiography, though we have had occasion to point out in it some of those oversights to which all such publications are liable, contains much useful matter and many most suggestive hints.

For the third period, that, namely, which succeeded the conclusion of the war, bringing with it both new men and new measures, some of the above-mentioned volumes are of course as useful as for an earlier stage. To the number we ought perhaps to add the diaries and letters of Plumer Ward, Sir Samuel Romilly, and Francis Horner; since the first of these extends from the year 1800 to 1846, the second from 1806 to 1818, and the third from 1803 to 1817. The most important of those which relate exclusively to the later period are the Courts and Cabinets of the Regency, the Memoirs of the Reign of George IV., and the Buckingham Diary, all Grenville publications; Notes by Sir Robert Heron, an old Whig, who sat in Parliament from 1812 to 1851; the Memoirs of Mackintosh; the scandalous Diary of Lady Charlotte Campbell; the memoirs left behind by the late Sir Robert Peel; Mr. Roebuck's History of the Reform Bill; the letters of Lord Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff; and the Life and also the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington. The correspondence of Raikes with the Duke, as it begins in 1813, must be admitted into this list, although it is of no value; but Raikes's Journal (1831-1849), and the Duke of Buckingham's Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Queen Victoria, belong to a different era of the political world; the former being in fact almost the only political Diary of the old species which relates to the post-Reform epoch.

These memoirs are, of course, of very various merit. For fulness of information and tolerable fairness, we should say the Grenville Publications, the Diary of Lord Colchester (who was the recipient of many confidences from the leading politicians on both sides), and the Life of Lord Eldon, by Horace Twiss, are the best. Dean Pellew, as we have said, is heavy, and not especially sagacious. Plumer Ward is better; but he is inspired by great personal bitterness towards political opponents. His Diary commences in 1809, just when Lord Malmesbury's terminates, and is very instructive regarding the political squabbles which preceded the

the resignation of the Duke of Portland, and which agitated the ministry of Mr. Perceval. He is one of the few memoir-writers, if not the only one, who has expressed an exalted opinion of that statesman. He seems to have thought that, for the general purposes of debate, Perceval was a better speaker than Mr. Canning. But he is extremely unfair to both Canning and Lord Wellesley, and his editor unfortunately has done nothing to mitigate the evil.

The Parliamentary Diary of Sir Samuel Romilly, though an interesting record of his times, contains little or nothing of moment upon any of the riddles of the period. Horner's Letters and his Diary show great ability, and many of his reflections on passing events are drawn from a depth of thought quite uncommon in politicians. The 'Papers of Sir Robert Peel,' which were edited by Lord Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, relating to his conduct in 1829, 1835, and 1846, cannot be read with indifference; but they, too, conform to the general law. They tell us little which we did not already know: though, doubtless, future editions of them may tell us more, as many of his Papers relating to the Repeal of the Corn-laws have been withheld for the present, out of regard to persons still living—an example of delicacy which one or two other editors would have done well to anticipate and to follow. We must not expect, however, that with the greater publicity, and probably greater simplicity which attends all political transactions of the present day, the same materials will survive which give their zest to political memoirs. For the manœuvres, and intrigues, and conspiracies which occupy these volumes, a small circle of performers was required, and a comparatively uninformed public. A few individuals were then the pivots of the whole machine, and it was worth while to secure their co-operation by a variety of means which are now falling into disuse. Newspapers, too, in the present day are so much better informed, that transactions are detected now which would in former times have escaped notice; and we cannot consequently anticipate from political memoirs in future, either the novelty or the raciness which distinguish those of an earlier period. Sir Robert Peel's memoranda are indeed confessedly no more than a vindication of himself. But even the Diary of Mr. Raikes, which is plainly built upon the old models, is of little political value.

It is to be observed that in this collection of memoirs the two great political parties are represented with tolerable evenness; the Whigs having a slight majority. We do not pretend, indeed, to have given our readers an exhaustive catalogue of these works. But we find, on re-perusing the last few pages, that we have set
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down as many as forty-six ; of which eighteen are Tory memoirs, twenty-one are Whig, and the remainder doubtful. The pure Whig and pure Tory names speak for themselves. The doubtful or neutral ones are those of Grenville, Auckland, Cornwallis, and strictly speaking, perhaps, Malmesbury and Wellesley. Several of the memoirs fluctuate in their political tone, just as their authors fluctuated in their political allegiance ; and there are some which we know not whether to describe as doubtful, as Tory, or as Pittite.

It now remains for us to illustrate the general characteristics which we have attributed to political memoirs, by a few examples under each head. It is remarked by the editor of the *Auckland Correspondence*, at the conclusion of his last volume, that 'it would be as fair to write the Life of Pitt from the Memorials of Fox, as to estimate Lord Auckland's character from the correspondence of his bitterest enemies.' All that need be added to this statement is, that the converse of it is quite as true. The first thing to be done by that comparatively small number of persons who read political memoirs for anything more than mere amusement, is to check the statements of editors by reference to contemporary memoirs. If we find that these generally agree in their estimate of a particular public man, we shall be very cautious of allowing the representations of relatives to supersede it. More especially will this be the case when it is difficult to discover any grounds of personal animosity between the alleged victim and his traducers. How far these remarks apply to Lord Auckland himself, we shall consider presently. We will first take the character of another public man, whom a relative has in like manner attempted to redeem from obloquy. The behaviour of the Duke of Bedford to George III., during the first few years of his reign, is one of the salient features in the *Annals* of our Courts and Cabinets. It is well known that in 1765 he had an important interview with the King, for the purpose of remonstrating against backstairs influence. It was always said that he had behaved on the occasion with unwarrantable violence ; but for a long time Junius was the only authority for its actual effect upon the King. At this distance of time we can hardly read his words without a smile. 'He repeatedly gave the King the lie, and left him in convulsions.' Curiously enough, however, Walpole corroborates the statement. He says that the King subsequently declared, if he had not ordered the Duke out of his presence, he should have been suffocated with indignation. Now there is no necessity to accept these stories in their literal signification, though we must remember that between Walpole and Junius there was no kind

kind of concert, as they belonged to widely different sections of the disorganised Whig party; but the question is, whether these stories do not strike the key-note of the Duke's character. Lord Russell, and Mr. Massey, who has partially followed in his footsteps, maintain that it is not *likely* that the Duke transgressed the bounds of decency or etiquette. Lord Russell argues from the minutes of the intended remonstrance found among the Duke's papers: Mr. Massey, from the fact that the Duke as a diplomatist 'was accustomed to measure his words.'* But these arguments even in the abstract are worth very little. For the point at issue is whether or not the Duke lost his temper. If not, his remonstrance, however firm, is not likely to have been disrespectful. If he did, his minute of course would be forgotten. On the other hand, the fact that the Duke had been a diplomatist, though it raises a certain presumption in favour of his powers of self-control, will not stand for a moment against the concurrent testimony of his contemporaries, both to his imperious temper and to the frequency with which he yielded to it. Mr. Massey himself, in another passage, quotes an exceedingly pertinent illustration of his Grace's character. 'Some insight is afforded into the dictatorial arrogance of his temper by an anecdote unconsciously related by the biographer and eulogist of the house of Russell. The Duke had stipulated, as a condition of his taking office, that Bute should not in any way be consulted upon public affairs. He could do no less; but, according to Mr. Wiffen, his Grace considered it an infraction of this compact that Bute should have come to town in the spring of 1765, and taken his place in the House of Lords. A political rival, with whom, it is to be remembered, Bedford had himself almost up to that period sat in Cabinet Council, was not only to be removed from power, but altogether secluded from public life, like the disgraced courtier of a mediæval despot.'† And why Mr. Massey should stigmatise Burke's report of his insolence to the King in this interview as exhibiting 'somewhat of the facile credulity of a vulgar political opponent,' we cannot understand. This insolence was the talk of the town; while the general character of the Duke, as depicted in almost all other memoirs of this period, is such as to persuade us that there is no intrinsic improbability in the language imputed to him. In the Chatham Correspondence, in Lord Hervey's Memoirs, in the Rockingham Correspondence, in Lord Chesterfield's Letters, and in Lady Hervey's, we find descriptions of his conduct and character, at different periods of his career, uniformly un-

* 'History of England,' vol. i. p. 244.

† Ibid., p. 241.

favourable.

favourable.* His vexatious rivalry with Newcastle, in 1750; his intrigues to drive out Lord Shelburne in 1766; his intrigues against the Duke of Grafton but a short time afterwards—all tend to confirm the traditional estimate of his character, and to discredit the apology of his descendant. Lady Hervey says of him with true feminine vehemence, ‘he has no judgment—great heat—obstinate wrongheadedness—and is the tool of favourites.’ This last assertion also is confirmed by Junius, who says, ‘I will not pretend to specify the secret terms on which you were invited to support an administration which Lord Bute pretended to leave in full possession of their ministerial authority, and perfectly masters of themselves. He was not of a temper to relinquish power, though he retired from employment. Stipulations were certainly made between your Grace and him, and certainly violated. After two years’ submission, you thought you had collected a strength sufficient to control his influence, and that it was your turn to be a tyrant because you had been a slave.’

We have entered on these particulars merely in pursuit of the literary object set before us. We have given the case of the Duke of Bedford as an illustration of our statement that private political memoirs do not, as a rule, overthrow the popular traditional estimate of our public men, and that the favourable representations of friends must be received with as much caution as the hostile criticism of opponents.

In like manner the popular estimate of Lord Chatham is fully confirmed by all the family papers which relate to the period when he flourished. His commanding eloquence and force of character, his lofty modes of thought and action, in private life verging upon bombast, but in public and at a distance so imposing and so dazzling that all the instruments of his policy became animated with the same spirit: his extraordinary egotism, and still more extraordinary reserve; this singular mixture of strength and weakness, of pride and vanity, is revealed to us through the whole of these memoirs in the clearest and most unvarying colours. It can hardly, however, have escaped the student of Lord Chatham’s era, that, for so eminent a man, he took a very brief part in the administration of public affairs. This circumstance is to some extent explained by his embarrassing connexion with the Grenvilles; while during his closing years his mind was probably disordered. But another view of Lord Chatham’s character is faintly indicated in the various memoirs of the period, which, though not in any way conflicting

* See also the Fox Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 68.

with the popular estimate, might explain the latter half of his career more clearly than has yet been done. It has sometimes occurred to us that on domestic politics Lord Chatham was more or less at sea. With regard to the proper mode of 'carrying on the King's government' he seems not to have made up his mind, as we find him at one time telling the King that he could not conduct his government without the help of the Revolution families, and at another declaring from his place in the House of Lords that he defied an insolent oligarchy. Statesmen who went to take counsel with him complained that he could not reason consecutively for five minutes together, but occupied the whole time with vague and stilted declamation. Shall we be thought to offer an unpardonable insult to the memory of the great Lord Chatham, if we venture to suggest that he might possibly have had nothing to say? The fact is, he pined for his old ascendancy when the circumstances which maintained it had departed. In a period of profound peace he sighed for the authority of dictator. He could not give his mind to the ordinary details of business or the ordinary management of parties. He had never acquired the kind of knowledge which these duties demand; and when his advice was sought by men of one-tenth of his genius, but of superior capacity for administration, he was naturally perplexed and angry, and took refuge either in total seclusion or else in those meaningless harangues of which his visitors complained. We say that this view of Lord Chatham's character is dimly shadowed out in some of the memoirs we have mentioned; but it supplements, it does not contradict, the common estimate of his powers, and is therefore no exception to the general rule.

We must say the same of the *Diary and Correspondence of Lord Auckland*. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has not effected any substantial change in our estimate of his father's character derived from the testimony of his contemporaries. The Bishop observes that Lord Auckland cannot, as supposed by Lord Malmesbury, have joined with Lord Loughborough in prepossessing the Royal mind against Mr. Pitt's measure of Catholic Relief, because on the 31st January, 1801, he wrote a letter in which he implied that he had but just learnt Mr. Pitt's resolution, and prayed him to reconsider it. But it seems to us that no argument can be founded upon this letter. It is quite possible that Lord Auckland may have acted as alleged without desiring Mr. Pitt's downfall; and the letter in question is by no means to be read without Mr. Pitt's answer, which has been published by the Bishop himself, and which is conclusive, if not as to Lord Auckland's conduct, at least as to the view which Mr.

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Pitt took of it. Indeed, Lord Auckland's silence under so cutting a reproof is noticed by Mr. Rose in his *Diary* as showing that he was conscious of having deserved it.* But the Bishop of Bath and Wells really has done something towards clearing the reputation of Lord Loughborough. It was believed by many, up to the publication of his recent volumes, that a paper found among the Rosslyn MSS., being a written opinion on the Catholic claims delivered to the King in 1795, was the work of Lord Loughborough. The writer of it asserts that any further relaxation of the laws against Romanists would be a violation of the Coronation Oath. The existence of this paper was never revealed to Mr. Pitt. Lord Loughborough himself affected, in the presence of his colleagues, no disinclination to see a Relief Bill brought forward. We do not wonder, therefore, at the tone in which Lord Stanhope speaks of this document, which was first brought to light by Lord Campbell. The Bishop, however, adduces several good reasons for believing that the paper in question was the work not of Lord Loughborough, but of Lord Clare, whose letters to Mr. Beresford contain the same arguments in very similar language. It is something, no doubt, to have dispelled this one shadow from the name of Lord Loughborough; but we cannot go so far as to say that the opinion of him handed down by his contemporaries has been greatly modified by the discovery. And before quitting the subject, we must remind the Bishop that he has committed, in pleading for Lord Loughborough, exactly the same mistake as he has done in the case of Lord Auckland. He tells us that Rose's *Diary* contains a complete explanation of Lord Loughborough's conduct. But this explanation is merely recorded by Rose as the statement of Lord Loughborough himself.

There are points, no doubt, on which public opinion has been modified by the contents of these various publications; but, as we have already said, they rather serve to fill in details than affect the broad outlines of character. It is necessary to state this fact very plainly, because the world is apt to anticipate much more from the posthumous papers of eminent men than they are generally able to afford. Information of this nature oozes out by degrees, and our opinions of men become pretty well moulded into the shape which they are destined to preserve before the men themselves are dead.

* The Bishop states that the editor of Rose, who has read the unpublished correspondence between Rose and Lord Auckland, considers that it is not true that Lords Loughborough and Auckland produced the breach between the King and Mr. Pitt. But of what weight is that writer's opinion on any subject? and where is the correspondence?

No doubt the estimate of certain great ministers has latterly undergone a change, but this is owing, in one or two instances only, to the contents of political memoirs. The public estimate of Lord Castlereagh has risen considerably since the publication of his despatches. The common opinion of Pitt's private character, founded on the libels and caricatures of which a man so eminent must always be the subject, has been greatly modified by the *Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope*, by Lord Wellesley, by Wilberforce, and, finally, by his latest biographer, Lord Stanhope. Wraxall's portraiture of Pitt has been quite blotted out by these authorities. According to Sir Nathaniel, Pitt cared for nothing but politics, and buried himself at Walmer Castle in 1801, gnawing his heart with vexation at his loss of power, indifferent to all country pleasures, and intent on nothing but how soonest to get back to Downing Street. What is the truth? Pitt was of a most joyous disposition, delighting in literary recreations,* and passionately fond of hunting, shooting, and farming. He took a farm near Walmer, to which he and Lady Hester used often to resort for luncheon; and his niece was fond of relating in after years what hunches of bread-and-cheese and bread-and-butter she had seen him devour on these occasions. His own letters are full of rural topics: they contain frequent allusions to his partridge-shooting, and show plainly that he took as much interest in manœuvring his corps of Volunteers and inspecting his Cinque Ports harbours. Yet our estimate of the man from a public point of view has undergone but little change, although we see more and more clearly from each successive publication the unequalled loftiness of his character.

The character of Canning has been affected in both its public and its private aspect by the tenor of our recent memoirs; and perhaps, on the whole, injuriously. All the memoirs which have proceeded from an ultra-Tory point of view, all which have proceeded from a purely Whig point of view, and even the *Buckingham Memoirs*—which ought to have done justice to one who braved the jealousy of mediocrities out of pure admiration for Lord Grenville—are veined with ill-concealed dislike of him. Strange to say, even Lady Hester Stanhope is violent in abuse of her uncle's protégé and champion. Almost the only publications which are favourable to him in detail are the *Wellesley Correspondence* and Lord Stanhope's '*Life of Mr. Pitt*:' though, by the way, it is the biographer of Lord Eldon who has drawn what is, in our

* See 'Lord Wellesley's Letter to the Editor of the "Quarterly Review."' *Q. R.* vol. lvii. p. 488.

opinion, the finest portrait of him extant.* With these two exceptions, the general tone is against him. He took a comparatively independent line after Mr. Pitt's death, and he was not strong enough in property or connexions to support an independent line. He claimed to be the legitimate inheritor of Pitt's policy, and a certain class of great personages grew tired of the name of Mr. Pitt. He made many personal enemies by his unbridled sarcasm, and early in his career he alienated the most powerful section of his own party by abuse of Mr. Addington. When Pitt died, Canning found himself in much the same position as that of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley in the Marquis of Steyne's drawing-room, when she had to face the ladies by herself; and, though he struggled with his difficulties gallantly to the end of his days, he never thoroughly overcame them. All this we see clearly enough in these memoirs; but, unfortunately for Canning, it has been the interest of no one in particular to set the world right on these points; and the result is, that he is one of the very few great statesmen of the last hundred years whose reputation is lower at the present day than at the hour of his death. Canning, then, is a fair exception to our rule: the publication of '*Political Memoirs*' has affected his memory—that is to say, it has brought to light and hung out before the public gaze a thousand petty passions of which Mr. Canning was the object; while, as he left behind him neither Diary nor Biography of his own, the task of defending him, even where heartily undertaken, has proved more than usually difficult. This is not the place for entering upon an elaborate examination of his character. Some future passages of our article will involve a partial vindication of it. It is sufficient for the present to point out that the concurrence of testimony against him is far more distinctly traceable to personal grounds than the imputations on the Duke of Bedford or Lord Auckland.

The traditional, unwritten estimate of Mr. Fox is affected by these '*Political Memoirs*' in only one point. It has been customary to associate with his name that kind of magnanimous generosity for which men of dissipated and profuse habits too easily acquire the reputation. The old story of his lying on the rug buried in Herodotus, just after he had been ruined at the gaming-table, has had a great effect upon the public. It is, we must confess, a very telling situation; but (as we have had occasion to observe in previous articles) his own letters show him to have been neither so generous nor so magnanimous as it has been the fashion to suppose him. Our readers may remember that in 1804, on Mr. Addington's resignation, an attempt was made

* Twiss's '*Life of Lord Eldon*,' vol. iii.

to reunite the old Tory party, with Pitt and Lord Grenville in their old places. Grenville in the mean time had formed a close alliance with Mr. Fox, and refused to take office unless the latter was admitted to the Cabinet. This George III. was equally resolved that he should not be; and then it was that Fox is reported to have declared that he would be no obstacle to an arrangement; that he was too old to care for office himself; and 'that he hoped his friends would join Mr. Pitt, and that Mr. Pitt would find places for them.' This has always been spoken of as very generous and noble-minded conduct. As such, it served Lord Grenville with an excellent pretext for declining the overtures of Pitt. He must stand by so generous a friend, even though that friend set him free. But Mr. Fox's self-denying declarations, as his adherents well knew, were not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. About a year later he made a very similar profession in the House of Commons:—

'I feel myself sure,' he said,* 'that an administration formed to comprehend all that is respectable for rank, talents, character, and influence in the country affords the only chance of safety; and I trust that nobody can suppose that any individual (however he may disapprove, as I certainly do, the unconstitutional principle of exclusion) would suffer any personal ambition, if ambition he had, to stand in the way of the formation of such a ministry.'

This sounds very magnanimous: but we find him, three days afterwards, addressing to Mr. O'Brien, a partisan writer, the following explanation:—

'I never meant to admit (nor do the words at all convey such a meaning) that such a ministry could be made without my having a principal, or perhaps *the* principal share in it, or that it could be formed at all without Pitt's coming down from his situation at the Treasury, and in fact, considering the present ministry as annihilated, in which case all such persons as I alluded to might be consulted on the formation of a new one.'†

This from the man who, a year before, was too old to care for office! It is, indeed, abundantly clear from his correspondence that he never dreamed of entering the Cabinet except upon terms of official equality with Pitt, and with a First Lord of the Treasury of his own nomination.‡ Another little fact also, recorded by Lord Colchester, upon the authority of Addington, clearly proves, if true, that Fox was really anxious for place. In June, 1803, and February, 1804, Addington received overtures from Mr. Fox for joining him, but put them aside;§ yet in his correspondence

* June 20th, 1805; 'Fox's Speeches,' vol. vi. p. 620. Ed. 1815.

† 'Correspondence,' vol. iv. p. 80.

‡ Ibid., pp. 84, 96, 114.

§ Col., vol. i. p. 529.

of March, 1804, Fox speaks of the pleasure it will give him 'to hunt down this vile fellow.'*

We have now noticed the chief instances in which these disclosures have caused any modification of our judgment on the character of public men. On the whole they are not important; and, with the exceptions which we have noticed, we do not find our previous conceptions of public characters fundamentally affected. Taken simply, however, as illustrations and confirmations of generally acknowledged estimates, the traits of character and private purposes in which these volumes abound are highly interesting. Perhaps the most curious instance we can give is the spectacle which they present of the immobility of the Grenville character, even to the third generation. In 1765 and again in 1766 Lord Temple would not join Lord Chatham because he was aiming at the re-establishment of the Grenville Ministry. From 1801 to 1804 his nephew, Lord Grenville, was, if we may believe Lord Malmesbury—and it is the only rational hypothesis upon which to explain his conduct—working covertly for the same end. He had an idea, says Lord Malmesbury, that the Marquis of Buckingham would make an excellent Prime Minister. We have not observed that this design is imputed to him in any other of the political memoirs of the day; but it is quite in accordance with the character which they all bestow on him, and is, as we have said, the simplest explanation of his conduct at the period in question. Again, in 1827, Lord Grenville's own nephew, the Duke of Buckingham, tried his utmost to make use of the ministerial crisis for the same purpose. His motions for this end, which are related with the utmost *naïveté* in the pages of the newly-published Diary, are certainly among the most curious disclosures which have as yet been presented to us. We shall refer to the Diary again in the course of this article for its aid in clearing up a very complex political transaction; but simply as a specimen of character, and of a character so completely in harmony with the general behaviour of the same family for nearly seventy years, it is invaluable.

The characters of individual statesmen are so closely interwoven with the transactions in which they have taken part, that whatever elucidates the one may be expected to throw light upon the other. Accordingly, in the foregoing pages, in which we have been confining ourselves ostensibly to character, we have anticipated much which belongs properly to events; and, conversely, in the examination of events we shall

* 'Fox Correspondence,' vol. iv. p. 31.

often find ourselves gliding into the discussion of characters. There are some transactions, however, which admit of being considered, if not without reference to the character of the actors, yet without these forming the prominent object of attention. Such, for instance, is the disagreement between Fox and Lord Shelburne under the second administration of Lord Rockingham. Fox was Foreign Secretary; Shelburne, Home and Colonial Secretary; and it is usually stated that Fox took umbrage at Shelburne for sending agents of his own to Paris during the negotiation of the peace with America without first consulting him. Shelburne, as Colonial Secretary, conceived himself to be interested in a negotiation with the revolted colonies, which had in fact commenced with a letter to himself from Dr. Franklin; while Fox, on the other hand, was treating not directly with the colonies, but with the French Foreign Office, on their behalf; and, as we may learn from his Correspondence,* he endeavoured to exclude Shelburne, no less than Shelburne, according to his own view, endeavoured to hoodwink him. The distribution of business between the two Offices would almost inevitably lead to misunderstanding, unless there existed entire confidence between the ministers who held them; and after all it is only probable that Shelburne entertained the same distrust of Fox as Foreign Minister as was entertained by Lord Grenville many years afterwards: for we are informed in the 'Courts and Cabinets of George III.,'† that during his brief administration in 1806, in which Fox was Foreign Secretary, it was considered doubtful whether he reaped any advantages from his co-operation, beyond his popularity.

So again in 1793, when the union with the Whigs was on the tapis, Mr. Pitt has incurred censure for not at once giving Fox the Foreign Office. But his real reason for not doing so is preserved in the Malmesbury Correspondence, though Lord Russell has thought fit to overlook it. 'It would appear to our allies,' he said, 'as if a change of foreign policy were in contemplation.' So it most assuredly would have done. Yet this simple and sensible explanation has been recorded by no one but Lord Malmesbury. In the same memoirs we find a statement which, coupled with the story we have alluded to regarding Lords Auckland and Loughborough, explains the resignation of Mr. Pitt in 1801 more clearly than any other theory. He is reported to have told Canning that it was not the King's mere opposition to the Roman Catholic Bill which caused his resignation, but the manner in which it was concerted; clearly implying by his

* Vol. i. p. 343 sqq.

† Vol. iv. p. 35.

words that it was the secret influence of unacknowledged advisers against which he was protesting, and not a mere opinion of the King's. This story is so thoroughly consistent with rumours which are audible more or less distinctly in half the memoirs of the period, to say nothing of the direct shape in which they are clothed by Lord Malmesbury, that its truth is scarcely to be doubted. But what a cloud of misconceptions is removed by these few words, and what a light they shed upon the conduct of the King, George III., who, first driven to act in this manner at his accession to the throne, now recurred to it in a difficulty where really it was wholly superfluous. Similarly we understand Lord Grenville's refusal to act without Fox in 1804 quite plainly as soon as we are reminded that he was only carrying out the regular tactics of his family. What his uncle had done in 1766, and his nephew was to do in 1827, that he too was doing in 1804. 'Lord Grenville,' says Malmesbury, 'thinks the Marquis of Buckingham would make as good a Prime Minister as anybody.'

The estrangement of the Whigs from the Prince Regent after 1811 is another of our political mysteries which has been variously interpreted according to the connexions of the interpreter. We sometimes wonder that a brief remark attributed to Sheridan, which is to be found in so common a book as 'Moore's Life of Sheridan,' has not been more frequently quoted. The quarrel, as our readers will remember, was on the subject of the Regency. The Prince of Wales wanted the Whig precedent of 1788 to be followed exactly. But Lord Grenville, who was now among the Whigs, had at that time figured among the Tories, and vigorously supported the original propositions of Mr. Pitt. 'The Whig doctrine,' says Sheridan, speaking of 1811, 'was sacrificed to preserve the consistency of Lord Grenville—that was the first fruits of the Coalition of 1806.' We see at once how natural it was that veteran Whigs who remembered the battle of 1788 should see the thing in this light, and that the Prince himself should feel aggrieved at the old doctrine being abandoned in deference to a converted Tory.

After the death of Mr. Fox no name is so prominent in English politics for many years as that of Canning. He was, to judge from these memoirs, the source of more embarrassments than any other statesman in our annals. For nearly a quarter of a century, whenever we see a difficulty in the Cabinet, we are almost sure to be informed that Canning is at the bottom of it. We have already adverted to the manner in which the reputation of this statesman has been affected by the publication of the political memoirs of rivals or of enemies. But there are two transactions
of

of his life in which they have done him good service, namely, his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh and the formation of his own ministry. Of the former it is sufficient to say that what Castlereagh complained of appears to have been really the fault of the Duke of Portland and Lord Camden, and not of Canning. But with regard to the latter, the recently published *Diary of the first Duke of Buckingham* contains a most curious statement.* Before leaving England on a Continental tour, the Duke of Buckingham, full of personal hopes and aspirations, sought an interview with George IV. This was in the month of July, 1827, and His Majesty then gave him a full account of all that had taken place in the preceding April, when it became necessary to find a successor to Lord Liverpool. It would be foreign to our present purpose to investigate the subject at any length. But our readers may remember that the Duke of Wellington positively denied in the House of Lords that the King had ever asked him to be Premier. George IV. assured the Duke of Buckingham that he had pressed this post upon the Duke. But what is, if possible, still more strange, is that the King distinctly admitted that he himself had nominated Canning; that he had been driven to this step by the behaviour of Peel and Wellington, which resembled only the dog in the manger; that it was they who had forced Canning upon him, and not Canning himself. It is true that the Duke of Buckingham, with characteristic caution, reposes no implicit faith in his Sovereign's veracity. But it is difficult to understand what motive the King could have had for deceiving him; and it is difficult also to understand why he should have preferred Mr. Canning, unless he *had* suffered provocation. In Wellington's correspondence with Canning on this subject, we can detect traces of distrust; and he may possibly have betrayed some irritation in the King's presence. But that is comparatively beside the mark. Did the King offer him the Treasury? and did the behaviour of himself and Mr. Peel drive the King into Canning's arms? According to the *Buckingham Diary* we must answer both these questions in the affirmative. Yet this answer involves a slur upon the character of Wellington, which, after his own express public statement, which would certainly, if inaccurate, have been at once contradicted, we cannot for a moment think possible. Here especially, then, is seen the need of a careful and conscientious editor. We doubt how far it is conducive to the cause of truth to publish these statements to the world without a syllable of comment or

* 'Private Diary of Richard Duke of Buckingham and Chandos' (1862), vol. I. cap. i.

explanation.

explanation. We cannot, however, complain of any want of impartiality in the editor of this Diary; for reflections of the Duke of Buckingham himself, which positively invite misconstruction, have been left as they were, written down without any of those qualifying remarks which should in fairness have been applied to them.

The memoranda of Sir Robert Peel contain a curious intimation that the days are gone by when a political leader could influence his party by consultation. 'Formerly,' said he, 'a minister had nothing to do but to ascertain the disposition of a few leading personages, and if they went with him his success was certain. But if I had attempted to take the Conservative party into my confidence concerning the repeal of the corn laws, it would have ensured the defeat of that measure.' If Sir Robert Peel was right, then this passage becomes at once the *locus classicus* on the subject, as showing at what point the change introduced by the Reform Bill first took effect practically. Whether he was right or wrong is another question; but if he was right, the repeal of the corn laws is a landmark not only in our economical but also in our constitutional history.

We have said that the looseness with which party connexions were regarded in former days no less than in the present, is one of the points brought home to us by a study of these memoirs. Party, in fact, is so artificial an institution, that the flood of self-interest is always straining its barriers. The experience of the last hundred years seems to teach us that rigidity in maintaining political connexions is the exception rather than the rule. A strong minister makes converts often by his own moral weight; oftener by the tedium of opposition. The existence of a weak ministry commonly denotes that Parliament is divided into three parties, of which we may be pretty sure that two will make attempts to act together. The vigorous government of Pitt drew numerous young men from his opponents. The feeble government of Addington showed that half the Whig leaders were ready on terms to join the Tories. Fox offered to go over; Sheridan and Erskine all but went; Tierney went. Others, judging less truly that a Whig restoration was at hand, quitted the Tories for the Whigs; and among these were the Grenvilles. Addington himself, who joined the Whig ministry of 1806, was actuated perhaps by other motives; and it is conjectured by Mr. Twiss that he did so at the King's command, and in his capacity of 'King's friend.' At the same time it is clear that he gave great offence to the Tories, for we find in Plumer Ward's Diary, that Lord Lonsdale threatened to deprive Mr. Perceval of his seat if he united with Lord Sidmouth. The reunion of the Grenvilles

Grenvilles with the Tories in 1819, and the support of Mr. Canning by the Whigs in 1827, may be cited as proofs that the great confusion of parties which has prevailed of late years is not peculiar to this epoch. There is a certain class of men in politics who can only hold out a certain time: even if they do not want place, they do not like the irksomeness of always belonging to the minority. To read every morning in the newspapers the same distortion of one's principles, and the same defamation of one's party; to hear every evening in the world the same mockery of one's hopes, and affected wonder at one's blindness; to experience this from day to day, and from year to year, is no doubt a severe trial. There are public men of the present day whom sheer disgust at this position has driven into the arms of the Liberals; to find out, perhaps, when it is too late, that they had better have waited rather longer. But so it is—

‘—— ut assiduâ saxa cavantur aquâ?’

the perpetual dropping of cold water upon all they either say, think, or do, is more than many men can bear. They give in, and hence the origin of more tergiversation and treachery than is to be found in mere material selfishness.

The mistaken calculations of the old race of statesmen with regard to the duration of ministries, and their blindness to the influence of opinion, are well illustrated by the tone of all the Whig memoirs during the Addington, Portland, and Perceval administrations. We are continually being told it is impossible that Addington can stand; that Portland is doomed; that Perceval must strengthen himself or go. Indeed this kind of vaticination was of frequent recurrence throughout Lord Liverpool's administration: yet during the whole of this time ministers had large majorities in the House of Commons, and clearly possessed the confidence of the country. At every general election the same majority was returned; and not one of the ministers aforesaid really left his post in consequence of Parliamentary weakness. It is often said that Addington did so; yet Fox, who seems on this point to have been wiser than his colleagues, was in the habit of saying that Addington's ministry was the most popular one since the King's accession.* This opinion is in perfect harmony with his own offer to coalesce, and lends additional weight to the arguments employed by Lord Stanhope to show that Pitt could *not* have forced Fox upon the King in 1804, even if he had tried: for that he still had Addington to fall back upon, with an assured Parliamentary majority, though not quite so large as

* ‘Life of Lord Sidmouth,’ vol. ii. p. 274, note.

had been usual. There were in those days no means of weighing that subtle social force of public opinion with which we are now so familiar. But for all this it existed in great strength throughout the reign of George III., and many a Whig statesman might have been saved from bitter disappointment, could he only have divined its import.

The mistakes of editors have been tolerably well illustrated in the course of our preceding remarks. But we cannot warn our readers too strongly against this fertile source of error. No man is justified in undertaking the duties of an editor who is unwilling to go through the labour of completely mastering his subject. Omissions, indeed, are sometimes so marked, that but for the character of the writers concerned, we might suppose them to be intentional. There are statements about Fox in Lord Malmesbury's Diary, which Lord Russell, in editing the Fox Correspondence, has entirely omitted to notice, though they throw much light on his behaviour. He has, as we have said, adopted Horace Walpole's venomous abuse of the Tories, while he treats as unworthy of serious consideration every word he says against the Whigs. This particular piece of injustice is not so dangerous as some, because Walpole is in most men's hands, and the inconsistency of which his Lordship has been guilty can hardly fail to arrest their notice. But there are many editorial delinquencies against which it is impossible to be on one's guard. Explanatory notes are only part of an editor's labour in publications of this class. A far more important one is the *selection* of papers to be printed. If he err in this so as to convey a one-sided impression of either events or persons, he has done a wrong more difficult to be repaired than the mistake of a year or two in a statesman's tenure of office, or in the list of posts which he has filled. Yet we occasionally find that a letter is printed, while the reply, which would have qualified or entirely destroyed its effect, is withheld. What can be worse than this? Sometimes, again, an editor takes upon himself to state the purport of letters which he has looked at, but manifestly misunderstood, keeping back the documents themselves; and editors constantly forget, both in their treatment of the text which they are editing, and in the illustrative information which they draw from other sources, the difference between charges which have been made to a man's face, and the idle gossip which, embodied in private letters by a political rival in a moment of spleen, is dragged to light and paraded as history, after the means of contradicting it have perished; blackening, perhaps, the memory of one who never even suspected that such imputations had been made against him.

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The editor of Rose's Diary has been instrumental—not, we think, designedly—in circulating not a few serious misconceptions. Among many stabs at the memory of Canning occurs the following:—Speaking of the year 1806, he says, 'reading Mr. Canning's letter at the beginning of this year, and seeing how ready he was to desert his colours, nobody can be surprised at finding him before the end of it again in office.*' Now here is both a misrepresentation of principles, and a misstatement of fact. The ministry in office at this time was Lord Grenville's. The followers of the late Mr. Pitt, with one or two exceptions (of whom George Rose was one), had banded together to keep the Grenvillite section of the Cabinet in Pitt's footsteps, and to help Lord Grenville in forcing this policy upon Fox. Had it been thought conducive to this end that one or more of them should even take office under Lord Grenville, such a step would not have been desertion of principle, but the truest and most disinterested support of it. But the truth is that Canning did *not* take office before the year was out. The Grenville ministry was dismissed in March, 1807, and Mr. Canning never held office under Grenville. He neither did what he is said to have done, nor, if he had done it, would he have sinned as he is said to have sinned. Mr. Harcourt draws a totally erroneous inference from a circumstance which never took place. Yet it is in this fashion that the characters of our public men are permitted to be blundered away!

We entirely acquit Lord Colchester of doing any intentional injustice to the memory of Lord Eldon. But we cannot help saying that a note was required at page 529 of his first volume, where the sentiments of Mr. Addington towards Lord Eldon in reference to the part played by the latter in the events preceding Mr. Pitt's return to power are described without comment. Lord Stanhope refers to this question in his 'Life of Pitt,' and reminding his readers that both Dean Pellew, the biographer of Lord Sidmouth, and also Lord Brougham, have bitterly reproached Lord Eldon for his share in this transaction, quotes a letter from Lord Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham, which completely rebuts the imputation. The letter is to be found in the 'Courts and Cabinets of George III.,' which was published in 1857, and was therefore accessible to Lord Colchester, whose work has appeared subsequently. To explain what we mean, we quote a few lines from the last-mentioned diary. The date is October, 1804.

'In March last the Chancellor had a *tête-à-tête* dinner with Mr.

* Vol. ii. p. 306.

Pitt, of which he acquainted Mr. Addington a month afterwards; and after Mr. Addington had resolved upon his own resignation in order to give the King a freer choice of a Ministry, the Chancellor delivered to the King a letter from Mr. Pitt, in which there were expressions injurious to Mr. Addington. Against this proceeding Mr. Addington remonstrated with the Chancellor on the night before the new Ministry was formed; and told him at a cabinet meeting that to have done so was unpardonable.'

It appears even from Mr. Addington's statement that the letter was not delivered until after Mr. Addington had resolved upon his own resignation; but what the editor should have here added is, that the Chancellor did not present the letter to the King until after he had been requested by him at *Mr. Addington's own suggestion* to ascertain the views of Mr. Pitt. When Mr. Pitt communicated these views to Lord Eldon for transmission to the King, was he to refuse to deliver them because they were unfavourable to Mr. Addington? The supposition is absurd. Pitt's letter is perhaps too strongly worded, but that was no fault of Lord Eldon.

Other comparatively trifling instances may be adduced, to show that Lord Colchester has not consulted quite as carefully as he ought to have done the contemporary memoirs of the time. At page 100, for instance, of the second volume, he prints some strong expressions employed by Lord Sidmouth against Canning immediately before the resignation of the Grenville Ministry; but he has failed to notice that in a letter written by Lord Eldon to his brother,* only one fortnight later, it is stated that the whole body of Pittites had resolved to support Mr. Canning in the difference between him and Lord Sidmouth. Lord Eldon is not a very willing witness, so that the assertion is probably quite true; while the fact shows that there was a large number of able and honourable men who entertained a view of Mr. Canning's conduct vastly different from Lord Sidmouth. Again, at page 329, in referring to the debate which took place on Mr. Horner's Bullion Committee, we merely find the names of the speakers given. It would have been worth Lord Colchester's while to have looked at Horner's own account of this debate, where we find that Canning spoke with extraordinary effect, surprising Horner by the easy mastery which he displayed over all the subtleties of the subject, as well as by his power of clothing solid argument and sound technical knowledge in lively and brilliant diction. Horner was especially capable of appreciating this talent; others, unfortunately, are too apt to suppose that deep waters never sparkle, and that rhetoric and logic are

* Twiss's 'Life of Eldon,' ii., p. 30.

never to be found together. Horner's testimony is the more interesting, because it has always struck us that this peculiar combination was Canning's distinguishing excellence. He combined more clearness of exposition with more splendour of style than any English statesman of his day. He could make a speech upon bullion both 'as interesting as a Persian tale' and as business-like as a banker's book.

We might quote innumerable examples of this class of oversights; but we have given enough to make our readers understand our meaning, and they must judge for themselves of the intrinsic value of such errors. One point, however, is quite clear,—that, in order to avoid them, editors of such papers must go through a great deal of patient labour. We have given our readers some idea of the dimensions attained already by this branch of literature; but it cannot be expected, nor, indeed, is it desirable, that it should stop where it now is; for the system being once set in motion, our only security for truth is in having as many different specimens as possible, although we hope such papers will in future be more carefully weeded. During the next twenty years it is hardly to be doubted but that a long succession of memoirs will be gradually unfolded in illustration of the last twenty. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has remarked, with equal force and truth, in the preface to his publication, that 'whoever reads the history of the past aright, or accurately observes the motives and actions of the men of his own time, must be aware how large a deduction ought to be made from the imputations cast upon public men by their contemporaries writing or speaking under the influence of party-spirit or personal animosity, and probably with very imperfect knowledge of the circumstances and motives of their adversaries.' It is manifest that no editor of political memoirs can do full justice to his subject, or avoid the liability of grievously misleading the world, without collating at least as many kindred works as we have here enumerated. Otherwise, he is merely the agent in publishing to the world at large the opinions of a particular individual, which derive their chief value from the absence of intent to publish, and are recorded without any of that circumspection or reserve which is necessary to a public statement. What, therefore, the diarist has left undone, it is the business of the editor to supply,—to verify mere rumours, compare different authorities, contrast predictions with events, while making due allowance for the passions and interests of the writer. Against receiving any memoirs, which lack such editorial supervision, as trustworthy authorities on past history, we once more caution all our readers. Taken in the mass, they contain much genuine ore, but it can only be separated from the
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the dress by the care of one who is conscientious enough to perform his work thoroughly. The process will doubtless be long and irksome; but it is too obvious to contend for, that if these memoirs are to be utilized for purposes of history, it must be carefully and exhaustively performed.

We cannot conclude without calling attention to the singular contrast which continually presents itself to us, in the perusal of political memoirs, between the raw materials and the finished product of parliamentary government. The middle-aged well-rounded female, in short petticoats, drinking a pot of porter behind the scenes, is not more different from the beautiful and buoyant creature who bounds upon the stage as Columbine, than is the statesman as he appears in history from the statesman as he appears in private memoirs. No man could rise from any lengthened study of these volumes without being conscious that the uppermost impression on his mind was one of littleness, selfishness, and dissimulation. Yet beneath this impression lies embedded the old belief that during the period embraced by them, some of the world's greatest men moved upon the stage of English politics and gave their tone to the books we have been reading. How could such great men have been involved in such small doings? and which are we to take as the right standard of measurement; the pettiness of conduct which depended wholly on themselves, or the greatness of results in which fortune and the blunders of opponents confessedly had a large share? Generally speaking, upon points of this nature the world agrees to a kind of compromise. The greatest of men, it says, will be found to have a weak point somewhere; we must not allow ourselves to be surprised, or to change our opinion of his greatness, because it happens to be detected. We can only say that the student of political memoirs must have recourse to this compromise very often, though there is one consideration which may be allowed to qualify the effect of such writings. It has been said of many statesmen that they were seen to most advantage in private life—

‘in that happier hour

Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power.’

But in the diaries and correspondence which constitute political memoirs, we see them neither in private life nor public. We see a mixture of the two. We see public affairs under the process of private arrangement; and it is just at such a time that the personalities of public life, the selfishness, the rivalries, and the malice rise to the surface, while nobler and deeper springs of action disappear from view. We must not, therefore, accept the general level of sentiment maintained in these

these papers for the *whole* of any man's way of thinking upon state transactions. We must be careful also of mistaking the style in which grave subjects are occasionally discussed for real levity or indifference to the public interests. Partly, perhaps, owing to the simplicity of the English character, and our tendency to keep our strongest emotions out of sight, we often find the tone which is proper to a man's private and domestic concerns imported into the discussion of political principles. Finally, there is the exactly opposite danger to be guarded against,—that, namely, of imputing to affectation or insincerity the use of a loftier phraseology than common, which by men long accustomed to address Parliament on great questions may often be employed with unconsciousness. In a word, to read political memoirs with advantage, we must be prepared to make many allowances and to give ourselves a great deal of trouble; otherwise, we are in danger both of mistaking the drama of history, and of misjudging the statesmen who played in it.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Complément de L'Œuvre de 1830, Etablissement, dans les Pays Transatlantiques. Avenir du Commerce et de l'Industrie Belge.* Bruxelles, 1860.
2. *Histoire du Commerce et de la Marine en Belgique.* Par Ernest van Bruyssel. Bruxelles, 1861.
3. *A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature and its Celebrated Authors.* By Octave Delepierre, LL.D. London, 1860.
4. *L'Avenir Industriel, Commercial, et Maritime de la Belgique.* Par N. A. Henry, Consul-Général. Bruxelles.
5. *Notes of an Agricultural Tour in Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine.* By Robert Scott Burn. London, 1862.
6. *La Nationalité de la Belgique et ses Devoirs au Milieu de la Crise Européenne.* Par un Patriote Belge. Bruxelles, 1859.
7. *La Belgique Indépendante.* Par Joseph Boniface. Bruxelles, 1860.
8. *Richard Cobden Roi des Belges.* Par un Ex-Colonel de la Garde Civique. Bruxelles, 1862.
9. *L'Organisation Politique, Judiciaire, et Administrative de la Belgique.* Bruxelles, 1858.
10. *Annuaire de l'Industrie de la Belge.* 1862.
11. *Reports by H. M. Secretaries of Embassy and Legation on the Manufactures and Commerce of the Countries in which they reside, No. 5.* 1862.

THIRTY years ago the name of Belgium was seldom pronounced without an expression of mingled impatience and vexation by the leading statesmen of Europe. It had just succeeded

ceeded in frustrating, by a sudden but not wholly unexpected revolution, one of the most important arrangements of the Great Powers for the adjustment of the political balance. That a people which possessed no appreciable weight in Europe should have presumed to undo the work of the combined wisdom of diplomatists, and to set up an independence of its own, was an act not speedily to be forgotten or forgiven. Not that Belgium ever wanted titles to respect. There are few regions of equal extent which have produced men, and men's works, so remarkable; burghers who treated with monarchs upon equal terms; cities far surpassing in size and in splendour the capitals of mighty realms; painters of the highest excellence; statesmen and historians. But all this seemed to have passed away, and we thought only of the great political arrangement which looked so well on the map, and which had been overthrown by a movement for which we could assign no adequate cause.

The success of the work for a second time imposed upon the Powers of Europe has happily proved more complete than the first; and the feeling of irritation with which Belgium was long regarded has given place to one of general sympathy. To England it has long presented an object of interest; and it can never fail to attract much of our attention on account of its trade, its form of government, and its peculiar political relations. The industrial character of Belgium too commands our highest admiration. The teeming soil, much of which has been reclaimed from wastes almost as barren as the sands of the seashore, displays examples of the most finished husbandry in Europe. The manufacturing industry of the country resembles that of our own. A constitutional government, presided over by a Sovereign to whom England is justly attached by former associations, and who is intimately related to our own Monarch, gives to the industrial and social condition of this the youngest of European states a strong claim to notice.

Many of the physical peculiarities of Belgium have originated in the very singular geological changes which its surface has undergone. Like Holland, from which its north-eastern portion is scarcely distinguishable, a part of it has in former ages suffered from a series of cataclysms. The coast is even now undergoing a change similar to that of Scandinavia, in some places being subject to a slow elevation, in others to a gradual depression. From Nieuport, the axis of this change, to the mouth of the Scheld, the sea is insensibly but regularly gaining upon the land; while southward, to the Pas de Calais, it is receding. These alterations in the coast line are also caused to some extent by the action of rivers. Depositions of mud take place wherever the streams are stagnant;
banks

banks are formed which gradually rise above the water-level; the channels continue their course through them, and, with some artificial aid, there is at length established a permanent accretion to the land. Thus the town of Damme once possessed a harbour, and carried on an extensive maritime trade; it is now many miles inland, and there is scarcely a trace of its former connexion with the sea. The tract between Antwerp and Nieupoort, although now dry land, and supporting a large population, has within the historical period been covered by the ocean. This region consisted, in the time of the Romans, of woods, marshes, and peat-mosses, protected from the waves by a chain of sandy hills which were broken through by storms supposed to have occurred during the fifth century.* The sea in the course of these irruptions deposited upon the peat a bed of fertile clay in some places three yards thick, full of recent shells, and containing pottery and other fragments of the works of man. The inhabitants, by means of embankments, have succeeded in finally securing this tract, which is now one of the most productive and highly cultivated parts of Belgium.

The history of the Low Countries contains many records of inundations, not the effect of storms or of currents, but probably of a subsidence of the land. The known existence of peat at a considerable depth under the sea, off the coast of Belgium, confirms the supposition that the area of dry land was once very much more considerable than it now is. The movement of depression seems to have been from south to north; for Holland has been much more subject than Belgium to these disasters. The streets of Calais are five feet, those of Gravelines and Dunkirk three feet, those of Ostend only one foot, above high-water mark; whereas those of Amsterdam and Rotterdam are very considerably below it.† The whole Flemish coast has, in the course of centuries, lost a portion of its maritime border varying from one to two leagues in breadth.

Such variations of the surface level of the Low Countries, originating doubtless in frequent oscillations of that portion of the earth's crust, seem to have been of periodical occurrence. In the year 1110 a fearful irruption of the sea covered a large portion of the Flemish territory, destroying numerous villages, and converting a rich and cultivated district into a sandy waste. The population, according to Van Bruyssel, found a refuge in England, and settled in Northumberland on the

* Lyell's 'Principles of Geology,' book ii., ch. 8.

† 'Histoire du Commerce et de la Marine en Belgique,' pp. 11, 12.

shores of the Tweed; but afterwards removed to Pembroke-shire, and fixed themselves in the neighbourhood of Haverfordwest. It is remarkable, as proving the subterranean origin of these movements, that in the year in which these great disturbances of level occurred, we are informed by English chroniclers that the rivers Trent, Medway, and Thames were greatly affected, and that their beds became almost dry. The extent of land which has been permanently flooded by the ocean in Holland is enormous. The Zuyder Zee rolls over a submerged tract that was once a populous and well-cultivated plain. The sea would long since have covered Holland and a part of Belgium, but for that vast system of embankments and sluices by which the persevering ingenuity of man has 'set bars and doors for the deep.' During the prevalence of north-westerly gales the tide at Katwyk, at the mouth of the Rhine, rises eleven feet; at Leck, near Vianen, it rises seventeen feet above the Amsterdam level. Holland is therefore perpetually threatened by inundations; and unceasing vigilance is necessary to avert the most terrible catastrophes. It had an escape in 1825, when the sea flowed into Over Yssel, Friesland, North Brabant, and Guelderland, producing a dreadful sense of insecurity in the minds of the inhabitants, and an impression that Holland might any day suddenly disappear from the face of the earth. With all its precautions against the sea, Holland can scarcely be considered secure. The subsidence of large portions of its territory in comparatively recent times, as well as at remote geological epochs, is an ascertained fact; and if, as is asserted,* a slow movement of depression may be detected still in operation, the submergence of the country might be predicted as inevitable within a given time.

Belgium has been less exposed than Holland to these visitations, but it has suffered severely from the encroachment of the sea. An arid and sandy character has thus been imparted to many extensive districts. Violent geological dislocations must have happened in remote times. The strata in which some coal deposits are found present peculiarities rarely seen elsewhere. Instead of being horizontal, or inclined, they are vertical; but as Belgium presents no indication whatever of volcanic action, this extraordinary tilting up of the beds must have been caused by a sudden subsidence of the crust of the earth long after the deposition in lakes or estuaries of those vast masses of organised matter of which coal is everywhere composed.

* Van Bruyssel, p. 10.

Belgium was for centuries divided into a number of fiefs, the chiefs of which carried on perpetual war with each other. In the fourth and fifth centuries, and probably at a later period, its coasts were, like those of Scandinavia, the haunts of pirates who preyed upon such trade as then existed in those little-visited regions. The commercial spirit, nevertheless, was early developed. It was for the purposes of trade that the coasts of Britain were first resorted to. In the reign of our Henry II. a considerable commerce had sprung up between the Flemish towns and England. Manufacturing enterprise had then established itself in the Netherlands, but it was entirely dependent upon the wool of England for the raw material. In the middle of the twelfth century the cloth of Flanders was extensively used in France and Germany. It had long become an article of the first necessity in England, the whole population being clothed in a kind of serge, manufactured in Flanders expressly for the English market.* In return for the productions of the Flemish looms, the exports of England, besides wool, consisted of leather, salted provisions, grain, and cheese. The revolutions of commerce are as striking as the rise and fall of empires, with which, indeed, they have an intimate connexion. At the time when Flanders was supplying Europe with all the textile fabrics which it required, Manchester and Leeds were country villages, Liverpool was a hamlet, and the country which now diffuses the beautiful and useful products of its innumerable power-looms over the whole of the inhabited world, possessed nothing wherewithal to purchase even the clothing that it needed, but the fleeces of its sheep, the hides of its oxen, and the rude produce of the dairy and the farm.

The Netherlands in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries monopolised, as is well known, the commerce of Europe. Bruges was the great mart of nations.* The cause of this remarkable arrangement was the then imperfect state of navigation and the convenient position of the Low Countries. The use of the mariner's compass was far from general, and merchant ships crept timidly along the coasts. The Levant trade, the most important in Europe, passed from the Black Sea through the Russian territories to the Baltic; but when this trade began to decline, the Crusades having opened a new channel of communication through the Mediterranean for Indian merchandise, the Netherlands naturally became the emporium for the North and the South. The Baltic ports were frozen over in winter, and as ships could not in that age accomplish in a year the

* Van Bruyssel, p. 195.

long voyage from the Mediterranean to the stormy coasts of the North of Europe, they availed themselves of a convenient intermediate port. Possessed of a great river fed by numberless tributary and navigable streams communicating with the continent behind and the ocean in front, no country was better adapted for concentrating the commerce of the world. Several of the principal towns in the Low Countries thus became great marts. Every commodity of Europe and Asia was to be found in them. They were thronged with merchants and speculators from every region. Banks, guilds, and great corporations sprang up as the necessary results of accumulated wealth. Bruges alone contained fifteen trading companies. Antwerp is said to have transacted more business in a month than Venice in the height of her prosperity in two years. A tourist who enters Belgium by the Scheld finds some difficulty in believing, while his eye rests upon its broad expanse, that the noble stream once bore on its bosom daily five hundred ships which entered or departed with each tide. The Scheld was then what the Thames is now, and Antwerp was, as it were, a Manchester and a Liverpool combined. Some of the moral features of Belgium may be traced to its long connexion with Spain; for the bigotry of the great Catholic Power has left an unmistakeable impression upon the population. The connexion between two people so essentially distinct as the Spanish and the Belgians was an unnatural one. Almost everything that was peculiar to the Spaniard was foreign to the Belgian, who, contiguous to France and Germany, combined the peculiarities of both. Belgian blood, however, became intermixed with Spanish during the long union. The country continued an appendage of Spain for a hundred and seventy years after the United Provinces had achieved their independence. At the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 that part of the Low Countries now known as Belgium was attached to the Austrian monarchy, under whose dominion it continued for eighty years. The effect of Austrian rule upon the commercial prosperity of its dependency was most disastrous. The Scheld, one of the great highways of nations, had been closed to the commerce of the world since 1648, when the Dutch, in that monopolising and narrow-minded spirit which has so often characterised their commercial policy, successfully exerted their influence with the Great Powers of Europe to divert the exterior trade of Germany to their own waters, and to shut up one of the noblest rivers of Europe. For a hundred and fifty years not a sail was seen on the majestic stream that had once borne the commerce of the world, except that of an occasional Dutch barque freighted with colonial produce for the market of Antwerp. The incorporation of Belgium with France in 1795, and its subsequent annexation

tion to the French Empire in 1811, restored some commercial activity to the country.

The object of the Allied Powers at the Congress of Vienna, in annexing the Austrian Netherlands to Holland, was an excellent one. They intended to constitute a state sufficiently powerful to afford at least a temporary check to French aggression. It was for the interest of Europe that a power which had never ceased to regard the Rhine as its natural boundary, should feel that it would have in future some substantial obstacle to overcome before it could gratify its long-cherished ambition. For this purpose everything was done that statesmanship could devise. At first all seemed to promise harmony and contentment in the new kingdom. There was a great and immediate revival of prosperity in Belgium. Its commerce was tripled by a participation in the lucrative colonial trade which the peace had restored to the Dutch; foreign merchants again fixed their establishments at Antwerp; foreign flags were once again seen on the Scheld; and it even seemed about to regain some of its former importance. But there were already signs appearing which indicated a speedy interruption to the general tranquillity. As a commercial people the merchants of Holland from the first regarded the union rather in the light of an unequal partnership in trade than as an important political arrangement. They viewed Belgium as a new member admitted into an old-established firm. The capital, wealth, and connexion were all on their side. They had ships, colonies, and a commerce which extended to the farthest regions of the earth. Belgium was a fertile country indeed, and possessed a few manufactures; but why, they said, should Dutchmen be compelled to purchase the products of Belgian industry when better and cheaper articles could be procured from abroad? The Belgians were protectionists; the Dutch, by their traditions and their interests, were free traders. The Belgians wished to exclude foreign corn; the Dutch, not being growers of corn, wished to admit it. The interests of the Dutch were inseparable from a free interchange of commodities with other nations; the interest of the Belgians was to restrict the Dutch to the home market. If the desire for a separation had not speedily manifested itself in Belgium, it is probable that the Dutch themselves would before long have demanded it. Amsterdam and Rotterdam were declining. The produce of the colonies was no longer carried in the same quantities to [those cities, and several of the great commercial houses were even tottering to their fall.*

* In 1829 the imports of Java coffee to Amsterdam amounted to 18,000,000 lbs., to Antwerp they were 54,000,000 lbs.

The grievances of the Belgians were rather moral than material. The language of Holland was not theirs; but it was the language of the court, of the tribunals, and of the legislature. All these contrasts of character and opposing interests became glaringly conspicuous as soon as the representatives of the new nation found themselves face to face in the Assembly of the States-General. One-half of the members spoke Dutch, the other half only Flemish or French. The Belgian representatives did not understand the Dutch in debate, since the Dutch did not choose to make themselves understood by speaking French. An interpellation by a Belgian deputy was often responded to in a language which, for any intelligible information that it conveyed, might as well have been Japanese. The most important offices were filled by Dutchmen, for all the political ability of the State was possessed by the portion of the people which had long enjoyed free institutions, and understood the practical working of government. The Court resided alternately at Brussels and the Hague, and the Hague was considered a dull place by the volatile Belgians, who were extremely demonstrative in their discontent at the new order of things and with their Dutch fellow-subjects. They caricatured their language, their literature, their persons, their manners and their morals, and a spirit of bitter mutual animosity sprang up between them. If the State in Holland was imperious, the Church in Belgium was defiant. Never were the pretensions of the Roman clergy advanced with a more contemptuous disregard of the civil government and of the prerogative and dignity of the Crown. They assumed an authority superior to that of the State, protested against the toleration of heretics, and attacked without scruple every act of Government that was opposed to their inordinate claims. Before the formation of the new kingdom, they had intimated to the Court of Austria that if that friendly and faithful State should be under the sad necessity of abandoning them, it would at least stipulate with the other Powers of Europe that the Roman Catholic faith should be supreme, and that the Sovereign should be restricted to the exercise of his devotions in private. Their exasperation on afterwards finding themselves unconditionally subjected to the most Protestant monarch in Europe knew no bounds; and from clerical agitators they speedily became transformed into political conspirators.

Whether a country fermenting with such discord would ever have settled down into tranquillity is doubtful. Belgium suffered at first considerably in material interests by her successful revolt. The manufacturers were particularly affected; a protective duty of twenty-five per cent. had been established for their especial benefit

benefit in all the colonial possessions of the Dutch. This was now at an end, and the ports of the Indian Archipelago were practically closed against their productions. The agriculturists had scarcely less cause to regret the revolution. Holland had afforded a ready market for their produce; now it could find no outlet, but remained in the country, to produce a ruinous reduction of prices and a fall of rents. Whatever may have been the political consequences of the union, there can be no doubt that in the fifteen years of its duration Belgium attained a high degree of prosperity: all the industrial interests of the country had been developed to an extent which had been unknown in modern times.

The position of Belgium now became one of considerable anxiety to its people. For the first time for many centuries they were thrown entirely upon their own resources. When Belgium was a dependency of Spain, she was compensated for her subjection by the enormous profits of the American trade; when she was annexed to Austria, she had a German market for her goods; when she was incorporated with France, she had French customers for her commodities; but she now appeared either cut off from the commerce of the world or obliged to enter upon a wide field of enterprise, where she would have the greatest commercial nations for her rivals, and too probably for her successful competitors. When Sir Emerson Tennent visited the country, ten years after its separation from Holland, he found almost all classes involved in a common distress and experiencing the disastrous effect of the revolution on their prosperity.*

The political separation, ultimately sanctioned by the Great Powers of Europe, has, however, undoubtedly proved on the whole a satisfactory arrangement. It has produced an amount of general political contentment which rendered Belgium tranquil, self-possessed, and loyal when the revolutionary storm of 1848 swept like a whirlwind over Europe, and endangered the stability of some of its oldest thrones. The political status which Belgium has now acquired gives her a just claim to consideration and respect. We propose, therefore, now to pass in review some of the principal resources and interests of this small but important State, of which, although lying so near our own shores, and containing so many English residents, less is, perhaps, known than of some more distant lands which possess inferior claims to our notice.

The very peculiar and remarkable agriculture deserves our first attention. The husbandry is unlike any that elsewhere exists.

* See Sir Emerson Tennent's valuable 'Tour in Belgium,' published in 1841.

On ascending one of the steeples or belfries in Flanders, that of Bruges for example, one of the most remarkable of landscapes is presented to the eye. A vast expanse of the richest cultivation stretches far and wide to the horizon; no hedge-rows—'little lines of sportive wood run wild'—break the level of the plain; few trees encumber the soil but those which bear their annual tribute of fruit. For hundreds of years this remarkable country has borne the appearance of a garden. The rich aspect which Belgium presents arises from two causes, the density of its population and the minute subdivision of its soil. Its cultivated area amounts to 6,232,477 acres, of which 43 per cent. consist of small holdings, not exceeding one acre and a quarter; 12 per cent. not exceeding two acres and a half; and the remainder is divided into what in England would be regarded as very inconsiderable farms. But this extreme subdivision of property gives to the country some of its most pleasing characteristics. Fields or rather patches of bright verdure contrast everywhere with the golden colours of the flowering colza, or of the ripening corn, or of beds of bright poppy,* or red and white clover, or fruit-bearing trees arranged in picturesque avenues or clumps. The number of products gives that variety to the landscape which in other countries is generally the effect of irregularity of surface. The glittering waters of the numerous canals, the comfortable homesteads and picturesque windmills, subserving many of the purposes of the steam-engine, add their interest to the scene. The whole of the northern and western portion of Belgium, and much of Brabant, can only be compared to a vast garden—

'Blooming in bright diversities of day;'

and whatever impression it may make on the agriculturist of England, whose business has assumed the character of a manufacture, it is calculated to impress an unprofessional observer with a high sense of the capabilities of the soil and of the industry, skill, and well-being of its population. Flemish husbandry, indeed, must be regarded as a species of horticulture; and, with respect to tillage, can only be compared to those large unenclosed market-gardens with which the neighbourhood of London abounds. Agriculture in Belgium nowhere assumes that imposing character which it displays in England. No tall chimney towers over the homestead, and clouds the fair landscape with its frequent volumes of smoke; no steam-plough is observed simmering among the furrows; the reaping-machine

* The poppy is extensively cultivated in Belgium for the sake of its oil and for medicinal purposes.

does not rattle through the corn-fields, and even the whirl of the threshing-machine is only occasionally heard. The agricultural economy of the country is generally of the very simplest description, and perhaps resembles that of a part of England in ancient times, 'where every rood of ground maintained its man,' and the custom of gavelkind led to a similar minute subdivision of the property.

But the results of this elaborate cultivation are not less extraordinary than the manner in which it was effected. In the northern portion of Flanders, and especially the neighbourhood of Antwerp, which now presents an almost unparalleled picture of agricultural wealth, the soil is naturally a poor loose sand, blown into hillocks, and only kept together by the roots of a stunted shrub. The sandy heaths which lie between Antwerp and the Maas are of the most barren character, and a considerable portion still remains in a state of nature. If it were not for the mud or clay which is found intermixed in layers with these sands, the whole would have been hopelessly irreclaimable. Where on digging a few feet below the surface a stratum of marl is found, the process of improvement begins. The roots of heath keep the sand together; a small portion of the irregular surface is levelled and surrounded with a ditch. A patch of broom, potatoes, or clover forms the first crop on the spot to be reclaimed from the waste; compost gradually accumulates, and liquid manure is preserved and abundantly supplied to the succeeding crops. The effect of this stimulant is not only rapidly to increase the fertility, but to change completely the very character of the soil. Clover and potatoes reappear in increased luxuriance and quantity. Improvement follows upon improvement, and the boundary of the little farm is gradually enlarged. From such small centres cultivation has radiated until it has covered one of the most unpromising districts in Europe with crops which command universal admiration.

The importance attached by Belgian farmers to liquid manure is well known. The extraordinary triumph of industry over Nature has been attained by the combination of incessant labour with the most lavish expenditure of this fertilising agent. Such garden cultivation is of course only to be obtained by garden labour: there is, however, much in the economy and application of liquid manure which our farmers may yet turn to their profit. A great depth of soil is produced by the united action of the plough and the spade. Mr. Burn, in his minute and careful delineation of Belgian agriculture, corrects a popular fallacy that throughout Flanders the spade is alone used—that, in fact, Flemish and spade husbandry are equivalent terms. The plough is universally used, spade husbandry

bandry being exclusively adopted in only one or two districts. Throughout Flanders the spade is generally used, but almost always in connexion with the plough. In some districts spade-labour is so applied that it takes the round of the field every three years; and many landlords stipulate that a sixth or a seventh part of the land shall be dug every year, thus going over the whole farm with spade-labour in six or seven years. Deep ploughing is effected to the depth of from 15 to 18 inches, one plough following the other in the same furrow, the spade being occasionally substituted for the second plough. The care with which these and all the other operations of agriculture are conducted gives to Belgian husbandry that peculiarly neat appearance which strikes every observer, the object being to obtain a deep, friable, and rich soil, equally and uniformly manured.

It is to the excellent market which England affords for its produce that Belgium owes much of the present flourishing and prosperous state of its agriculture. Flanders may be almost regarded as an outlying market-garden, orchard, and dairy-farm of Great Britain. The quantity of farm and garden produce annually raised for English consumption is astonishing. In 1860 we took from our Belgian neighbours butter to the value of 467,686*l.*; fruit and vegetables to the value of 150,000*l.*; seeds to the value of 36,764*l.*; 11,656,576 eggs, and poultry to the value of 40,270*l.* The exportation of fruit to England is now carried on to so great an extent that this branch of horticulture has become of much importance to Belgium. In West Flanders the orchard districts lie chiefly in the neighbourhood of Bruges and Dixmude. A well-managed orchard will produce annually 30*l.* worth of fruit per acre. The average number of fruit-trees to an acre is 160, of which cherry, pear, and apple are the chief. Nothing, perhaps, more strikes a tourist than the almost total absence of cattle from the fields; in fact almost the whole of every estate is under the plough, but it is not unusual for 30 milch cows to be kept on a farm of 100 acres. They are stalled, and fed upon oilcake, beans, clover, roots, and cut straw. The average quantity of milk which a cow gives, when fed in the stall, greatly exceeds that of our best dairy farms; and the quantity of butter made from a given quantity of milk is also greater. Barley is a grain of much importance in a country where the vine does not thrive, and beer is the principal beverage. Turnips were cultivated in the Low Countries for more than a century before they were introduced in British agriculture, and the excellence of the Belgian carrot, and the conditions of its successful cultivation, have been long duly appreciated and understood on our best farms. The colza-plant is allied

to the cabbage, and produces an oleaginous seed from which is extracted the oil now in such general demand, and of which Belgium supplies about a third of our consumption. One of the most important of Belgian productions is the beet-root, and the quantity of sugar which is annually made from it is enormous. All the varied products of Belgian agriculture are, however, secondary to that of flax, for which many of the crops are considered chiefly as preparatives. Belgium is the country where the cultivation of this plant is best understood, and for which the soil, by reason of its careful preparation and the great richness produced by incessant manuring, is probably the best adapted in Europe. Belgian flax appears to great advantage in the display of the agricultural productions of the country in the International Exhibition. This excellence is attained only by extreme care. Flax is the cultivation of primary importance on every well-conducted farm. The importation of Belgian flax into Great Britain amounted in 1860 to the value of 434,079*l*.

Although small farms, and even patches of ground that would be considered in England rather as field allotments, form the general character of Belgian husbandry, there are in the western and north-western provinces extensive and well-watered plains, where agriculture is carried on upon a larger scale and with some of the most approved modern appliances. Most of the farms in this district are provided with straw-cutters, root-cutters, and oil-cake-crushers; and improved ploughs and threshing-machines are gradually coming into use. As Belgium possesses peculiar facilities for the manufacture of farm machinery, it ought to be even better provided in that respect than most other countries. There is one peculiarity in Belgian agriculture which is highly characteristic of the people, namely, the raising of simultaneous, or, as they are termed, stolen crops on their farms. Thus, not content with obtaining alternate annual crops of cereals and roots, the Flemish farmer often obtains two crops from the same soil in the same year. With the flax he will sow, for instance, carrots, and by careful manuring, weeding, hoeing, and thinning, will obtain a valuable root crop, while the flax, or the hemp, or some other description of what are termed in Belgium the industrial plants, is arriving at maturity. There is a general desire evinced throughout Belgium to improve the native cattle, through the introduction of the Durham breed by enterprising proprietors, among whom Baron Peers of Oostchamp, near Bruges, is the most eminent. Flemish stock is said to have increased one-third in value by the system of crossing with improved breeds. The breeding and rearing of horses is also

an important branch of business, and the prices obtained are increasing in proportion to the improvements effected. In no country in Europe is the attention of the rulers more systematically directed to the encouragement of agriculture. The territorial divisions of the kingdom have been taken advantage of for the purpose of collecting and diffusing useful information. A superior Council of Agriculture forms one of the departments of the State. A permanent commission, composed of practical men nominated by the King, sits in each province, and reports annually upon its agricultural condition and prospects. Each district possesses a committee which meets twice a year. Every successful experiment in cultivation is thus certain of being reported to the Government, and is immediately made generally known. This action of the State is well seconded by the intelligence of the people, who have established agricultural societies throughout the country. A grand Agricultural Exhibition is held every five years at Brussels, and prizes of considerable value are awarded.

Although Belgium is not exempt from some of the evils of centralization, and the Government has occasionally endeavoured to accomplish for commerce what it never ought to have attempted, the territorial divisions of the kingdom encourage a healthy political activity. The country is divided into 9 provinces, 28 arrondissements, 365 cantons, and 2528 communes. The provinces have each a governor, nominated by the King; and councils, the members of which are elected. These councils perform functions of great importance. Their session does not continue longer than four weeks, but they are charged with the duty of watching over the interests of the provinces, of regulating local taxation, superintending public works, and reporting on agriculture. Roads, canals, bridges, and education are all subject to their jurisdiction. When the council is not in session a standing committee of six members is entrusted with executive functions, and performs the duties of a provincial administration. The cantons are established chiefly for facilitating the administration of justice; each possesses an effective and inexpensive police, and a jurisdiction for the trial of offences not involving a fine of more than 200 francs. The communes in some respects resemble our parishes, but are without the power of taxation, which is the exclusive right of the provincial councils: they have important local duties to discharge, and can appeal to the King against any acts of the provincial council which they consider unreasonable, and it is a proof of the general equity of the local administration of the kingdom that this right has only been exercised three times during the present reign.

Belgium

Belgium is only one-eighth of the size of England and Scotland, and one-third of the size of Ireland, yet on this small space it maintains a population of 4,426,202, which is thus classed according to the last census:—

Roman Catholics	4,339,196
Protestants	6,578
Jews	1,336

Although almost the entire people are Roman Catholics, religious equality is established by one of the fundamental laws of the State. The constitution of Belgium, indeed, may be said to be based upon almost the broadest principles of liberalism. The liberty of the press, the right of petition, the independence of the judges, the responsibility of ministers, the power of taxation, the dependence of the army upon an annual vote, assimilate the constitution of Belgium to the British; but in its representative system it departs widely from that model. Numbers form its basis, but the qualification of an elector is the annual payment of forty-two francs in direct taxation, and one deputy to each 40,000 inhabitants is the proportion fixed by the constitution. The second chamber is elective, and is chosen by the same voters who elect the first. In all the attempts which have been made on the Continent to form governments on the model of the British constitution, the most conspicuous failure has generally been in originating a second chamber analogous to our House of Lords. Such an institution cannot be the 'hasty product of a day,' and certainly no country but England possesses to the same extent the elements of such a Senate, namely, a nobility of great territorial possessions, ancient titles, and hereditary consideration, arising in many instances from eminent services and great historical renown, raised by their assured rank above the impulses of vulgar ambition, and removed by their preponderating wealth beyond the suspicion of corruption, yet possessing popular sympathies and yielding to public opinion when that opinion has been unequivocally expressed. A second Legislative Chamber so composed may occasionally interfere, and does often interfere with effect, to modify, or suspend, or annul the hasty action of a first; but a Senate elected by the same voters that return the more popular assembly is a political anomaly, and can possess little real importance or value in the State.

The educational system of Belgium may possibly be worthy of attention in the present unsettled state of our own. Ample provision has been made for elementary schools, but the instruction is rarely carried beyond reading and writing, the elements of arithmetic, and a knowledge of the legal system of weights and

and measures. Belgium seeks not to impart advanced knowledge unsuited to the age and capacity of children, but only the rudiments of education, and the means of carrying it on afterwards without assistance. Elementary instruction is thus made the basis of future self-education. Considerable reluctance is shown to embrace even these advantages, and the same difficulties are encountered in Belgium as elsewhere, in inducing parents to retain their children in the primary schools sufficiently long even for the above simple purpose. The expense of education falls, in the first instance, on the commune; and in the event of a deficiency of funds, the province, and ultimately the State, comes to its assistance. There is an institution, however, peculiar to Belgium which must considerably interfere with long attendance at the schools of primary instruction. In England the labour market and the school come into early competition, but the *ateliers d'apprentissage* in Belgium afford strong inducements to pass at a very early age from the schools into establishments where the trade of the future artisan is carefully taught, and wages are immediately earned. These schools of industry are founded on the principle that a special education is of more importance for the future workman than primary instruction carried beyond a certain and very limited extent. These practical schools are of the greatest importance in the social economy of Belgium. Opinion was once divided on their value, but they have now become firmly established as public institutions. 'Education,' their advocates say, 'is a good thing, but it is not everything; the future labourer ought to have his future occupation always in view, and his faculties should be specially trained for the employment by which he must live. To read, write, and cypher is good; but to acquire an early proficiency in the pursuit by which he must earn his bread is better. The habit of industry is acquired; children are saved from the corruption of the streets; and the earnings, although small, foster independence and self-respect.' The value of the articles produced in these establishments is divided among the young apprentices, who earn wages varying from fifty centimes to two francs per day. The pupils on leaving the establishments receive certificates which procure for them a ready admission to the mills of the great manufacturers, who regard them with much favour. The skill which some of these young workmen have acquired, and the talent that has been occasionally developed, have even led to improvements in manufactures and to new branches of industry. Many thousands find employment in the industrial schools; and as the labouring population cannot be employed in agriculture, it is considered right to encourage manufacturing industry in
order

order to prevent the country from being afflicted with a pauper peasantry.*

In 1850, out of 38,326 men who were drawn for the militia, 13,965 had received no education whatever; 9294 could read and write, 2945 could read only, and 12,102 had received a somewhat more advanced education than reading and writing. This low condition of primary instruction has since been considerably raised. The schools are entirely under the control of the communal authorities, and religious instruction is imparted by delegates from the different religious bodies. The school-master appointed by the communal Council must have attended a training college for two years. The minimum salary is 200 francs (8*l.*), in addition to a house and garden, and the school fees. The average income of the teachers does not exceed 20*l.* An admirable institution supplies a fund for providing pecuniary assistance to aged and infirm teachers, their widows and children. All schoolmasters and mistresses are obliged to become members of, and to contribute to, the *caisse de prévoyance*. The widow of a teacher who has been employed for twelve years is entitled to a pension, as well as the children, until they attain the age of sixteen. Each member contributes 3 per cent. of his income to the fund, which is frequently augmented by grants from the Provinces and the State, and is a favourite object of testamentary bequests and charitable donations. Every province possesses a general inspector, appointed by the Crown, who visits once a year all the communal schools in his district, and makes an annual report. Cantonal inspectors visit their schools twice a year. The provincial inspectors assemble annually, under the presidency of the Minister of the Interior, for consultation; and the cantonal inspector calls a meeting of all the masters in his district at least once in every three months to compare the different modes of teaching employed. At all these meetings the bishops and clergy have a right to be present, but they possess no vote or authority whatever in the practical management of the schools. Their interference is strictly confined to advice—certainly a remarkable feature in the elementary education of so Catholic a state as Belgium, and proving that the influence of the priesthood is regarded with general distrust. Protestant nations, happily, know little of this disunion, for that perfect identity of spirit and purpose which the reformed faith has established between the

* A great variety of the productions of these apprentice-schools may be seen in the Belgian department of the International Exhibition.

laity and the clergy secures their complete and cordial co-operation. Although there are probably few persons in Belgium who would not resent the imputation that they were not good Catholics, opposition to the domination of an Ultramontane clergy has there been manifested in the most unequivocal manner. The laws affecting charitable bequests have, after an obstinate struggle with the Church, been framed to guard against the consequences of spiritual influence. Attacks are often directed through the press against clerical politicians. Belgium, it has been said by one of its most popular writers, must struggle against the Papal theocracy as Holland once struggled against the inundations of the sea. With the acquisition of political independence has reappeared not a little of the ancient spirit of the Belgic race, which made it famous in Europe before it was enfeebled by the government of Charles V., and nearly crushed by the tremendous despotism of his son, who was but too well served by the able and unscrupulous men who governed the Netherlands in his name. In few Roman Catholic countries does the power of the priesthood excite more jealousy or inspire greater precautions against its abuse.

The coal-fields and iron-mines of Belgium have made it a manufacturing country capable of competing successfully with Great Britain in some of the most important of its staples. Belgium is almost traversed from east to west by beds of coal. The estimated extent of the western basin alone is 222,400 acres. All varieties are found, from anthracite to the richest gas coal. It has been estimated that Belgium contains 140 workable beds, the total thickness of which amounts to 90 metres, or 296 feet. In 1860 the quantity raised was 9,610,895 tonnes, nearly equivalent to our tons, of the estimated value of 107,127,282 francs, or about 4,285,080*l*. There were employed 78,237 colliers, of whom 59,954 worked underground. To raise this amount of coal, and pump the water from the pits, 783 steam engines were in operation, representing a total force of 45,969 horses. All the collieries of France did not produce, in 1859, more than 7,500,000 tons of coal, including lignite. The productive capability of Belgium in coal, although small in proportion to our enormous produce (80,000,000 of tons in 1861), is, it will be seen, greater than that of France. Iron ore is almost equally abundant. Seraing, the great manufactory for machinery, is one of the wonders, not of Belgium only, but of the world. Coal mines are worked within its walls; iron ore is raised and smelted; canals and railroads, intersecting the town in every direction, convey the rude materials from the mine to the forge, from

from the forge to the workshop, and from the workshop the finished articles are transported to warehouses, or despatched direct to the countries for which they have been made. Iron rails are now being made in large quantities for Russia and Spain, and thirty locomotives have recently been turned out for the Saragossa Railway by one firm, which has also contracted for supplying the whole rolling stock of the Russian line now in course of construction to the Sea of Azof. Iron ore and manufactured iron compose the principal exports of Belgium, and her natural advantages in these productions, joined with the comparative lowness of wages and moderate taxation, make her a formidable rival of England. In 1860 the manufactories of Liège turned out 563,279 stand of arms, of which 179,000 were for troops, showing an increase over the preceding year of 80,512, occasioned chiefly by the demand from Italy. The value of the productions of the Liège gunsmiths for eleven months in the year 1861 is estimated at 15,638,000 francs. The manufacture of arms is one of the most successful branches of Belgian industry.

The oldest industry of Belgium is her cloth manufacture, in which she for a considerable period commanded the markets of Europe, and still maintains a respectable position. The looms of Verviers are now fully employed in supplying a cheap uniform for both the Federal and the Confederate armies of America. Belgium has attained a considerable development in cloth manufacture by carefully adapting its productions to foreign markets. A manufacturer of Verviers recently obtained almost a monopoly of the American market by sending out light and cheap cloths, fabricated to last only one season. The productions of Verviers are well represented in the International Exhibition. Whether they equal those of Leeds and Somersetshire, or of the Zollverein, and of Austria, which is making rapid strides to perfection in this branch of industry, we must leave to the judgment of those conversant with the manufacture and experienced in the trade. There is a branch of industry in which Belgium possesses an undisputed superiority, namely, in the production of that wonderful fabric known as Brussels lace. The artistic taste and minute labour employed in this texture are amazing. The specimens which adorn the Belgian department of the Exhibition have probably never been surpassed. Fairy fingers seem to have woven tissues of surpassing beauty out of the lightest gossamer that floats in the summer air.

The cotton manufacture of Belgium has been long in a deplorable state of depression. It has felt, in common with our own, the

the inconvenience of being deprived of cotton from America, but the loss has been in some degree met by the substitution of linen for cotton yarn in mixed fabrics. This branch of national industry, although highly protected, has long since ceased to show any real vitality; nevertheless the relative advantages of the Belgian producers, in light taxation and low wages, are so decided that their manufactures, if really good, ought not to fear competition in any market of the world. They are, however, almost everywhere undersold. It needs but a glance at the cotton fabrics of Belgium, as displayed in the International Exhibition, to discover the cause of this disappointment. It is evident that, while other countries have rapidly advanced in the art of calico-printing, Belgium has stood still. Anything more unattractive than the cotton prints of Ghent and other manufacturing towns of Flanders can scarcely be conceived; and when seen by the side of Manchester goods, with their bright dyes and tasteful patterns, they are positively repulsive. The art of design has greatly contributed to diffuse a taste for British cottons and muslins over the world. Nature has been imitated in her most brilliant colours and beautiful forms, to give variety and attractiveness even to the cheapest fabrics of our looms. The monopoly of the home market, which the Belgian manufacturers have long possessed, must have made them indifferent to improvements in design; and the Flemish peasantry, having nothing better presented to them, buy of necessity whatever is offered. The same conspicuous defect in the cotton manufacture was commented on by Sir Emerson Tennent, in his work on Belgium, to which we have before referred. 'Fast colours,' he said, 'are all they seem to aspire to.' Belgian prints were then constantly under-sold from 10 to 15 per cent. by English goods in foreign markets.* The long monopoly of the home, and during the incorporation of the country with Holland, of the colonial trade, has doubtless been one of the principal causes of this inferiority. The productions of Belgium had formerly an outlet in the Indian possessions of the Netherlands. If the manufacturers were suffering at home from a plethora of production, they poured the contents of their overstocked warehouses into Java. Holland alone supplied two millions and a-half of customers. The Belgian manufacturers have now certainly no right to be surprised if fabrics suited only for semi-civilised Asiatics or for the uncultivated tastes of their own people are returned unsold upon their hands when offered in competition with

* Sir Emerson Tennent's 'Belgium,' vol. i., p. 181.

the artistic productions of Manchester. The wages of a Ghent workman scarcely amount to one-third of those of an English artisan; for although cotton is on an average 2 per cent. dearer at Antwerp than at Liverpool, labour at Ghent is from 40 to 50 per cent. cheaper. In Belgium, the rates and taxes on a mill containing 20,000 spindles amount to 1289 francs; in England, they would amount to 15,875 francs, making a difference of 14,586 francs.* This, with a commission of 25 per cent. paid in England, but not in Belgium, would make a total difference of 23 per cent. in favour of the Belgian manufacturers.

The great advantage which Belgium derives from her commerce with England was long ungraciously acknowledged and ill requited. England, it was said by timid and disheartened manufacturers, is a giant, which seeks to embrace Belgium only to stifle her. But it is to the market of England that Belgium owes much of the prosperous condition of her agriculture, while the people of Belgium receive politically the unfailing support of Great Britain. It was to her action that Belgium owed its independence in 1830; it is to her attitude since 1851 that it owes it now.† No one can suppose that if the English Government had not clearly shown its determination to oppose, at any sacrifice, the annexation of Belgium to France, the name of Belgium would now be found on the map of Europe. England admitted, absolutely free of duty, almost every article that Belgium produces; and in return, only asked to be put, in matters of trade, on an equality with France. The duties on French commodities imported into Belgium vary from 10 to 15 per cent. France imposes heavy duties upon many Belgian products; but the return which Belgium long made to England for her liberality was to impose duties upon almost every article of British production, ranging from 18 to 130 per cent. Thus with her hostile differential tariff she placed Great Britain in a far worse position than many of the obscure States of South America, Italy, Turkey, and Greece.‡ Previously to the great alterations in the English tariff, the exports of Belgium to this country were insignificant, and did not much exceed in value 9,000,000 francs; they now amount

* See 'Report of H.M. Secretary of Legation at Brussels.'

† The nomination of the Duke de Nemours to the Crown of Belgium was the result of French intrigues, and but for the energetic protest of England would in effect have made Belgium a dependent province of France.

‡ British iron was taxed 79½ per cent. (ad valorem), wrought iron 59½, tin plates 39, bleached linen 28½, cotton yarn bleached 31½, cottons 19½, cotton hosiery 48, woollen hosiery 24½, woollens 18½, bottles 69, window-glass 64½, common pottery 24, bottled beer 49½, porcelain 23½, brandy 40, wine 39, and refined sugar 130 per cent.!

annually to nearly 100,000,000. It is chiefly to its commercial relations with England that Antwerp owes whatever prosperity it now enjoys. The trade with England forms one-sixth of all the mercantile transactions of Belgium, but the British trade with Belgium amounts only to one-fortieth of the whole of her commerce; and this rich and flourishing population of nearly five millions, close to our shores, consumes less of our produce than Portugal, numbering only three millions and a-half of impoverished people.* A party has long existed in Belgium favourable to a more liberal policy; for a tariff practically prohibitive of English cotton goods did not prevent the existence of much distress among the manufacturing population of Ghent. The recent treaty of commerce and navigation between Great Britain and Belgium—negotiated under the direction of M. Van de Weyer, an enlightened diplomatist, accomplished in the literature of England as in that of his own country—has received the cordial support of both Chambers. The high duties on cotton-twist imported from England have been removed, and this country is now placed on an equal footing with France. A graduated reduction of the duties, extending over a period of two years, is only a reasonable concession to the manufacturers of Ghent, and will give them time to meet the competition which they must expect. The pilot-duties of the Scheld are also reduced; and the coasting-trade of Belgium is thrown open to British vessels. The liberality which has thus been displayed by the Belgian Government will, it is to be hoped, draw even closer than they are the relations between the two countries.

Although the elaborate cultivation of the soil has given Belgium a high rank in agriculture, manufacturing industry is to some extent a social necessity; and in the abundance of coal and iron she possesses the two most essential conditions of success. But Belgium, in endeavouring to increase her manufactures and extend her commerce, has committed serious mistakes. Her commerce is comparatively a modern revival. When she was annexed to the Austrian monarchy the annual exports did not furnish a sufficient cargo for one large ship, and her internal trade was almost equally insignificant. A coasting voyage from one home port to another was regarded almost as a phenomenon, and this depression continued until the establishment of the kingdom of the Netherlands. How restricted her commer-

* British produce exported to Belgium in 1861 amounted to 1,610,144*l.*, while Portugal took from England in the previous year commodities to the amount of 1,698,931*l.*

cial marine now is, will appear by the following return. In 1861 the relative quantity of shipping possessed by Hamburg, Bremen, and Belgium was as follows:—

					Ships.	Tons.
Hamburg	488	187,322
Bremen	279	184,204
Belgium	158	37,978

The commerce of Belgium, nevertheless, is considerable. The gross foreign transactions of the country in 1860 were estimated at 72,120,000*l.*, a prodigious sum for so small a State.*

Great efforts have been lately made to extend the foreign commerce of Belgium and to force a market for her manufactures. An apprehension seems to exist that the exportations of the country will be gradually restricted to such raw productions as coal, marl, and minerals; symptoms, it is thought, have already manifested themselves of a second industrial fall, and the aid of Government has been loudly invoked to ward off the impending calamity. 'The excellence of our productions,' say the manufacturers, 'and their moderate price, give us a *right* to a good position in the markets of the world; and we fail in obtaining them because our means of export are not proportioned to our powers of production. Placed between the great Trans-Atlantic continent and the centre and east of Europe, the commercial position of Belgium ought, as heretofore, to be a commanding one; but our marine is insufficient for our exports, therefore the stranger is obliged to come to us for what he wants. We know how to produce, but we have not learned how to sell. The Government must explore the world for markets for our productions; the disproportion between our powers of production and our means of sale will then disappear. Individual enterprise cannot effect this; it must be the work of the State.' Such is the theory enunciated in a work, the title of which we have prefixed to this article,† and which is attributed to His Royal Highness the

* The sum of 980,000,000 francs represents the gross amount of the dealings of Belgium with all foreign countries in 1860. The largest share of this trade is possessed by France.

The share of France was (in millions)	271·3
„ Great Britain	177·9
„ Netherlands	164·5
„ Zollverein	113·9
„ Russia	34·8
„ the rest of Europe	84·1
„ America	131·3
„ Asia	5·1
„ Africa	4·1

986·8

† 'Complément de l'Œuvre de 1830.'

Duke of Brabant. It is impossible not to admire the public spirit which has induced the heir of the Belgian monarchy to take so anxious an interest in the commercial condition of his country, and to devote his considerable abilities to the service of the community of which he will one day be the head. To suppose, however, that Belgium can ever again occupy that position in reference to the commerce of Europe which she once filled with so much profit to herself and advantage to the world, is to overlook the changes of society, and the revolution which railways and steam navigation have effected in the general intercourse of nations. The scheme of His Royal Highness appears to be to form, under the auspices of Government, great national establishments (*des maisons nationales*), commissioned to procure and transmit orders for Belgian manufacturers on the credit of their connexion with the Government, and to purchase commodities suitable for the home market. This plan is based on the hope of the opening up new markets in barbarous or semi-civilised countries, where, it is said, 'all comers are equal.' Mercantile expeditions, protected by ships of war, are thus the suggested remedies for restoring Belgium to her former commercial importance. The Prince, in his honourable zeal for the prosperity of his country, has overlooked some fundamental truths. A participation of the State in the commercial speculations of its subjects offends against the first principles of economical science. The Government of Holland is a great trading corporation, but notwithstanding its present prosperity, obtained under exceptional circumstances, it certainly does not present an example to be followed. If the voluntary enterprise of a people does not take the direction of commerce, such a people does not possess the necessary elements of commercial success. It has been stated that the capitalists of Belgium have 300,000,000 florins invested in the Austrian funds.* If profitable employment could be found for this large capital in commerce, it certainly would not remain thus locked up. Attempts to force a foreign trade have always failed. A few years ago a society, termed the '*Société Belge Américaine*,' was established for direct trade between Belgium and the Southern States of America. The Company began its operations by despatching a select assortment of Belgian manufactures for exhibition and sale; but the enterprise proved a total failure, and the Company was wound up at a considerable loss. Another and earlier scheme, after numerous shipments to Portugal, the Mediterranean, the East Indies, and the United States, in which the Government took a more prominent part,

* This is stated in the publication to which we have referred.

also failed, and involved the State in a loss of nearly half a million of francs. An occasional exposition of Belgian productions in the principal mercantile markets of the world is a suggestion better worthy of adoption than the expedient of a Belgian mercantile fleet, convoyed by ships of war, circumnavigating the globe in search of outlets for manufactures.

The appropriate remedy for the evils of a redundant population is emigration. If Belgium possesses more mechanics than she can find profitable employment for, and her agricultural population is already fully adequate to her wants, there are vast regions of the New World waiting for the surplus labour of the Old. 'Ships, commerce, and colonies' have been said to be the great recuperative agents of Belgium. Colonization has been tried, but with unfortunate results. Emigration to some of the South American States is encouraged, and is now producing good results in relieving the country from some of its starving artisans, whose wages have been long reduced to almost the lowest point compatible with human existence. The manufacturing population of Ghent, notwithstanding its highly protected industry, is in a more impoverished condition than almost any other in Europe. The wages of the workmen are barely sufficient to buy bread and a little cheap spirit to produce a temporary oblivion of their sufferings. Demoralization and discontent are the necessary result of this hopeless poverty.* Emigration is the suitable remedy. The States of North America no longer offer inducements to European settlers; but in the improving empire of Brazil Belgian poverty will find a land teeming with the elements of future wealth and happiness. Emigration to this magnificent country is, we find, on the increase. The number that left Antwerp for Brazil in 1859 amounted only to 197, but in the following year it increased to 1441; and a contract has just been entered into by the Brazilian Government with a commercial house at Antwerp for the regular shipment of artisans desirous of settling in the empire. German emigrants have not always been well received in Brazil on account of their Protestantism; but the unimpeachable orthodoxy of the Belgians makes them a welcome addition to the population.

The geographical position of Belgium not only was the cause of its former commercial greatness, but made it often the field on which the Great Powers of Europe brought their differences to the arbitrement of war. In close proximity to, or in actual contact with, England, France, and Germany, it forms the point of intersection of those three great states. The neutrality of

* See the Report of H.M. Secretary of Legation.

Belgium has now been made the condition of its independence. Formerly, on the breaking out of a European war, it was the unhappy fate of this country to be almost necessarily allied to one or the other of the contending Powers, and to have its harvests trodden under the foot and its soil saturated with the blood of their armies, in contests of which it seldom knew the objects or cared for the results. A neutrality, protected by Europe, now relieves it, as far as human arrangements can, from the possibility of again falling under a similar misfortune. Two small states are thus exempt from the calamities of war, and permitted to pursue without anxiety their peaceful career, develop their natural resources, and enjoy their free institutions. The inviolability of the Belgian territory is guaranteed. Exposed by its geographical position to the action of powerful neighbours, its independence is not secured like that of Switzerland by stupendous natural barriers; but in aid of its own manhood it must rely chiefly on those political and moral outworks which treaties afford, and on the integrity and good faith of the Powers that have imparted to it a national existence. Belgium is not burthened with those responsibilities which weigh so heavily on greater states. The rivalries of nations need not greatly disturb its repose unless they should threaten its independence. This exemption from the perturbations of the exterior world may, perhaps, be felt at times as irreconcilable with political dignity; but such an attribute might in a small state well be resigned for the solid advantages of peace, security, and freedom. Belgium will confer an important benefit on the world if it should demonstrate, for the instruction of aspiring nationalities, that constitutional monarchy is not only compatible with the most comprehensive liberty, but is its safest depository and its surest guardian.

England has a paramount interest that this position of Belgium shall be maintained. On this subject there ought to be no misconception. It was not from any special regard for Belgium that its independence was guaranteed, but for the common benefit of Europe. The independence of every country in Europe would be in jeopardy from the day on which Belgium ceased to be a sovereign State; but for England in particular it is a vital necessity that it should remain such. Whenever a French army has set a hostile foot in Belgium, an English army has invariably followed to confront it; there England has repeatedly fought the battle of independence, instead of on her own unpolluted soil, and there, under similar circumstances, she would assuredly fight it again.

The expediency of strengthening the fortifications of Antwerp having occupied the attention of the Belgian Government, Mr.

Cobden

Cobden has recently favoured the people of Belgium with his views on that subject. In a letter addressed to the '*Economiste Belge*,'* this gentleman has taken upon himself to object to the scheme as not merely absurd, but calculated to invite the very dangers which it was its object to avert. 'If I were King of the Belgians,' said Mr. Cobden, 'and wished to transmit the crown to my descendants, I would keep on foot an army of only a few thousand men for the purposes of internal police, and rely on moral force alone as the security of my throne.' Talleyrand is said to have given similar advice to the King when about to take possession of the throne. His Majesty received the suggestion of the great diplomatist with a great demonstration of respect; but he lost not an hour in organising an effective army, and in putting his fortresses in a satisfactory state.

Mr. Cobden is moreover reported to have recently stated, when in Belgium, his opinion that, when the period comes for France to assume the boundary of the Rhine, and to take possession of Belgium, Antwerp would prove no obstacle; and that a majority of the Belgian people would assuredly be found to demand the annexation.† A temporary annexation of Belgium to France was effected under the Directory; and Dumouriez, the General charged with the duty of bringing it about, afterwards declared in the Convention that the consent of the people had been obtained by terror and compulsion alone. The bayonet and the sword were the principal persuasives employed. It is inconceivable on what ground Mr. Cobden can expect a future voluntary union of Belgium with France. The relative weight of taxation in the two countries is greatly in favour of Belgium. An inhabitant of France contributes 60*f.* 42*c.* to the state; an inhabitant of Belgium only 22*f.* 41*c.* The commerce of Belgium is, in proportion to the size of the country, three times greater than that of France. It is preposterous to suppose that a state, so rich and prosperous, should willingly consent to be absorbed into the empire of France. The position would be both anomalous and humiliating: the nationality would be extinguished; the people would cease to be Belgians, and they could never become French.

To neglect the defences of Belgium would certainly be to invite the very evil which the neutrality of the country was intended to prevent. It was not a feeble and helpless, but an armed and powerful, neutrality that was contemplated by the

* Dated Midhurst, 24th April, 1862.

† The writer proposes, if the truth of this statement should be called in question, to give his authority, and the date and place of the conversation. Richard Cobden, *Roi des Belges*, p. 45.

Great Powers when they guaranteed the integrity of the new kingdom which they were receiving into the political system of Europe. But a country relying wholly on the forbearance and protection of other states for its security, is placed in a position altogether incompatible with self-respect. It was, therefore, arranged that Belgium should possess a national army, and that certain fortresses should be kept up. These obligations the Belgian nation freely took upon itself. The Belgian army, which does not press unduly on the finances of the country, ought to be a considerable one; and it is the recorded opinion of the great Duke to whom Belgium owes so much, that fortifications are of far greater importance to the country since its separation from Holland than before. They were intended to deter a powerful neighbour from even contemplating aggression. Antwerp well garrisoned would afford time for other Powers to come to the support of a people whose territory had been invaded, and whose independence was threatened. The opinions of Mr. Cobden on the defences and the destiny of Belgium are about as valuable as those with which he is in the habit of favouring his own countrymen upon similar topics. The uncalled-for obtrusion of his sentiments in reference to a people whom he considers as destined to political annihilation, is, as he has probably discovered, no less repugnant to their pride than it is insulting to their patriotism.

The frequent alliances which have taken place between England and the provinces which now constitute the Kingdom of Belgium prove that the political interests of the two countries are almost identical; but moral affinities are often more efficacious in uniting nations than treaties. An ardent love of liberty, a taste for natural scenery, an enthusiastic attachment to agriculture, an appreciation of domestic comfort, and love of a country life, characterise alike the people of Belgium and England.

If it should be asked, what interests of England would now be jeopardised if Belgium should ever pass into the possession of France—we reply, the same as when Napoleon I., with a just appreciation of its importance, declared that Antwerp, in the possession of France, would always be a loaded pistol directed at the heart of England. The new conditions under which maritime warfare must be waged greatly increase the force of Napoleon's celebrated saying. The vast amount of iron, coal, dock accommodation, and machinery which Belgium would place at the command of France renders it impossible that England should ever acquiesce in such an annexation. A remarkable addition to the testimony of Napoleon as to the value of Antwerp in the hands of France is to be found in the recently published volume of the
Emperor's

Emperor's Correspondence. He there reiterates his opinion that the possession of Antwerp would be of immense importance to France, and assigns as one reason for that opinion, that shipbuilding could there be carried on with safety during a war with Great Britain. We entertain no doubt of the loyalty and good faith of the Emperor Napoleon III. in his present political relations with England; but he must be a bold politician who would venture to predict the action of France in any succeeding phase of her revolution. The sagacity of the King of the Belgians is acknowledged throughout Europe. He has emphatically declared that the acquisition of the boundary of the Rhine involves the ultimate seizure of Belgium. The possession of the Rhenish provinces could only be effectually secured by the annexation of Belgium. It must be obvious that without it the position of France would be strategically untenable, if she should ever possess herself of that long-coveted territory now held by Prussia to the west of the Rhine. The defence of her provinces is the more immediate duty of Prussia; but the interests of England are scarcely less involved in their protection.

The best security of Belgium lies in the total absence of any pretext for aggression on the part of her powerful neighbour. The population have expressed no desire to form an integral part of the French empire; and, even if they had, the interests of the other European States would overrule such predilections, and require that the last territorial arrangement should not be disturbed. But the people of Belgium are proud of their independence; and it would be a hazardous experiment to apply to this State the notable expedient of a *plébiscite* to test its political preferences. To reduce it to servitude by the trick of the ballot would be beyond the skill even of the most experienced adept in that modern device. There may be a few traditions which connect the people with France, but the condition of Belgium in 1862 differs entirely from that of 1795. The people would certainly never willingly exchange their free institutions for a despotism, although that despotism might make them participators of the 'glory' of France. Belgium only desires to pursue her industrious career, and to enjoy her free constitution. It might have been more conducive to the interests of Europe if the permanent union of Holland and Belgium could have been effected, and the two countries formed into one homogeneous state; but insuperable obstacles presented themselves to the amalgamation, and it is the duty of statesmen to acquiesce in such a solution of the political problems which present themselves as uncontrollable events bring about.

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The influence of the Belgian revolution upon literature and science has been very marked. The intellect of the people received a great impulse by the civil and religious liberty which they acquired. More important publications, in every branch of human knowledge, have issued from the press since 1830 than in the 150 preceding years. Coincident with their revived nationality has been the desire of the Belgian people to study the history of the past, and to restore the use of a language in which many great writers have embodied their thoughts, and conferred a literary immortality upon their country. M. Delepierre, in his useful work which stands at the head of this article, has given an account of many writers who ought to be better known than they are to English readers. Nor has the effect of political independence been less marked in giving increased importance and higher development to art. While the painters of Holland have been content with that traditionary style which is represented in its well-known school, several of the painters of Belgium have soared into loftier regions. We took occasion in a recent number* to comment on this contrast between Holland and Belgium, and the decline of art which followed generally upon the decay of political power and national prosperity in the Low Countries; and we pointed out that, while there had been no revival in the condition of Holland as respects art, the successful struggle for political independence, and the national prosperity which has been its result, had given a decided impulse to painting in Belgium. The crowded state of the Belgian gallery in the International Exhibition, and the attraction which the powerful pictures of Gallait, Leys, and other eminent painters never fail to present, show that these great artists possess the power of affecting the popular mind as well as of exciting the admiration of intelligent connoisseurs. The Belgian gallery must, we think, have taken the world by surprise. It would be impossible here to enter upon a critical analysis of its contents, which have been elsewhere sufficiently discussed; but, in justice to Belgium, we could not omit to notice the very marked development which has taken place within the last thirty years in a country so illustrious in the annals of painting.

There is perhaps scarcely any country in Europe which excites so little interest in casual visitors, notwithstanding its many attractions, as Belgium. The traveller passes often hurriedly through it to more inviting lands, casting perhaps a rapid glance at its garden-like landscapes, and seeing too often only in the distance

* No. 218, p. 494.

its noble cathedrals and grand civic edifices, florid with sculptured symbolism, and the pride of former generations. But who that has ever lingered on the banks of the Meuse can forget the succession of enchanting scenes which recall some of the glorious pictures of Claude, and are as suggestive to the devotee of art as to the lover of nature; or the more contracted but scarcely less lovely valley of the Vesdre, whose bright and shallow waters pursue their rapid course under the shadow of richly-wooded hills crowned with picturesque and tasteful châteaux? The magnificent old towns, long the wonder of Europe, rich in the treasures of art and in historical associations, still present objects of inexhaustible interest, and are worthy of the highest admiration. Comparatively deserted now, they were once trodden by industrious multitudes who supplied Europe with most of the luxuries and the conveniences of life. The stillness of their quiet streets, once filled with the busy hum of men and alive with political agitation, is now scarcely broken but by those chimes whose music has been heard by so many successive generations, and which, while they proclaim the flight of time, seem to speak of ages that are gone, and to connect the present with the past. For our countrymen the fields of Belgium possess an interest which time can never destroy; on them the best blood of England has from time immemorial been freely shed to secure the independence of Europe, the essential condition of her own.

A Sovereign must be endowed with high qualities whose political influence is in an inverse proportion to the extent of his dominions. King Leopold has displayed on the throne of Belgium the same moderation, propriety, and good sense which marked his short connexion with England. To his true conception of the position and duties of a constitutional King, Belgium is chiefly indebted for the tranquillity which it has enjoyed since its independence. It is to be hoped that his important life may be long spared for the benefit of his country and of Europe. The State whose infancy he has nurtured, although devoid of the imposing greatness of other kingdoms, possesses some attractions peculiarly its own. As a truly constitutional monarchy it stands almost alone on the continent of Europe—but it stands by the side of a despotism to which it is an object at once of cupidity and dislike. As a Roman Catholic State it exhibits to the world an example worthy of all respect, of a people retaining its ancient faith, yet struggling successfully against the domination of an Ultramontane priesthood. As an industrial country it possesses ample capital, admirable roads and canals, charitable institutions formed not merely to relieve,
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but to prevent destitution, an elastic revenue, a soil turned to the most profitable account by laborious industry, laws judiciously framed and well administered, and a generally prosperous and contented people.

ART. V.—1. *L'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. Par M. A. Thiers. Tome xx., Livre 1er. Paris, 1862.

2. *Les Misérables*. Par Victor Hugo. Deuxième Partie—Cosette. Tome iii. Bruxelles, 1862.

A DISCUSSION took place between the members of a jury at the Great Exhibition of 1851 on the award of a Council medal. It was urged by a distinguished Frenchman that that medal ought to be given to one of his countrymen, not on account of the superiority of the articles that he exhibited, but because he was esteemed in France to be the first manufacturer of such articles. It was in fact impossible, for that reason, to send him back to his country without such a medal. The same principle—which we fear is a national characteristic—of allowing impartiality to give way to expediency, is prominently displayed in both of the works before us. The authors differ, indeed, widely from each other in the treatment of their subject, as they notoriously do in their views and aspirations. The one, a statesman of the Monarchy, issues a separate volume on the campaign of 1815, as part of a pretentious History; the other, a statesman of the Revolution, introduces a detailed rhapsody on the battle of Waterloo into the pages of a romance. M. Adolphe Thiers, as might be expected, denounces Napoleon as a bad politician; and M. Victor Hugo, ‘*who brings a mind not to be changed by place or time*,’ and continues to advocate ‘*le droit*’ against ‘*la loi*,’ asserts that his downfall was directly due to Divine interference in consequence of the misery which he had caused. But they are both writing for French readers. They evidently concur with Dr. Johnson and older writers in believing that ‘men are willing to credit what they wish, and encourage rather those who gratify them with pleasure, than those that instruct them with fidelity.’ They have both felt that it would be impossible to represent Napoleon otherwise than as a perfect military hero in command of perfect soldiers, and that it was necessary to prove the reverse, as far as possible, regarding the opponents against whom he rushed headlong to destruction. Their ingenuity and their honesty have been sorely taxed in the attempt; and the romance of the historian is more incorrect as well as less vigorous than that of the novelist.

M. Thiers

M. Thiers commences by describing the general operations of Napoleon between the 25th March and the 12th June, 1815, and the way in which he organised and distributed his forces,—which latter '*lui seul parmi les généraux anciens et modernes a entendu au même degré.*' He states truly that Blücher and Wellington determined to remain on the northern frontier with their armies while Schwarzenberg was making his preparations on the east; but he adds erroneously that '*though not far distant from each other, they were not so near but that he could penetrate between them, pour accomplir de grands desseins.*' The Prussians, he says, rested upon Liège, the English upon Brussels. They had done their utmost to render themselves secure by the numerous posts which they occupied, but '*à la manière des esprits de second ordre, qui entrevoient plutôt qu'ils ne voient les choses.*' They were not connected by numerous posts on the sides of the Sambre, nor did that river separate them, as M. Thiers, who has not sufficiently studied the map, would have us believe. Napoleon, with the *coup-d'œil* which nature had made so quick, and experience so sure, saw clearly from Paris—(as M. Thiers supposes, but certainly not as the event proved)—the weak point at which he would be able to introduce his army between their cantonments. He determined to defeat them one after the other, to '*refouler*' the Prussians '*sur la Meuse,*' and to '*acculer*' the English '*à la mer.*' But they could not divine the route by which they would be attacked, for want of calculation, vigilance, information, and penetration, and for want of *un génie supérieur* at their head. Napoleon was therefore able to establish himself, with all his forces around him,—and never was a more difficult operation more happily executed,—behind a thick forest, without the Allies being aware of it. This was the state of affairs (according to M. Thiers) on the evening of the 14th. On the left, D'Erlon, with 20,000 infantry of the 1st Corps, was at Solre-sur-Sambre; Reille was at Leers—Fosteau on the same line, with the 2nd Corps of 23,000; Gérard slept at Philippeville, on the road from Metz, with 15,000 or 16,000 men; Vandamme encamped at Beaumont with the 3rd Corps of 17,000. Then there were Lobau with 10,000 of the 6th Corps, and the Guard of 20,000. The cavalry were massed into the four special corps of Pajol, Excelmans, Kellermann, and Milhaud, the whole forming 13,000 *cavaliers aguerris*, under Grouchy. These, with 4000 or 5000 men of the parks and equipages, formed a grand total of 124,000 veteran troops, of whom the youngest had made the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; crying '*Vive l'Empereur!*' with military and patriotic fury, and animated, not by enthusiasm, but by fanaticism, and even *une véritable rage pour l'Empereur et contre ses ennemis.*

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They had not the same confidence in their immediate chiefs, but Napoleon formed their tie, and in seeing him they found again their unity. They 'quivered with satisfaction' at the idea of meeting the enemy, and of taking vengeance upon him for the years 1813 and 1814; and 'never did a more noble, a more touching victim rush more eagerly to immolate itself on what was for it the altar of its country.'

We do not wish to dispute this account, though it is somewhat exaggerated, of the French proceedings. There is no doubt that Napoleon displayed his well-known genius in forming plans that might have been successful against less formidable opponents, as well as his wonted activity in maturing his preparations. He had magnificent materials to work with, and he did all that man could do in concealing his intentions, and suddenly collecting such an army as that which M. Thiers describes, within fifty miles of Brussels and Liège, and within a few miles of the English and Prussian outposts, in readiness for carrying out his daring projects. But he made the fatal mistake of underrating his adversaries, and supposing that he should be able to separate them, at the same time that he was much too confident in his own power and resources. M. Thiers is unable to see, or to admit, these errors, even after they have been amply demonstrated by the event. When he goes on to add that the Duke of Wellington, whose quickness of apprehension was at fault, thought of nothing but his communications with the sea, with regard to which there was nothing to fear; that Wellington and Blücher had neglected the *point de suture* between their cantonments; that Wellington neglected to take even '*médiocres*' precautions to guard against a sudden appearance of the French; and that of this last danger, by far the most real, the Allied Generals had no conception (*n'avaient rien entrevu*);—we must at once join issue with him, and tell him plainly that the Allied Generals were not, as a fact, surprised, either in a military sense or in the ordinary acceptance of the word, by the attack of Napoleon. They had foreseen the probability of it long before, and provided against it. They deliberately took up the positions that they occupied—the Prussians along the line of the Meuse and the Sambre in communication with the British in front of Mons, and the British in the triangle between Brussels, Oudenarde, and Maubeuge—as being the best for resisting such an attack which their other necessities would permit. And M. Thiers does not venture to tell us how they could have done better. He would not, we presume, have expected them to concentrate their forces either at Ligny or in front of Waterloo before Napoleon quitted Paris. If they had done so, they would have left the remainder of
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the country at his mercy, have placed themselves in difficulties for provisions and supplies, and have rendered themselves liable to be cut off from their bases of operations. They did, indeed, retain the greater part of their armies within a day's march respectively of those fields; and they assembled them, when the necessity arose, with sufficient rapidity to frustrate Napoleon's projects; in spite of the suddenness and secrecy with which his operations were conducted, of the magnificent army which he had at his disposal, and of the desperate valour by which it was animated.

We are the more anxious to make this important point clear because one of our own historians, Sir Archibald Alison, has also accused the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher of being surprised and out-manceuvred. Sir Archibald's fallacies were pointed out in these pages by the first Lord Ellesmere,* whose Essays on these and other subjects have since been reprinted with his name attached to them; and we will now give a few facts and dates that cannot be disputed, to show further how entirely groundless such an accusation is.

The Duke of Wellington wrote to Lord Stewart as far back as the 8th of May: 'I say nothing about our defensive operations, because I am inclined to believe that Blücher and I are so well united, and so strong, that the enemy cannot do us much mischief;' and he expressed in the same letter a strong opinion against 'extending themselves further than was absolutely necessary for the subsistence of the troops.' On the 9th May he wrote himself to the commandant of the Prussian troops at Charleroi to warn him that the French were collected between Valenciennes and Maubeuge, and appeared rather to threaten Maubeuge. On the 6th June he wrote to Sir Henry Hardinge, at the Prussian head-quarters, saying: 'All accounts which I receive from the frontier appear again to concur in the notion of a collection of troops about Maubeuge. Buonaparte was expected to be at Laon on the 6th, and there were on all parts of the road between Paris and the frontier extraordinary preparations for the movement of troops in carriages. The numbers of the latter are immense in some of the towns.' On the 10th June he wrote to him again: 'I have received intelligence that Buonaparte arrived at Maubeuge yesterday, and I believe he has gone along the frontier towards Lille.' On the 14th he received (as well as Blücher) various accounts from the Prussian outposts and from Mons of the movements of the enemy. On the 15th

* 'Quarterly Review,' 'Life of Blücher,' Sept., 1842, and 'Marmont, Siborne, and Alison,' June, 1845.

he received two despatches from General Zieten near Charleroi—one at 9 A.M. and the other at 10 P.M. At 3 P.M. the Prince of Orange, who had ridden to the front from Braine le Comte at 5 A.M., reported to him; and at 4:30 he learned from General Von Muffling, attached to the British head-quarters, that the French had attacked the Prussian outposts, and appeared to be advancing upon Charleroi. He was prepared for this, but he knew well the danger of making a *false* movement before such a formidable adversary as Napoleon. He waited wisely until the real line of attack was ascertained beyond a doubt, and only issued orders on that day for certain of his troops to move and others to be concentrated and held in readiness. He would, of course, have acted differently if he had received certain intelligence as to the Emperor's intentions at an earlier date, but it was not his fault that he did not do so. On the same evening, at 10 P.M., he issued further orders. On the next day he directed in person the conflict at Quatre-Bras, met Blücher at the Windmill of Bussy, and arranged with him for further operations. By the night of the 17th he had collected his army on the position in front of Waterloo, with which he was well acquainted, and on which, as is notorious,* he had kept his eye for some time previously as the probable scene of a decisive battle. And here this surprised and out-manœuvred General caught his superior and too-confident assailant in as well-laid and complete a trap as 72,000 veterans and 246 guns could possibly fall into.

In our opinion these facts alone satisfactorily confute M.

* The defence of the Netherlands frontier was no new subject to the Duke of Wellington. He had devoted to it in the previous year a masterly Memorandum, which will be found in his Despatches, vol. vii. p. 564 (ed. 1852), and from which we subjoin an extract:—

‘I do not consider that in a memorandum of this description it is desirable, nor in the cursory view which I have taken of the Netherlands can it be expected, that I should point out the positions to be taken by the disposable armies which can be allotted for their defence. Those which I should point out would be good or bad according to the strength with which they should be occupied, according to that of the enemy; and, supposing the enemy to be on the offensive, according to his plan of attack. The same reasoning applies to the fortification of positions beforehand for armies to occupy eventually. The fortification of these positions cannot be a secret; and, in a country such as these provinces, no position can be taken with an army which is not liable to be turned, and which would not be turned, if the works on it were to be previously constructed.

‘There are, however, good positions for an army at La Trinité and at Renaix, behind Tournay; another between Tournay and Mons, on the high grounds about Blaton. There are many good positions about Mons: the course of the Haine from Binch towards Mons would afford some good ones. About Nivelles, and between that and Binch, there are many advantageous positions; and the entrance of the *Forêt de Soignies*,^a by the high road which leads to Brussels from Binch, Charleroi, and Namur, would, if worked upon, afford others.’

^a Where the battle of Waterloo was fought in the following year.

Thiers' often-repeated assertions, that Wellington and Blücher neglected their *point de suture*, that they were devoid of foresight, and that they were taken by surprise. Indeed, he pretty well disposes of them himself by adding, with a strange inconsistency, 'only, instructed by the lessons of Napoleon, to keep themselves well closed the one to the other, they had mutually promised to unite on the road from Namur to Brussels, in the event of an attack towards Charleroi.' M. Thiers is equally reasonable and sensible when he asserts that Napoleon was in a position on the 15th (while a large proportion of his army was still on the wrong side of the Sambre) to throw 60,000 men between the English and Prussian armies (each of which numbered more than 100,000), and thus to render their reunion impossible.

But the admirable project which Napoleon entertained of driving the Prussians to the Rhine, and the English to the sea, was only to be the commencement of his schemes. The first blow thus struck was to produce in Europe an '*ébranlement*,' exercising a mighty influence, alike upon the divisions of the English Parliament and upon the apprehensions of the Austrian Cabinet. He would follow it up by throwing himself, with fresh forces, upon Schwarzenberg, whom he would also '*ramener au Rhin*;' and he would conclude by making peace with a dismayed Europe. If he met with reverses, he had only to adopt defensive operations, and dispute the national soil foot by foot with the enemy, as he had so admirably done in 1814; and 'in this system he did not neglect a single chance happy for the country and himself.' There was only one objection to it—that he might meet with a great defeat; but the Chambers were impatient, and his superior penetration perceived the possibility of decisive success. While the genius of politics consists in patience, that of war sees quickly where the blow has to be struck, and strikes it. Therefore this Imperial genius of war of the first order resolved to throw himself upon the Allies; and all the first steps which he took with that object were singularly successful. Did it not occur to M. Thiers, while penning this epigrammatic excuse for the rash enterprise of his hero, that the genius of war might sometimes, as well as that of politics, see too fast and strike too rapidly for success?

M. Thiers is very wroth with Marshal Ney for his hesitation in attacking the English at Quatre-Bras:—

'This Marshal reasoned similarly to Vandamme, Grouchy, Pajol, and Exelmans (*sic*) at Gilly, who believed that they were about to engage the whole Prussian army. He thought in like manner that the advanced guard of Lord Wellington, which he saw before him, would suddenly fold up like a curtain, and discover soon the English

army itself. . . . He paused before the open route of Quatre-Bras, that is to say, before the fortune of France, which was there, and which, by extending his hand, he might infallibly have seized! What had he at this moment before him? Exactly what he saw, and nothing more. In effect, the Duke of Wellington, remaining at Brussels, and having only received vague news on that morning, had not yet ordered anything.

In this quotation, and in a great deal more that he says to the same effect, M. Thiers is wrong in the impressions that he conveys, as well as in his facts. That the Duke was by no means so inactive or so ill-informed as he would have us to believe, we have already shown. The position of Quatre-Bras was not so important to the British as Napoleon believed it to be, or as M. Thiers would now represent it to be. If Ney had attacked Quatre-Bras at an earlier hour, had taken possession of it, and had advanced beyond it, he would only then have encountered the reinforcements that were on their way from Nivelles and Brussels as they arrived, and would have been the more liable to be caught, as he feared, by the English in his front, and the Prussians in his rear. Wellington's principal object in opposing him at Quatre-Bras was to prevent him from acting on the flank of the Prussians. As it happened, he was outnumbered and beaten back there at the close of the day, in consequence of Napoleon's having withdrawn from him the corps of Count d'Erlon, which he had first placed at his disposal. The plan of attacking the Prussians at Ligny with 80,000 men, while Ney held the English at bay at Quatre-Bras with 40,000, was the best which Napoleon could, under the circumstances, adopt. But, in truth, he knew little in the first instance of what he had to encounter on either field. He imagined that the Allies would have had neither time nor inclination to collect their forces. So ignorant was he of the positions of the English, and so little did he expect to meet them on the way to Brussels, that he wrote two letters to Ney on the 16th, in the first of which he directed him to be at Brussels at seven o'clock the next morning; and in the second of which he assumed, as a matter of high probability, that the English had already retired from Brussels and Nivelles. Nor did he anticipate, on the morning of the 16th, the stubborn resistance which he encountered from 'Marshal Vorwärts;' he hoped simply to drive back detached portions of the two armies in different directions, the one towards Namur, the other towards Brussels. His Generals, who had previously fought against Wellington and British troops, were less confident, and more wise; and Ney's hesitation was not only natural, but praiseworthy. His bravery, determination, and devotion to the Emperor, were fully proved

proved by subsequent events, both on that day at Quatre-Bras, and pre-eminently on the 18th at Waterloo. They are highly applauded by M. Thiers, and can be doubted by no one.

Napoleon has himself been blamed for delaying his attack at Ligny, and M. Thiers invents a foolish reason to account for the last hour of that delay: 'That he wished the action to commence at Quatre-Bras before he engaged the Prussians, in order that Ney also should have time to fall upon the latter. At two o'clock he sent a messenger to him to announce that he was going to attack the Prussian army in front of Sombref; that he (Ney) was destined to defeat all that he found at Quatre-Bras, and afterwards to make a fresh movement to take the Prussians in reverse.' Any apparent loss of time in Napoleon's operations is either found to be of no importance, or is amply excused, by our author; but similar delay on the part of his subordinates becomes highly blameable, and forms part of the means employed by cruel Fate to deprive him of ultimate success. We do not ourselves intend, in saying this, to impute any fault to Napoleon. His troops had been marching and fighting all the previous day from 3 A.M. Twenty-five thousand of them had still, as M. Thiers tells us, to cross the Sambre, and pass through the narrow streets of Charleroi. They sorely needed concentration, rest, and refreshment; and they had ample work before them, under any circumstances, independently of that day's battle. Unforeseen difficulties and delays occur in all military operations. No soldiers can fight and march without food and repose; and that General is the best who is able, by personal activity and careful forethought, most effectually to provide against, or to counteract the effects of, such contingencies, at the same time that he obtains the greatest amount of useful results, with the least exposure to hardship and fatigue, from his troops.

But if the French Generals delayed a little, the Allied commanders delayed more, in M. Thiers' estimation. Blücher only issued his orders on the evening of the 14th to assemble his troops; and 'as for the English, whether from the effect of their character, or of the distances that they had to traverse, their activity was less.' The Duke of Wellington 'deceived himself for fear of being deceived by Napoleon: he ought to have formed his divisions in readiness to march as soon as the direction was fixed; but, commandant of soldiers who pardon more easily being killed than being fatigued, he had not prescribed anything until the 15th.' Even then, after receiving intelligence from Zieten, and issuing certain orders, he 'did not the less go to assist at the fête which the Duchess of Richemont (*sic*)—or of Somerset, according to M. Victor Hugo—gave at Brussels.'

But 'while the English General gave tardy instructions, his lieutenants, enlightened, no doubt, by the danger, adopted better and more prompt dispositions than his own.' In fact, the English were in this respect the reverse, according to M. Thiers, of the French: inferior subordinates, in the one case, acting under a perfect chief; and an inferior commander, in the other, being provided with more efficient Generals. We need hardly remind English readers of the care with which the Duke of Wellington performed his military duties, and of the caution that he exercised, especially in the face of the enemy. He formed, indeed, a marked contrast to the Emperor Napoleon in this respect. He lost five hours on the 15th, and that was all, in consequence of information not having been conveyed to him from the Prussian outposts as soon as it might have been. But he cannot be reproached with that delay; and though earlier information might have enabled him to overwhelm Ney at Quatre-Bras on the 16th, yet the want of it did not interfere with the ultimate success of his plans. He was consulted in regard to the ball at the Duchess of Richmond's; and he deliberately determined,* after he had received notice of the French advance, and had acted upon it, that it should be allowed to proceed. He attended it himself with a view to calming the public mind in Brussels, which was in a critical condition. He directed those of his General officers who were in Brussels to attend it also, and to leave it singly and quietly; and he himself retired at 11 P.M., after receiving a despatch from the Prince of Orange. Twelve hours afterwards he was at Quatre-Bras, 23 miles from Brussels, giving his own orders; and he was the first to find out the threatened attack of the French in that direction, when it was about to be made. There is not the least foundation for the statement that has found too much favour with some Englishmen, as well as with foreigners, that he was surprised at this ball by the intelligence of the French advance. M. Thiers is less incorrect, we must admit, upon this point than some other writers.

Napoleon displayed also great personal activity during this short campaign. If he was on horseback for eighteen hours a day, with only two or three hours of repose at night, it is impossible to believe that he was in ill-health, as has been asserted. M. Thiers brings forward contradictory testimony on this subject. Prince Jérôme, and a Staff-surgeon of the French army, stated to him personally that Napoleon was then suffering from

* 'The well-disposed must be tranquillized. Let us, therefore, go all the same to the ball of the Duchess of Richmond; after which, about 5 o'clock, we can ride off to the troops at Quatre-Bras.' General Von Müffling's account of what the Duke of Wellington said to him. See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xcii. p. 539.

'*la vessie*,' while M. Marchand, who was attached to the Emperor's person, and who was of undoubted veracity, declared to him the contrary. M. Victor Hugo suggests that his evident physical decline may have been complicated with other failings, and even have induced him to become frenzied, in order to hide his want of power, but ends by expressing his own belief that such was not the case.

We will not dwell on M. Thiers' inaccuracies in regard to the battles of Ligny and Quatre-Bras, or upon the contentions and misunderstandings that occurred in consequence of Napoleon's having first desired Ney to attack the English, and afterwards, when he found that he had more on his hands than he expected, to assist him with the Prussians at the same time. But as our authors are so ready to accuse cruel Fate of all that happened to the disadvantage of Napoleon and the French, we will observe that it was merely the accident of a letter remaining at Hannut instead of being forwarded to Liège, that prevented Bülow from joining Blücher at Ligny; and that if he had been able to do so, Napoleon would have found it still more difficult to defeat the Prussians on the 16th at that place. It was by way of Hannut, and not of Namur, as M. Thiers infers, that Bülow marched towards the scene of action.

Towards the close of the battle of Quatre-Bras, Ney, with scarcely sixteen thousand men to oppose to forty thousand, 're-became what he had always been—a lion—and threw the division of Jérôme upon the enemy's battalions as they emerged from the wood.' But 'he decided to pass from the offensive to the defensive'—(when he was obliged to do so as Wellington advanced *his* line)—and he was then far from being in a condition either to march upon Brussels or to assist the Emperor at Ligny. In fact, his own sense of his situation induced him to give vent, 'with noble and tearing grief,' to the greedy and comical expression, '*Ces boulets, je les voudrais tous avoir dans le ventre!*' In these two battles forty thousand men were 'sacrificed anew,' not to the ambition of Napoleon, but to the '*formidables passions du siècle!*' while D'Erlon 'was wandering between the two fields with unparalleled ardour,' not by the mismanagement of Napoleon, but 'by the fatality which hovered at this period over our (the French) affairs.' One incident in the battle of Quatre-Bras is worthy of especial notice. We cannot expect to find its parallel every day in a sober history, or anywhere else, perhaps, but in the works of Baron Munchausen. When the British infantry took refuge in the houses of Quatre-Bras, and 'rained upon the French a shower of balls,' the latter were compelled to beat a retreat:—

'Surprised

'Surprised at first by the fire, and finding themselves unsupported, they retired, at first slowly, but soon afterwards with the precipitation of panic. The Comte de Valmy wished in vain to retain them on the slope of the plateau, which they had previously ascended victoriously. The declivity and the hurry of retreat precipitated their course. Their General dismounted, and, without his hat, had no other resource, to avoid being left behind, than to attach himself to the bridles of two cuirassiers; and he thus escaped, suspended to two horses at a gallop.'

This story is almost as likely as another which our historian relates of Colonel Sourd, who, after his arm had been hacked to pieces on the march towards Waterloo in an encounter with the British cavalry, and half-separated from his body, obstinately remained on horseback. He only dismounted to submit to an amputation, and then, returning to his saddle, he commanded his regiment till it returned under the walls of Paris. An equally probable anecdote is related by M. Victor Hugo of six *voltigeurs*. These men, 'having penetrated into the garden' of Hougomont during the battle of Waterloo, and 'being caught there like bears in a ditch,' fought for a quarter of an hour, without any other shelter than gooseberry-bushes, against two companies of Hanoverians.

Notwithstanding the above results—of a hardly-won victory at Ligny and a defeat at Quatre-Bras—M. Thiers proceeds with satisfaction to observe:—'Such was the bloody day of the 16th June, and, in reality, our plan of campaign, so profoundly conceived, had succeeded.' We cannot admit the truth of this assertion, but we will allow him to explain his reasons for it. First, he finds that Napoleon had occupied the grand road from Namur to Brussels, though not at two points, yet at Sombref—(which was not the fact, because the Prussians occupied it all night after the battle)—and that was sufficient for the object he had in view. The English would, therefore, be compelled, either to fight without the Prussians or to make a long *détour* to join them. Secondly, that that one of the two armies which Napoleon proposed first to encounter had been beaten, and badly beaten. It would have been better if it had been routed, because then the face of events would have been changed, and the English army might have been obliged to give battle the next day, and have been destroyed without succour. But still Napoleon was between the Allies—(which is also untrue, as he was in front of both of the allied armies)—prepared to beat them one after the other, and he had already beaten that one of them which it was necessary first to defeat. Therefore the essential part of the plan had been realized. The above is a translation of what we find at p. 145; and at p. 146, singularly enough, something more like the truth with

with regard to this 'success' peeps out in a parenthesis. M. Thiers there says, in speaking of Napoleon's position, that 'he found himself between two enemies,'—(it ought to be in front of two enemies)—'of which each almost equalled the French army.' Napoleon committed a fatal mistake, undoubtedly, in throwing himself between two such adversaries, as he succeeded in doing, at last, on the field of Waterloo. Wellington and Blücher were fully warranted in considering themselves to be safe from such an attack; and it need be no matter for surprise that Wellington refused to move his troops until he had received positive information that it was actually impending. Napoleon's Marshals, lions though they were, were naturally disconcerted now and then in a situation 'which Napoleon had himself created in endeavouring to recommence, in spite of Europe, in spite of France, in spite of universal reason, a reign which had become impossible.'

Napoleon now placed 35,000 men—(it ought, we believe, to be 29,000)—at the disposal of Grouchy, and instructed him 'to follow up the Prussians, to complete their defeat, and to resist them if they showed a disposition to return upon the French'—to oppose, in fact, an army of 90,000 men, which, though defeated, had been by no means routed, with one of a third of that number. Napoleon neglected to watch the Prussians after the battle in the first instance, as he ought to have done, to ascertain the direction of their march, though M. Thiers does not mention that this was the case. He thought of nothing but driving the British into the sea, with the 75,000 men that remained to him. He could not get away as quickly as he desired, because his soldiers, '*couchés dans le sang*,' as M. Thiers observes, 'slept still profoundly in the midst of 30,000 corpses, and it was impossible to refuse them a few hours to clean their arms, to make their soup, and, in fine, to breathe.' But the English and Prussians, he adds, had lost 30,000 or 40,000 men killed, wounded, or missing, and 'thus far the results of the campaign were entirely to our (the French) advantage. It only wanted one happy day to render it decisive.'

In the course of the march towards Brussels, Napoleon observed, from the way in which the corn had been beaten down between Marbais and Quatre-Bras, that numerous corps of Prussians must have taken the route to Wavre, by way of Tilly, along the Dyle; and he then forwarded more positive instructions to Grouchy, to the effect that he should proceed to Gembloux, on the road to Wavre; should ascertain the direction the Prussians had taken; should remain on their traces; should hold his divisions well in hand; and should keep up his communications

cations with head-quarters. In pointing out later that the Dyle separated Wellington from Blücher as well as Napoleon from Grouchy, and that Grouchy might have taken advantage of this circumstance, M. Thiers is in error. The French armies only were separated by that river, as the greater part of Blücher's force was on the west of it on the evening of the 17th. After the French had passed Quatre-Bras, the rain fell in torrents, and rendered the country impracticable for men and horses, obliging them to keep to the roads, and causing them much delay and disorder. 'They would have been consoled if only they could have made sure at the end of this painful march of joining the English, and of terminating upon a fair field the long hostilities of the two nations. But they knew not whether they would not disappear in the depths of the Forest of Soignies, and rejoin the Prussians behind its thick curtain.' They were undeceived in this respect in the course of the evening, on arriving at the foot of the position of Mont Saint Jean, behind which they found the English established, 'preserved by the elevation of the soil from part of the sufferings which the French had endured, and provided at high prices with abundant resources.' But Napoleon appreciated neither the firmness of his enemy nor the importance, strategical and tactical, of the position before him. He still 'painfully doubted, fearing lest his enemies should escape through the Forest of Soignies during the night, and, rejoining the Prussians behind Brussels, should spoil his plans, and oppose a total of 200,000 men to his own army of half their number.' After studying their position, he asked of Providence only to give him the opportunity of a battle, '*se chargeant comme autrefois d'en faire une victoire!*'

'If it had not rained,' says M. Victor Hugo, 'on the night of the 17th to the 18th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water more or less caused the fall of Napoleon. In order that Waterloo should have had the termination of Austerlitz, Providence should have required but little rain; and a cloud, out of season, crossing the heavens, sufficed for the *écroulement d'un monde*.' We may add, with equal reason and more truth, that if Napoleon's father had not happened to meet with Napoleon's mother, this '*grand bûcheron de l'Europe*,' as M. Hugo calls him, would not himself have seen the light; or, in the words of the divine, 'if a gnat had not fortuitously disturbed the rest of Ahasuerus 2730 years ago, and caused him to call for the book of the Chronicles, the Jews would have been destroyed from off the face of the earth.' 'If,' says M. Hugo in another place, 'the little herdsman who acted as guide to Bülow, had only advised him to debouch from the forest

forest above Frischermont instead of below Planchenoit, the form of the nineteenth century would perhaps have been different—Napoleon would have gained the battle of Waterloo. If, one hour later, Blücher had not found Wellington still *debout*, the battle would have been lost.' M. Hugo describes further on, with his usual vigour, the great difficulty which the Prussians found in arriving at all. 'The roads were impracticable; the divisions were bemired; the guns sunk into the ruts up to the naves of the wheels.' We know that this was so—that the infantry, obliged to wade through the forest roads, cried out, 'We shall never get on,' and that Blücher replied, 'We must get on.' But M. Hugo is unable to perceive, that although the rain was disadvantageous to Napoleon in one way, by soaking the ground in front of Wellington's position, and giving him that reason among others for postponing his attack until eleven o'clock, it afforded him, on the other hand, just the opportunity that he desired, if he could only have profited by it, of defeating the English before the arrival of the Prussians, and was in this respect very much in his favour.

M. Hugo states truly that there were in the English ranks 'young soldiers who were valiant before our redoubtable infantry;' and adds that they did good service as *tirailleurs*, and showed 'something' of the fury and invention of French soldiers. 'This inexperienced infantry had genius,' he further says, 'which displeased Wellington.' But he certainly admits more than M. Thiers in saying, in another place, '*Pour de tels Français il ne fallait pas moins que de tels Anglais.*' M. Thiers asserts that 'the English were old soldiers, proved by twenty years of war, and justly proud of their success in Spain.' The fact was, that not more than six or seven thousand of the best part of Wellington's army, including the Germans, had previously been in action. The British Government had found great difficulty in providing him with an efficient force, in consequence of a considerable number of men and some of their best regiments being absent in America.

'While all slept in the camp of the four Allies, Napoleon,' M. Thiers tells us, 'rose two hours after midnight, after a short repose, still in fear of seeing the English retreat before him in order to join the Prussians behind Brussels. The danger of great battles against him was so well known to European Generals, and this danger was so evident for the English, who had an immense forest behind them, through which their retreat would be very difficult, while, on the contrary, a reunion with the Prussians behind that forest presented so sure a game, that he could not understand what it was that tempted the English to await his attack.'

attack.' M. Thiers supplies his own explanations, however, which Napoleon could not have been expected to discover. The Emperor 'reasoned without taking into account the two violent passions—the hate of the Prussian General, and the ambition of the English General. The former was ready to purchase the ruin of France with his life; the latter aspired himself to terminate the quarrel of Europe against us, and to acquire the principal honour of doing it.' M. Thiers could hardly write anything more false or more mischievous than this paragraph. The Duke of Wellington had, as both M. Thiers and M. Hugo admit, chosen the position of Waterloo previously, as that on which he would fight, if necessary, for the protection of Brussels and the defence of the Low Countries. Instead of desiring to run risk for the sake of ambition and to be in the front rank against Napoleon, he persuaded Blücher, as M. Thiers also admits, to remain on the defensive until the Austrians were ready to advance with them upon Paris. In the simple performance of his duty he firmly awaited the onslaught of the mighty conqueror who was so surprised at his daring to stand before him, in the position which he had chosen. He had little fear of being driven from that position; and if he had been obliged to retreat, he would, no doubt, have defended the passage through the forest successfully against as many of his enemies as would have been in a condition to pursue him, in spite of the dangers which MM. Thiers and Hugo, as well as other writers, have imagined from its contiguity. The forest was, indeed, well calculated for the purpose, inasmuch as there were four *pavés* through it, and the timbered intervals were open and practicable for cavalry and infantry. He fought, not against the French—whom he dealt with leniently whenever they fell into his power, at Paris and elsewhere—but against the ambitious despot who was endeavouring once more to set Europe in a blaze, and whose vain and extensive projects we have already described in M. Thiers' own words. One of his first acts, on his advance from the heat and smoke of Waterloo, was to protest against the dismemberment of France. But Napoleon, who had never seen a British army in the field, little knew what he was about to encounter. Had he been a wiser man, he would not have experienced a '*véritable joie* in perceiving the brilliant watchfires which gave evidence of the persevering presence of the English army.'

M. Thiers states that the British and Allied forces on the field amounted to 75,000 strong, whereas they did not number more than 70,000; and he omits to notice the enormous preponderance which Napoleon possessed in artillery, of 246 to 156 guns. M. Hugo gives the Allied commanders credit for having prepared their

their position with greater care than was bestowed upon it, 'by trimming the hedges, by cutting embrasures in the hawthorns, by placing branches over the muzzles of the guns, by crenelating the shrubs, and by concealing the artillery in ambuscade under the bushes. So well was this done, that Haxo, who was sent by the Emperor to reconnoitre the enemy's batteries, saw nothing, and reported to Napoleon, on his return, that there was no obstacle except the two barricades barring the roads of Nivelles and Genappe.' We learn also that there was 'an enormous battery in the centre of the position, masked by sandbags, which was almost a redoubt, but which there had not been time to palisade, though it was revetted with sandbags and a large slope of earth.' This is, doubtless, the well-posted battery to which Captain Siborne refers, when he says (at p. 236, 3rd edition) that a strong reconnaissance was made to ascertain whether a battery near Best's infantry brigade had really been entrenched, its appearance having caused a supposition that such was the case. The truth is, that the since-celebrated château of Hougoumont was the principal object of attention before the battle; and not a hatchet could be found for work that was most urgently required at La Haye Sainte, in consequence of the mule that carried the entrenching tools of the men stationed there having been lost.

M. Hugo's descriptions of Napoleon and Wellington are very amusing :—

'To sketch the appearance of the former, at daybreak on the 18th June, 1815, that is almost too much. Before one shows him, all the world has seen him. The calm profile under the little hat of the school of Brienne, the green uniform, the white reverse hiding the star, the surtout concealing the epaulettes, the angle of the *cordons rouges* under the waistcoat, the breeches of leather, the white horse, with his housings of purple velvet having at the corners the N crowned and eagled, the boots à l'écuylère over the silk stockings, the silver spurs, the sword of Marengo,—all this figure of the last Cæsar is standing in the imaginations, applauded by some, severely regarded by others.'

The Duke, he describes as follows, in another place :—

'Wellington, unquiet but impassible, was on horseback, and remained the whole day in the same attitude,* a little in advance of the old mill of Mont Saint-Jean, which still exists, under an elm-tree, which an enthusiastic Vandal of an Englishman has since purchased for 200 francs, cut down, and carried away. Wellington was there,

* Colonel Fraser says, on this subject, in one of his interesting letters, dated the 20th June, 1815 :—'Without his personal exertions, his continual presence, wherever and whenever more than usual exertions were required, the day had been lost.'

coldly heroic. The bullets rained. The aide-de-camp Gordon fell at his side. Lord Hill, showing to him a shell which burst, said, "My Lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you get yourself killed?" "De faire comme moi," replied Wellington. To Clinton he said laconically, "To remain here until the last man." The day visibly went badly. Wellington cried to his ancient companions of Talavera, Vittoria, and Salamanca, "Boys, can you dream of running away? Think on Old England!"

The reports which our authors, and particularly M. Hugo, afford us of conversations, expressions, movements, and sensations, are occasionally very ludicrous. Napoleon, fatalist, utters to the stars 'the mysterious words, "*Nous sommes d'accord.*"' He says of Wellington, '*Le petit Anglais a besoin d'une leçon.*' Wellington retrogrades, Napoleon starts. The Emperor rises à demi in his stirrups. The Duke remains firm, but his lips whiten. At one time, when three-parts beaten, he admires the French cuirassiers, and says, 'Splendid!' At 5 P.M. he takes out his watch, and is heard to mutter the '*mot sombre*, "Blücher, ou la nuit;"' and on another occasion he feels himself '*pencher.*' Ney has five horses killed * under him, and borrows a sixth. He has flames in his eyes, and froth in his mouth; his epaulette is half cut in two by a 'horse-guard;' and he says, with his broken sword in his hand, '*Venez voir comment meurt un Maréchal de France sur le champ de bataille.*' A bag-piper in a Highland regiment sits upon a drum, 'with his pibroch (!) under his arm, playing airs of the mountains—("De'il tak' the Wars," probably, or "My Heart's in the Highlands"),—and lowering in profound inattention his melancholy eye, full of the reflection from forests and lakes, while extermination is going on around him. The sabre of a cuirassier stops the tune by killing the player, and striking down the pibroch and the arm that carries it.' Imagine an English writer describing a Frenchman as going into action with '*La Marseillaise*' thrust, in a fit of absence of mind, into the pocket of his red breeches, while he thinks only of Montmartre or the Bois de Boulogne! These Scotchmen die in thinking of Ben Lothian (!), 'as the Greeks did in remembering Argos.' Neither M. Thiers nor M. Hugo can know anything more of the feelings of Wellington, Napoleon, and others, which they undertake to describe, than the dog which 'shows his teeth,' and now 'replaces the English at Hougoumont,' or the brave little bird, of whom the latter speaks more cautiously, as

* M. Lamartine, in his '*Histoire de la Restauration*,' mounts the Duke of Wellington upon an eighth horse, after its seven predecessors have been killed under him, unmindful of 'Copenhagen,' whose heels went nearer to his master's head at night than the enemy's shot and shell had approached to either of them during the day.
having

having been '*probablement amoureux*,' when he heard it sing, concealed in a large tree in the neighbourhood.

But we must return to M. Thiers and the field of Waterloo:—

'Eleven o'clock struck. Napoleon was already up (after an hour's sleep), without requiring his brother to awake him. The two armies awaited in stillness the signal of combat. Napoleon gave it at half-past eleven.* He felt sensations of pride and confidence, which manifested themselves on his face and in his words. His army spread out like a vast fan, sparkling with the reflection of the sun from their bayonets, their sabres, and their cuirasses. Their deployment produced *un effet des plus saisissants*. . . . The English, on the one hand, were quiet,—confident in their courage, in their position, in their General, in their hastened union with the Prussians—[which they were not told to expect]. The French (that is to say, the soldiers and inferior officers), animated to the highest point, thought neither of the Prussians nor of Grouchy—[though Napoleon found it necessary to inform them, falsely, that Grouchy was coming to their assistance],—but of the English whom they had before them, demanded only to attack them, and expected victory for themselves and the fruitful genius who commanded them, and who always knew how to find appropriate irresistible combinations.'

The attack made in the first instance—after half-an-hour of artillery fire—upon Hougoumont, is represented by our French historian to have been little more than a feint, intended to draw off the attention of the British commander, to induce him to strengthen that part, and weaken the remainder of his line, previous to the grand attack on his centre and right which was to follow. We know, however, that this latter was not undertaken till about half-past one o'clock, or two hours and a-half after the commencement of the battle; and in any case the former, if a feint, was sustained with great ardour and with large forces.

The attack on the right and centre was, no doubt, that by which Napoleon intended to win the day; and the object of it was obviously to drive the English army back beyond the principal road which conducted through the Forest of Soignies to Brussels, and to separate them from the Prussians. M. Thiers says of it:—'This plan, in which shone forth for the last time all the promptitude and certainty of the *coup-d'œil* of Napoleon, was incontestably the best and most efficacious, considering the nature of the position and the divided state of the enemy's forces.' It was that, however, which was also the most advantageous for the British commander, and which was the most likely to be fatal

* Colonel McKinnon (of the Guards stationed at Hougoumont) looked at his watch when the first gun was fired, and observed that it was nearly half an hour earlier.

to the French. Napoleon was aware of the approach of Bülow's corps of Prussians before that attack was made. He had seen their advanced guard (which was visible at 10 A.M.) on the distant heights, in the direction of Chapelle-Saint-Lambert; and he had learnt from the Prussian officer of hussars whom his light cavalry captured, that they were approaching. If he had succeeded in forcing back the English right, he would have had the Prussians on his rear, instead of on his flank; and could not only not have safely followed up the advantage, but would have been himself in a still worse position for resisting the Prussians, and have been placed between two fires. He would hardly have contemplated such an attack (or, perhaps, have fought the battle) if he had known that Blücher, with the remainder of his army (except Thielmann's corps), were following Bülow, and that Grouchy was at Wavre. M. Thiers loses no opportunity of sneering at Wellington,* and attempting to ridicule him, for providing against an attack on his own right, because it so happened that Napoleon did not attempt such an attack; but we can now see that Napoleon would have had a better chance of success if he had attempted to march to Brussels by way of Hal instead of Waterloo, and thus to turn the position of Mont Saint-Jean. His own right flank would not, in that case, have been exposed to the Prussians. It would even have been a military fault on the part of Wellington, whose basis of operations was Antwerp, Ostend, and the sea, if he had neglected to protect his right flank from such an attack; and the great importance of the provision which he thus made at considerable sacrifice for the safety of his army has not since been properly appreciated.

M. Hugo's descriptions of the appearance of his countrymen, when they were prepared for the above attack, are calculated to gratify them in the highest degree:—

'They were 3500. They covered a front of a quarter of a league. They were gigantic men, upon colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them for their support the division of Lefebvre Desnouettes, the *gendarmes d'élite*, the Chasseurs of the Guard, and the Lancers of the Guard. . . . The aide-de-camp Bernard conveyed to them the order of the Emperor. Ney drew his sword, and placed himself at their head. *Il semblait que cette masse était devenue monstre et n'eut qu'une âme. Chaque escadron ondulait et se gonflait comme un anneau du polype. . . . une longue file de bras levés, brandissant les sabres, apparût au-dessus de la crête, et les casques, et les*

* M. Thiers has in former parts of his work attributed the Duke of Wellington's brilliant career to good fortune, or to luck, and referred to his 'narrow' mind, at the same time that he has excused French disasters on the score of 'fatality.' He is as chary of giving credit to the Duke as the French painters are of inserting an English soldier in a creditable attitude in their pictures.

trompettes,

trompettes, et les étendards, et trois mille têtes à moustaches grises, criant "Vive l'Empereur !" Toute cette cavalerie déboucha sur le plateau, et ce fut comme l'entrée d'un tremblement de terre.'

'Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-souance and the note to mount :
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.'

The Constable of France: (King Henry V.)

Ney launches Quiot's Brigade against La Haye Sainte, and D'Erlon descends with his four divisions (about half-past one o'clock) into the valley which separates them from the English, and marches up the slope of the plateau opposite 'with remarkable firmness.' A terrible fire of musketry from the Ohain road, 'in which the 95th lay in ambuscade,' greets them; but they cross the hedge, and precipitate themselves upon the 95th and upon Rylandt's Brigade. They *tuent* some, and *culbutent** others, and *renversent* more, before they take up a position on the plateau. 'The victory has already declared for them,' when, unfortunately, at a signal from General Picton, Pack's Scotchmen, who had been concealed in the corn, rise up '*à l'improviste*,' and fire point-blank into their two first columns. Surprised by this fire at the very moment of debouching on the plateau, they come to a stand. General Picton charges them *à la baïonnette* with the battalions of Pack and Kempt *ralliés*—(which was not necessary)—and the two columns yield ground. They resist, however, and advance again, mixing with the English infantry, when an unforeseen storm breaks upon them. The 1200 '*Écossais Gris*'† of Ponsonby charge them with all the vigour of English horses, and penetrate between the divisions of Alix and Donzelot on one side, and Donzelot and Marcognet on the other. Attacking in flank these deep masses of infantry, which are unable to deploy and form square, they pierce without breaking or crossing them, but they produce in them '*une sorte de confusion*.' Giving way, however, under the shock of the horses, and propelled on the declivity of the ground, these columns descend into the valley pell-mell with the dragoons. The Scots Greys capture on one side the standard of the 105th, and on the other that of the 45th Regiment. They also attack

* In the eyes of French historians, French soldiers are almost invariably in one of three conditions: either they are about to *culbuter* their opponents, or they have already done so, or they have been prevented from doing so by 'a concurrence of unheard-of fatalities.'

† The *deux cents dragons Écossais de Ponsonby, appelés les ÉCOSSAIS GRIS*, parce qu'ils montaient des chevaux de couleur grise, are the celebrated Union Brigade, which included that very distinguished regiment. M. Thiers, as well as other French authors, is partial to our gallant North British countrymen.

two batteries which have been brought forward to support the infantry, dispersing the artillerymen, slaughtering the brave Colonel Chandon, upsetting the guns in the road, and killing the horses.

Happily, they have now reached the end of their triumph. Napoleon has seen the disorder. Throwing himself on a horse, he crosses the field of battle at a gallop, flies to the '*grosse cavalerie*' of Milhaud, and launches upon the Scotch Dragoons the brigade of Travers, composed of the 7th and 12th Cuirassiers. One of these regiments attacks them in front, another takes them in flank, and General Jacquinot directs the 4th Lancers upon their opposite flank. Surprised in the disorder of their pursuit, and assailed in all directions, they are cut to pieces in an instant. 'Our cuirassiers, burning to revenge our infantry, pierce them with their great sabres, and make a horrible carnage of them.' The 4th Lancers, led by Colonel Bro, treat them no better with their lances. A quartermaster (*Maréchal des Logis*) of the Lancers, named Urban, throwing himself into the *mêlée*, takes the brave Ponsonby, the chief of the dragoons, prisoner. The Scotch endeavour to deliver their General, but Urban strikes him dead at his feet; and then, threatened by several dragoons, he goes straight to the one who holds the flag of the 45th, dismounts him by a blow from his lance, kills him with a second blow, and takes the flag from him. He then disembarrasses himself of another Scotchman who closes upon him, and he finally returns, covered with blood, to carry to his colonel the flag which he has so gloriously reconquered. The Scotch, cruelly ill-treated, regain their lines, leaving 700 or 800 dead or wounded in the hands of the French, out of the 1200 of which this brigade was composed.

M. Thiers' statements as to the recapture of the eagle of the 45th Regiment by Quartermaster Urban, which he appears to have taken from the '*Histoire des Derniers Jours de la Grande Armée*' of Captain Mauduit, are evidently mere fiction. Thanks to the correspondence which has recently taken place in the columns of the '*Times*' on the subject, we have at once placed before us the evidence of Corporal Ewart of the Scots Greys, who captured the eagle in question, and carried it off the field and into Brussels; of Sergeant Swan of the Scots Greys, who saw it taken towards Brussels about twelve or one o'clock, under the charge of Captain Fenton of his own troop; and of Mr. Gutteridge, who saw it brought into Brussels with that of the 105th Regiment about four o'clock in the afternoon, and was allowed to take hold of the flags by their corners. We have also a report from the '*Kentish Gazette*' to the effect that it was landed at Broadstairs at 3 p.m. on the 20th June, under charge of

of Major Perry, A.D.C., and Captain White, R.N.; and there is the obstinate fact that it is at this moment in Chelsea Hospital. Corporal Ewart could not have 'been dismounted by a first blow and killed by a second blow from Urban's lance,' because he not only carried off his prize safely, but was promoted to an ensigncy for his exploit, and lived for many years afterwards. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, instead of being first taken prisoner and then killed, appears to have been pierced by the lance of this gallant Urban when he was lying wounded and disabled on the field. He nearly recovered afterwards from the ill-treatment which he received, and lived till the year 1837.

M. Hugo has a better excuse to offer for the failure of this attack. He prepares his readers for it by relating (in his 7th chapter) that in February, 1637, a merchant of Brussels had been crushed in the hollow road from Ohain to Braine la Leud under a chariot, and that a peasant had also been buried there by a fall of earth from a slope in 1783. With these proofs of the dangers of the road before them, they are better able to understand (in the 9th chapter) how much more likely it was to be fatal to the magnificent cavalry which he has described as sparkling so brilliantly in the sun, and creating earthquakes during its progress.

'The English heard them advancing,—the pitter-patter, alternate and symmetric, of 3000 horses at the grand trot, the clashing of the cuirasses, the click-clack of the swords, and a sort of great savage puffing and blowing. But no sooner had they arrived at the crest of the plateau, and while they were rushing, with loose reins, in their fury, and in their course of extermination, upon the squares and the guns, they suddenly perceived between them and the English a ditch, a grave. This was the hollow road of Ohain. The instant' [or the ditch?] 'was épouvantable. The second rank pushed the first into it; the third, the second. The whole column was but one projectile; the force acquired to crush the English smashed the French. Horses and riders rolled into the road till it was full and the remainder could ride over them. A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, affirms that 2000 horses and 1500 men were buried in this hollow road. Napoleon had reconnoitered the ground without seeing it, but had inquired of the guide, Lacoste, whether there was such an obstacle, to which he had replied, "No." Thus it was that a peasant's shake of the head caused Napoleon's catastrophe. Other fatalities again were due to arrive. Was it possible for Napoleon to gain this battle? No. By reason of God.

'It was time that this vast man should fall.

'Napoleon had been denounced in the Infinite (*dans l'infini*), and his fall was decided.

'Il gênait Dieu.

'*Waterloo n'est point une bataille; c'est le changement de front de l'univers.*

M. Hugo here describes Napoleon in terms similar to those in which Milton's Beelzebub addresses Satan,—

'Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled.'

We agree with him in his main fact, though we should prefer to see it differently represented. There can be no doubt that the downfall of Napoleon, after he had fulfilled his allotted task as a scourge and a destroyer, was in complete accordance with the designs of Almighty God, who in His infinite wisdom made use of human instruments to bring it about in His own good time. But M. Hugo has no right to ignore those instruments for the gratification of his French readers. As well might he say that a more vulgar villain, who, after committing many murders and robberies, at last assaults a party that is too strong for him and reaches the termination of his exploits, owes his capture, not to the courage or strength of his intended victims, but to the anger of the God whom he has displeased by his former outrages.

M. Thiers relates the progress of the combat which was maintained to carry out the main project of Napoleon—of driving back the left and centre of the British line—at great length and with much exaggeration and misrepresentation. The French have 'the cruel satisfaction' of almost destroying one regiment, and of cutting another quite to pieces; they take numerous standards* and much artillery; and the combat at the same time is being carried on against Hougomont with equal vigour, Jérôme's division losing *almost* as many men as the enemy. At length Ney possesses himself of La Haye Sainte; and at half-past four o'clock the attack of Bülow on the extreme right is *fortement prononcée*. Ney and D'Erlon, and not Napoleon, commit tactical faults—which *they* could not avoid—in allowing their four columns of infantry to be within reach of the British cavalry, and thus cause a loss to them of 3000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Prussian attack having become serious, Napoleon proposes to arrest it for an hour or two at least, then to return to the English, to move by the Brussels road upon the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean with D'Erlon's corps rallied, with the Guard, and with the heavy

* M. Thiers represents the French cavalry as conquering sixty guns and six standards. Alten's division is *cultivée*; the 69th English regiment is *haché en entier*; and another is *égorgé presque en entier*. The guns were left in front of the squares during the cavalry charges, while the artillerymen retired into them for protection, and may thus be said to have been temporarily taken; but not one English square was broken, nor was one English standard captured. After the first and second charges of the French cavalry, they came up in such disorder and so feebly, that the recruits in the British army laughed at them.

Besides sixty guns taken or spiked, and six standards taken from English regiments M. Hugo asserts that the '*Cuirassiers anéantirent sept carrés sur treize*.'

cavalry;

cavalry; and throwing himself finally with all his forces upon the Duke of Wellington, to finish up with a '*coup de désespoir*.' He prepares towards five o'clock to '*fondre*' his fifteen battalions of the Old and Middle Guard, with the cavalry of the Guard, and the reserve of the heavy cavalry, upon the English, *comme la foudre*, after he has seen the end of the Prussian attack; and this will give Grouchy time to appear. The British artillery is without support, the British infantry retrogrades. The French cuirassiers, who are the oldest soldiers in the French army, gratify their rage (*assouvissent leur rage*) by killing the latter without mercy. The remains of the British cavalry, being thrown into the *mêlée*, are sacrificed.

But in spite of all these successes the situation has become very serious. Ney sends Colonel Heymès to demand more infantry from Napoleon, who replies, with an irritation which he can no longer conceal, '*Où veut-il que j'en prenne? Veut-il que j'en fasse faire? Voyez ce que j'ai sur les bras, et voyez à qui me reste.*' And to explain the cause of these pretended apprehensions, M. Thiers goes on to tell us that dense columns of the Prussians were arriving—at about 5* P.M.—to join the corps of Bülow, *containing 32,000 men*, which Napoleon endeavoured to stop with the 10,000 soldiers of Lobau; and that it was at that time evident that he would have to oppose the whole forces of Blücher, consisting of 80,000 men, with the infantry of the Guard, comprising 13,000 men. He adds, that if Napoleon had been able to see with his own eyes the state of the British army, and if the peril on the right had not been so much aggravated, it would have been proper for him to have thrown the infantry of the Guard upon the English, and, after having completed their overthrow, to have returned against the Prussians with his victorious *débris*. He would then, like a strong man with two enemies to encounter, first have triumphed over the one, and afterwards have fallen half dead upon the *cadavre* of the other. But he mistrusted Ney's judgment, he did not forgive his precipitation, and he saw the Prussian army emerge complete (*sortir toute entière*) from that yawning gulf which vomited forth new enemies unceasingly. He wished, therefore, to arrest the Prussians on his right by a decisive engagement, before he attempted to gain a doubtful battle in the centre over the English. Regaining his composure—it was a trying moment in which to do so—he sent a less hard and less disheartening reply to Ney

* M. Hugo tells us that at this hour Bülow, whose advanced guard was weak, had not been able to effect anything; but that Blücher, who saw the peril of Wellington, ordered him to attack, and made use of the *mot remarquable*, '*Il faut donner de l'air à l'armée Anglaise.*'

than he had previously forwarded to him by the mouth of Colonel Heymès, informing him that the situation was equally difficult upon the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, and upon the banks of the Lasne; *qu'il avait sur les bras la totalité de l'armée Prussienne*; that when he had repulsed them, or arrested their progress, he would proceed with the Guard to complete by a desperate effort the half-gained victory over the English; that he must maintain himself in the mean time at all hazards on the plateau which he had hurried so much to gain, and that at the end of an hour he would be closely and vigorously succoured.

It has been well observed by M. Maurel that there are two battles of Waterloo—that which Buonaparte saw on the 18th of June, and afterwards related with a certain degree of frankness (in the 'Supplément Extraordinaire' of the 'Moniteur' on the 21st June, 1815)—and that which his apologists have since discovered, and have embellished with all the gifts of their intellects and their imaginations. The Waterloo of M. Thiers is one of the embellished order. Not content with exaggerating the numbers at the disposal of the Duke of Wellington on the field by many thousands, and asserting, contrary to fact, that the English portion of his army was composed of veterans from the Peninsula, he departs from truth still more widely when he comes to speak of the Prussians. He states the number of Bülow's corps to have been 32,000 instead of 16,000, and he antedates the arrival of Blücher and the action of the '*totalité*' of the Prussian army by about four hours.

Napoleon could not possibly have experienced the sensations, nor could it have occurred to him to issue the orders and messages, which M. Thiers attributes to him. That the greater portion of what we have cited above at some length is untrue, is at once evident from Napoleon's own first description of the battle, and of the causes of his defeat. He wrote and published this account (in the 'Moniteur') before he had time to ascertain either that Blücher had joined the English and undertaken the pursuit of his routed army, or that Grouchy had been detained by Thielmann on the 18th at Wavre, and had afterwards escaped from the Prussians. He was aware from an early hour of the approach of Bülow's corps, and provided against it from the first. He says in the official account above referred to—

'The 6th Corps, with the cavalry of General d'Aumont, under the orders of Count Lobau, was destined to move to our right rear, in order to oppose a Prussian corps, that appeared to have escaped from Marshal Grouchy, and to threaten to fall on our right flank: a circumstance that had become known to us through our reports, and the letter of a Prussian General, found on a Prussian orderly captured by our scouts.

'The

'The troops were full of enthusiasm. The strength of the British army was estimated at 80,000 men, and it was thought that a Prussian corps, which might join towards the evening, reckoned about 15,000 men. The enemy's forces consisted, therefore, of above 90,000 men, but ours were less numerous.'

He adds, further on—

'The Prussian division, whose movements had been foreseen, entered into action at this time with the tirailleurs of Count de Lobau, thus prolonging the fire along the whole of our right flank. It was desirable, before undertaking anything more elsewhere, to await the issue of this attack. To this end, all the resources of the reserves were held in readiness to move to the support of the Count de Lobau, and to crush the Prussian corps as soon as it should have advanced far enough forward.'

He again says—

'It was impossible to employ our infantry reserves till we had repulsed the flank attack of the Prussian corps. This attack was becoming continually extended in a line perpendicular to our right flank; the Emperor had sent there General Duhesme, with the Young Guard, and several reserve batteries. The enemy was checked, repulsed, and fell back; he had exhausted his strength, and we had nothing more to fear. This was the moment that had been indicated for an attack on the centre of the enemy.'

But not only did Napoleon believe, when he saw the last of them, that they had exhausted their strength and been beaten back; he was also under the impression, as he goes on to state, that Grouchy, having become acquainted with the movements of this Prussian corps, was marching on its heels, and that 'a splendid success was secured for the morrow,' by his attacking it from the front and rear at the same time. This impression he retained, as we now know, because Soult had sent to Grouchy, by his directions, a letter dated half-past one, representing that it had been seen to be approaching from the French headquarters. It did not occur to him at that time to attribute, as others have done, and as M. Thiers now does, the final defeat of his army to the approach of any more Prussians, because he was not aware of Blücher's being near him. He adds, on the contrary, 'After eight hours' firing with infantry and cavalry charges, the whole army saw with satisfaction that the battle was gained, and the field of battle in our power.' He accounts for the subsequent defeat by simply asserting that 'all was lost by one moment's panic'; that 'the four battalions of the Middle Guard which had been sent on the plateau beyond Mont Saint-Jean, distressed by the grape-shot, advanced with lowered bayonets to carry those batteries. The day was closing fast. They could not

not withstand the charges of the British on their flanks; they infected others, and all was lost.' He says nothing more of the Prussians. The day was 'closing fast,' but he had not heard of the approach of Blücher; he believed that he had effectually checked Bülow, and he hoped by the charge of his Guard to put an end at last to the obstinacy of the British. Not only, however, was Napoleon unaware of the arrival of any Prussian reinforcements, but Blücher and the remainder of his army had actually not arrived at the time referred to by M. Thiers. He did not join the British till 9 p.m., and he admitted himself that he found the French already retreating. What, then, shall we think of M. Thiers, when he goes on to tell us—

'In fact, while Colonel Heymès went to Ney with this answer, so different from that which he expected, the combat with the Prussians had become as terrible as that with the English. Blücher arrived on the spot in person, that is to say, on the heights which border on the Lasne, saw distinctly that which passed on the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, and although he would not have been sorry to leave the English *dans les angoisses*, to punish them for the tardy succour, according to him, which he had received at Ligny, he would not compromise the common cause by *des mesquins ressentiments*.'

After these most unjust remarks upon Blücher, who had employed all his energies to reach the field, and thought of nothing but doing his best to beat the French, M. Thiers goes on to detail the orders which were given to the Generals; to say (at page 274) that at six o'clock Lobau had only 5000 infantry to oppose to 30,000 men; (at p. 275), that at half-past six Blücher had given the order to take Planchenoit; (at p. 278), that the arrival of Grouchy at the rear of Bülow (!)—with Blücher and the remainder of the Prussian army in his way, be it remembered,—'would be sufficient to produce important consequences;' and (at p. 279), that the aspect of the day, at first sombre, appeared to brighten! The heart of Napoleon, oppressed for an instant, *respirait*; and he was able to reckon upon a new victory in bringing up his Old Guard, as yet free, to finish the defeat of the English; and he adds: 'Up to this time 68,000 French had held their own against 140,000 English, Prussians, Dutch, and Germans, and had torn from them the greatest part of the field of battle.' These numbers, as stated by Napoleon, were 90,000 Allies, including the Prussians, against a lesser number, not stated, of French. As we should give them, there were 70,000* men, including British and Allies, between 11 a.m. and

* Out of this number the Duke had to rely principally upon his 16,000 British infantry, of whom the greater part were recruits, or young soldiers, and upon the 4000 in the German Legion.

4:30 P.M.; with an addition of 16,000 Prussians, making a total of 86,000, about 4:30 P.M.; and with further additions of Prussians up to 9 P.M.—against, say, 72,000 French.

The difference between Napoleon's official account and the narrative of M. Thiers as regards the arrival of the Prussians is principally this:—Napoleon correctly stated that he had only Bülow's corps of 15,000 (or 16,000) men to oppose on his right before he prepared the Guard to charge the right of the English; while M. Thiers makes him say that he had at that time the whole Prussian army to deal with. M. Thiers falls into a further difficulty in sustaining this position. Napoleon himself considered that the moment had become favourable for an advance of his Guard because he had beaten back Bülow. M. Thiers considers that his prospects are brightening, and is obliged to represent him to be of that opinion, while he has Blücher and the whole Prussian army upon his flank; and he thus imputes nothing short of madness to the commander whose reputation he is striving to vindicate. Indeed, he seems to feel this difficulty when he says: 'the Great Player had arrived at a supreme extremity in which prudence is despair.' The columns are arranged for this attack when some firing is heard in the direction of Papelotte. A '*sorte de frémissement*' seizes Napoleon's heart, as M. Thiers—instructed, no doubt, by a competent medium—informs us. This may be either Grouchy, or a *fresh* overflow (*débordement*) of Prussians. His inquietude increases when he sees some troops of Durutte abandoning the farm of Papelotte at the cry of '*Sauve qui peut!*' from traitors or cowards. Napoleon rides towards the fugitives, leads them again to their post, and returns to La Haye Sainte, from which he observes a certain *ébranlement* in the cavalry, hitherto firm. A similar presentiment this time traverses his soul; but he gives nothing to grief, and all to action, while he sends Labédoyère at a gallop from right to left along the ranks, to tell his soldiers that the firing which they hear on the right is from Grouchy, and that he is preparing a grand result for them, if they will only wait for a few moments. After having made public this '*utile mensonge*,' he decides upon charging with ten battalions of his Guard upon the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean.

It is well known that Napoleon circulated this '*mensonge*,' but we cannot admit the utility of it, because we think it may possibly have contributed to increase the panic which ensued after the deception had been discovered. We do not, however, understand how M. Thiers could, with full knowledge of it, have given place in his work to that other and contrary '*mensonge*,'—that Napoleon had sent to inform Ney of the difficulty of the situation

situation alike before the English and the Prussians, and that he had the whole Prussian army to encounter. Of the two, we should believe the former to be the true '*mensonge*,' even if there were no other evidence on the subject. It might have been useful, and it bears on its face the true Napoleonic stamp; while the latter has certainly nothing to recommend it, would only have tended to discourage his Marshal and all who heard it, and would have been, under any circumstances, an unlikely description of '*mensonge*' for the great French Commander to propagate.

We come now to that critical part of the battle—the charge of the Guard; and we confess that we felt great curiosity as we approached it, to see how M. Thiers would make it palatable to his readers. Napoleon '*intended himself to lead the six battalions, à la suite des quatre premiers, to break the English line at any price, and thus to end the day, si ces événements n'ont pas la gravité qu'il suppose.*' Conducting the four first battalions along the road towards Brussels, he met Ney, who came to inform him that the cavalry would infallibly run away if a powerful succour of infantry did not arrive; and he handed over to him these four battalions, with the customary caution that the safety of France depended upon the charge which he was about to execute. The Duke of Wellington sees the bearskin caps of the approaching Guard, feels that the supreme hour has sounded, and that his own greatness as well as that of his country will be the price of this last effort. He tries to communicate to his companions in arms the force of his own soul. Kempt demands reinforcements, but receives for a reply: '*Qu'ils meurent tous! Je n'ai pas de renforts à leur envoyer.*' General Hill, the second in command, says to Wellington: 'You may be killed here; what orders do you leave us?' The Duke replies: '*Celui de mourir jusqu'au dernier, s'il le faut pour donner aux Prussiens le temps de venir.*' These noble words pronounced, the Duke closes his line, curves it slightly, to place the new assailants in the midst of concentric fires, makes Maitland's troops lie down, and awaits finally the appearance of the Imperial Guard.

Ney and Friant lead forward their four battalions, and cause them to debouch on the plateau *en échelon*; and they advance steadily under a heavy fire. The others follow with equal firmness. They stop to fire, and return the loss that they receive. After having discharged their weapons, they prepare to cross bayonets 'in mortal duel' with the British infantry; when suddenly, at a sign from the Duke, Maitland's Guards spring to their feet, and pour in a terrific volley. Before this '*cruelle surprise*'

surprise the French soldiers do not give way, but close their ranks to march forward. The old Friant, a model of the Old Army, retires, seriously wounded, to announce that victory is certain if fresh battalions are only brought forward to support the first. He meets Napoleon, who, having posted one battalion in square to check the enemy's cavalry, advances himself* with the remaining five to assault the British line. While he listens to Friant, he perceives suddenly 3000 horsemen—the last of the British cavalry having been long before sacrificed—from the direction of Papelotte, who rush down the slope. These are the squadrons of Vandeleur and Vivian, who, feeling themselves supported by the Prussian corps of Zieten from the Ohain road, hasten to charge. It is eight o'clock, and their presence decides the battle. Napoleon hastens to form his other battalions in square, and to prevent his line from being pierced between La Haye Sainte and Planchenoit. If the cavalry of the Guard had been entire, he might easily have swept away the squadrons of Vivian and Vandeleur, have collected his left and his centre engaged in the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, have retreated in good order towards his right, and have slept on the field of battle; but there were only 400 Chasseurs left to oppose to 3000. These brave Chasseurs precipitate themselves upon the squadrons of Vivian and Vandeleur, and make head against those nearest to them; but they are soon driven back by the ever-increasing cavalry of the enemy. *Une vraie multitude* of English and Prussian horsemen fill in an instant the field of battle. The battalions of the Guard, formed in immovable citadels, cover them with fire, but cannot prevent them from everywhere gaining ground. To increase the misfortune, Zieten's infantry, following upon the Prussian cavalry, throws itself upon the half-destroyed division of Durutte, takes possession of the farms of La Haye and Papelotte, and thus seizes the pivot of the French line of battle. All becomes trouble and confusion. The heavy cavalry, surrounded, retreats, that it may not be separated from the remainder, and, on sloping ground, becomes an impetuous torrent of men and horses. D'Erlon's *débris* disperse in the wake of the cavalry. Intoxicated with joy, the English General assumes the offensive, and moves forward upon the battalions of the Guard † already

* We presume that this is the occasion on which, according to Lamartine,—whom, however, we do not credit,—Napoleon, pretending to lead his column forward, sword in hand, slinks into a sheltered hollow, and cheers them forward.

† M. Hugo goes much further than M. Thiers in describing the valour and desperation of the Guard. He even says that after the '*Sauve qui peut*' had replaced the '*Vive l'Empereur*,' and while the remainder of the army was in full flight, it continued to advance in the darkness; and that '*pas un homme ne manqua au suicide.*' The flight behind the Guard was '*lugubre.*' '*Tout fléchit, se craque, flotte,*

already half-destroyed. From left to right the English and Prussians advance, preceded by their artillery, which vomits forth destruction. Napoleon, with despair in his soul but calm on his brow, remains under a shower of fire to oppose an impediment to the two victorious armies, ready to receive as a benefit the blow which will deliver him from life. The army, after having shown superhuman courage, falls suddenly into the despondency which follows upon violent emotions. It asks, it searches, but it no longer finds Napoleon. Some say he is dead, others that he is wounded. If one corps had remained entire, on which it could rally, and if it had seen Napoleon living, it would have remained, ready again to fight and to die. Four or five squares of the Guard, in the midst of 150,000 victorious men, were as the summits of rocks which the furious ocean covers with foam. The army, drowned in the midst of the floods of the enemy, did not see them; and it fled in disorder on the road to Charleroi. '*L'histoire n'a plus que quelques désespoirs sublimes à raconter, et elle doit les retracer pour l'éternel honneur des martyrs de notre gloire, pour la punition de ceux qui prodiguent sans raison le sang des hommes!*'

The above description, condensed from M. Thiers, may be *magnifique, mais elle n'est pas l'histoire*. The defeat of the Imperial Guard is cleverly concealed under an imaginary cloud of English and Prussian cavalry. This grand and final attack was made during a desperate conflict in the centre; the columns were preceded by clouds of skirmishers, and supported by a tremendous fire of artillery; and a general advance of the French line was attempted. The gallant veterans in the first column, after having suffered severely from the fire of the English line, and fallen into disorder, were finally routed by the charges of Lord Saltoun, and of Maitland under the Duke's personal direction; and these charges are not noticed by our historian, any more than the facts of the French throwing away their arms and knapsacks, and retreating in great confusion. The second column, as we well know, advanced, ten or twelve minutes after the first, upon Adam's Brigade, diverging towards the right to take advantage of an undulation in the ground. It was subjected to severe trial, in consequence of Sir John Colborne having formed his regiment in a line parallel to the direction of its march, and attacked its left flank. Its left sections were wheeled round; but it was charged, after severe firing, by portions of three regiments on that flank. The British cheers rose above the

flotte, roule, tombe, se heurte, se hâte, se précipite. Désagréation inouïe. M. Hugo is eloquent on the whole subject. '*Zieten sabrant la France à son aise. Les Lions devenus chevreuils. Telle fut cette fuite.*'

shouts

shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' It was thrown into uncontrollable disorder, and fled, a scattered mass, after the remains of the first column. It was, in fact, the defeat of the Guard that caused so complete a panic in the French army, and was the immediate occasion of Wellington's advance; whereas M. Thiers represents that defeat to have been caused by the arrival of the Prussians, and the general consternation which it occasioned.* Napoleon admits the truth so far when he says in his own official account:—

'Towards half-past eight the four battalions of the Middle Guard, which had been sent on the plateau beyond Mont Saint-Jean to support the Cuirassiers, being distressed by grape-shot, advanced with lowered bayonets to carry those batteries. The day was closing fast: a charge made on their flanks by several British squadrons threw them into disorder; the runaways fell back across the ravine; the neighbouring regiments, seeing some troops belonging to the Guard in disarray, thought it was the Old Guard, and became unsteady. Cries were raised that all was lost—that the Guard was driven back. The soldiers even maintain that in some cases disaffected men exclaimed, "*Sauve qui peut!*" However this may have been, a panic (*une terreur panique*) spread simultaneously over the whole field of battle: the troops rushed in the greatest confusion on the line of communication; foot soldiers, troopers, artillerymen, ammunition waggons, hurried away to reach it; the Old Guard, which was drawn up in reserve, was infected by it, and drawn away by the contagion.

'In an instant the army was converted into a shapeless mass. All arms were mixed together, and it was impossible to form a single corps again. The enemy, who caught sight of this astonishing confusion, caused several columns of cavalry to debouch; the disorder increased; the confusion accompanying darkness rendered all attempts to rally the troops, or show them their error, ineffectual.'

M. Thiers also endeavours to give Napoleon some credit for heroism at the commencement of the rout; though he is obliged to admit that he was not forthcoming when his presence was most required. Napoleon said of himself, by way of apology, in the same report in the '*Moniteur*':—'The very squadrons *de service*, in attendance on the Emperor, were overthrown and hurried away by these tumultuous waves, and there was no help for it but to follow the torrent.' Ney, who is admitted to have been one of the last to leave the field, says, in his letter to the Duke of Otranto, dated Paris, 26th June, 1815, after first expressing his extreme disgust at the lying message brought to him from Napoleon by Labédoyère:—'I arrived at Marchienne-au-pont at four o'clock in

* M. Thiers follows Gourgaud's version in representing the retreat of the Guard as resulting from, rather than as occasioning, the panic in the rest of the army.

the morning, ignorant of what had become of the Emperor, who, before the end of the battle, had entirely disappeared, and who, I was allowed to believe, might be either killed or taken prisoner.' The Emperor's disappearance admits of but one interpretation. His spirit was less noble than his ambition was great. A last throw for Empire was worth every sacrifice but one. Perish the gallant Ney, perish the unrivalled veterans of the Imperial Guard, survive Napoleon! He placed another at the head of his men in that desperate charge; and he deserted them in their extremity.

The old story of General Cambronne (who surrendered to a drummer, and afterwards had the assurance to present himself at the Duke's dinner-table) is repeated both by M. Thiers and M. Hugo, as it was by M. de Lamartine in his '*Histoire de la Restauration*.' M. Thiers adopts the more polite version of '*La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*.' M. Hugo produces the vulgar word which this sentence is laughingly supposed by Frenchmen to represent, but which we cannot here do more than refer to. M. de Lamartine hints at the use of the same word, but has the good taste to omit it. M. Hugo, however, goes further. He devotes a whole chapter to the glorification of this word, and of its supposed employer. '*Parmi ces géants, il y eut un titan—Cambronne. Dire ce mot, et mourir ensuite, quoi de plus grand!*' . . . '*L'homme qui a gagné la bataille de Waterloo, ce n'est pas Napoléon en déroute; ce n'est pas Wellington pliant à quatre heures, désespéré à cinq; ce n'est pas Blücher, qui ne s'est point battu: l'homme qui a gagné la bataille de Waterloo, c'est Cambronne.*' He adds, in another chapter, 'The battle of Waterloo is an enigma. It is as obscure for those who have gained as for him who has lost it. For Napoleon it is a panic; Blücher saw nothing in it but fire; Wellington n'y comprend rien.'

This short campaign was almost hopeless from the first. Napoleon attacked two armies, together vastly superior to his own, commanded by first-rate Generals. He over-estimated the prestige of his name, the power of his genius, and the strength of his resources, and he did not give credit to his opponents, either for their powers of resistance or for the high qualities that they possessed. He trusted too much to the rapidity of his movements and to lucky chances, and he neglected proper precautions and careful calculation. He was eminently successful up to the 15th; but he despatched Ney to encounter what might have been the greater part of the British army on the 16th, and Grouchy, on the wrong side of the Dyle, to discover and check the whole Prussian army on the 17th and 18th; and he complained of their failing to bring his inferior arrangements to a successful

successful issue. The objects of the Allied Generals were manifold, and they adopted the best course open to them, at the same time that they were sufficiently prepared, as the event proved, to resist the most sudden and desperate attack that could be made upon them. Instead of *their* being surprised and outmanœuvred, it was Napoleon himself who met with a reception which he did not anticipate. He did not expect, either that Blücher would concentrate his forces so rapidly at Ligny, or that Wellington would so soon put his troops in motion on Quatre-Bras, or that he would make a stand in front of the Forest of Soignies. He did not know, even after the Battle of Waterloo, that Blücher had arrived on his flank with the bulk of the Prussian army, and that it was the mere accident of weather, and the state of the roads, that prevented him from arriving many hours earlier on the field. Decisive victories are necessarily attended with apparent risk. If Wellington and Blücher had combined their armies in a fixed position, Napoleon would not have assaulted them. Having no settled object of attack, no previously-formed entrenchments to turn, he was compelled to accept such battlefields as they chose to offer him. That of Ligny was not as happily chosen as it was gallantly defended. That of Waterloo was so admirable, and so well held, that the bravest marshals and the best soldiers of France, backed by 246 guns, could make no real impression upon it. The utter panic that ensued in the French army, the flight of the Emperor, the cries of '*sauve qui peut,*' and even of '*pardon,*' from the troops along whose lines he had passed with so much pomp and circumstance a few hours before, furnish one of the finest examples in history of the truth of the proverb—'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

We admit that Napoleon's military genius and national military glory are subjects on which it is difficult for a Frenchman to write with impartiality; and revenge for Waterloo is still supposed to be one of the three missions of the present dynasty. M. Hugo contemplates with ludicrous and bitter satisfaction the results that might have been produced if Napoleon had only gained that battle. '*Wellington acculé à la forêt de Soignies et détruit, c'était le terrassement définitif de l'Angleterre par la France; c'était Crecy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, et Ramillies vengés. L'homme de Marengo raturait Agincourt.*' We are irresistibly reminded by this folly of the little boys in 'Punch' who went to have 'a jolly good look at the tarts in the pastrycook's window.' But there is another excuse for French writers. They have long been educated to a contempt of truth in public matters. Napoleon in particular carried on a system, which is now being too well

well imitated in the Northern States of America, of always representing what he desired in preference to what occurred. Bulletins were instruments of deception. Proclamations were perversions of events, recent and historical. Defeats were suppressed, or converted into victories. French writers have too ably supported the fallacies that have under this state of things been substituted for facts; and their countrymen have thus been precluded from ever learning those truths which ought to have been imparted to them, and by which they would doubtless have benefited.

M. Thiers and M. Hugo are almost as bad as M. Lamartine. That other ex-statesman has informed his readers that the Duke of Wellington caused the curbs to be removed from the bridles of his cavalry horses, and that he distributed brandy to his men to make them drunk before they charged the French: *—*'Il fait distribuer d'eau-de-vie aux cavaliers pour enivrer l'homme de feu pendant que le clairon enivre le cheval, et il les lance lui-même, ventre à terre, sur les pentes du Mont Saint-Jean.'* He has also told them that the Duke, on finding that the bullets from his infantry squares failed to pierce the cuirasses of the French cavalry, resorted to another expedient. 'He passed the order from rank to rank of his intrepid Scotchmen to allow themselves to be attacked without firing, to pierce the chests of the (enemy's) horses with their bayonets, to glide under the feet of the animals, and to disembowel them with the short sword of these children of the North. The Scotch obeyed, and charged on foot our regiments of cavalry.' We pity the French who are at the mercy of such historians; but we hardly know what to say of the historians themselves. They do not take the trouble, apparently, to study English accounts of the transactions that they record. Can they believe what they write? We cannot bring ourselves to stigmatize them as having, in the terms which President Lincoln is reported to have applied to General Pope—but which, as regards brains, has since proved to be untrue—'great brains, great indolence, and great want of veracity.' M. Thiers says himself, in trying to give force to one of his conclusions, *'L'historien est juré'*; but we fear that history will never become in France, if it does in America, that which Cicero proclaimed it to be—'the light of truth.'

* 'L'Histoire de la Restauration,' vol. iv., p. 181.

ART. VI.—1. *Aids to Faith; a Series of Theological Essays by several Writers.* Edited by William Thomson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. 1861.

2. *Replies to 'Essays and Reviews.'* With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford. 1862.

3. *Seven Answers to Seven Essays and Reviews.* By J. R. Griffiths; with an Introduction by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. 1862.

4. *A Letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford on the Defence of the 'Essays and Reviews.'* By the Rev. A. T. Russell. 1862.

5. *Inspiration and Interpretation.* By the Rev. J. W. Burgon. 1861.

6. *Scepticism and the Church of England.* By Lord Lindsay. 1861.

7. *Preface to Sermons on the Beatitudes.* By the Rev. G. Moberly, D.D.

8. *The Revelation of God the Probation of Man: Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.* By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford. 1861.

9. *Tracts for Priests and People.* First Series, 1861. Second Series, 1862.

10. *The Philosophical Answer to the 'Essays and Reviews.'* 1862.

11. *Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.* 1861.

12. *Speech of R. Phillimore, D.C.L., Q.C.* 1862.

13. *Defence of Dr. Williams.* By J. F. Stephen. 1862.

14. *Judgment on 'Essays and Reviews.'* 1862.

15. *Persecution for the Word.* By Rowland Williams, D.D. 1862.

16. *Observations on Pantheistic Principles.* By W. H. Mill, D.D. 1861.

THE controversy, which the publication of 'Essays and Reviews' woke up, has been running its various course since, in January, 1861, we called the attention of our readers to that disastrous volume. To many of them, we believe, the subject was then strange: and to many more, we have no doubt, the great gravity of the occasion was till then unknown. Our warmest antagonists have charged upon us the crime of waking up the slumbering garrison to the coming assault. We accept these bitter invectives as a praise, which, not in this instance first, the 'Quarterly Review' has deserved from all lovers at once of the truth, and of our time-honoured institutions.

We shall, perhaps, best fulfil the task we are undertaking, if, before we review the present state of this controversy, we examine some

some portions of the literature to which it has given birth. How large and varied this has become, the list at the head of this article—though it does not contain the titles of half which has been written—will, we think, prove. Writers of every class, and of most various merit and demerit, have mingled in the strife. Even the versifier and the maker of jokes has found a congenial theme in a warfare which has really had, as its subject, the very foundations of the Christian faith.

Midway between these lighter skirmishers and some really valuable works, which the needs of the times have called into being, stand an anomalous set of volumes as to which it is difficult to say, with perfect fairness, to which side of the controversy they belong. These are typically represented in the 'Tracts for Priests and People,' on which, therefore, we will first say a few words. The writers of these volumes are in a great measure occupied in replying to the Essayists, whilst yet their own positions are little more defensible or less remote from orthodoxy than those which they think it worth while to attack. They were begun, we are told, when 'the controversy respecting the "Essays and Reviews" was at its height' (Preface, i.);—that their writers could not sympathise with the Essays because of their negative character; nor with those who condemned them, because the condemnation also was negative;—that they felt it to be their business to 'express sympathy with the strong convictions of all parties and of all men' (p. ix.); and not 'to tremble at the censures of mobs' or 'of Convocations' (p. x.);—and further, that it was 'a special object of the writers . . . to show that opposite conclusions' reached 'by opposite processes of thought' are 'necessary to the existence of the English Church; and that, if she fall into the condition of a Church standing on opinions, she will renounce her position, and be deserted by God' (p. xi.).

When we add that one of the chief writers in these volumes is the Rev. F. Maurice, we shall at once have prepared our readers to expect, what they will assuredly find, that they have to do with noble instincts, with high aspirations, with considerable subtlety and power; but, withal, with strange luminous mists which repeatedly promise us enlightenment on the deepest and most interesting of unanswered questions, whilst, instead of giving it, they are ever hiding from us, in the puzzling involutions with which their impalpable wreaths invest them, some of the greatest truths which were plain to us before.

There are notable instances of all this in the two Tracts entitled the 'Mote and the Beam,' and 'Morality and Divinity.' Sprinkled through these there are, we gladly allow, many noble thoughts

thoughts nobly expressed. There is also a great deal of the hard language with which Mr. Maurice seems increasingly to treat all who differ from him. Thus, for instance,—because we urged * upon those who are too often divided asunder as High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, that, since both perceived the importance of the great truths now in dispute, it was a time for healing animosities by a common earnest contention for the faith once delivered to the saints, we are anathematized in terms not unworthy of a legitimate descendant of the Great Lord Peter in such words as these: ‘Merciful God! to what is’ this writer ‘leading these schools? . . . to drown them in a dead negation of other men’s opinions; in a fellowship of hatred—accursed arrangement!’ (Tract ii. p. 67.)

The leading idea of both Tracts is the defence of Creeds and Articles; and here there gathers thickly over every well-known headland what we have ventured to designate as this writer’s luminous vapour. Of course we agree altogether with him in defending Creeds and Articles against all comers: but with his mode of defence, which is most characteristic, we have no sympathy whatever. Creeds, we are assured, must not be regarded as containing any dogma. They are not, that is to say, what the Church has always deemed them to be, statements of the great facts of revelation, derived partly from primitive tradition, partly from the judgment of the whole Church on questions raised by heretics; and therefore, for those who believe in the collective Church as the transmitter of the witness of the Spirit, authentic statements of those facts. No! thus to treat them, we are taught, is their most deadly abuse. ‘A mere authoritative declaration of faith’ carries no moral power with it (Tract vi., p. 22). ‘It demands moral slavery, prostration of heart as well as intellect, and involves all those fatal consequences which the Bishop of Oxford has pointed out in his first sermon, and which he so happily describes as a neglect of revelation’ (p. 28). ‘When the Reformers,’ we are told again (Tract ii. p. 43), acting on this mistake, ‘put forward dogmatic confutation’ of error . . . and penal sentences . . . ‘their own doctrine shrivelled into a dry, dead, cruel formula, powerful only for cursing.’ So momentous does the writer think it to avoid these evils, that he consents to be ‘at variance with his dearest friends, and to incur the suspicion of deliberate dishonesty’ (vi. p. 36), as the price of maintaining that in the Athanasian Creed, ‘in speaking of the Trinity, we *cannot* be speaking of a dogma;’ whilst, if that Creed ‘does canonize a mere dogma,

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. cix. p. 303.

and anathematize those who dissent from it, we should wish it to perish utterly and for ever' (vi. 36).

After the most patient and repeated endeavours to understand what all this means, we confess ourselves entirely baffled. The Creeds, beyond all question or dispute, are—as the Tract writers argue with a great deal of pomp of reasoning, as if persons could be found who denied the self-evident proposition—statements about the Divine Persons of the blessed Godhead, not those Persons themselves. Such statements are dogma : dogma concerning the facts which are the most real and most important to the whole reasonable creation. They have, in every age of the Church, been used as pointing out the right faith and guarding the humble from errors concerning it. Mr. Maurice has invented for them the newest and the most marvellous use. Creeds are meant to deliver us from the worship of opinions (ii. 38). 'One of the blessings of having Articles of the Faith is 'that they permit partial statements' of the truth (p. 65). Surely common sense rejects such glosses as these. Mr. Maurice, it seems to us, might just as well, when seeking his way through an unknown country by the help of direction-posts, address his driver with the words, 'Signposts are all-important. Little do men who despise them know how often they themselves have profited by them. Yes; treat them with all honour, but do not turn them into an intolerable abuse by conceiving that they are to guide your course! No; they are facts. To make them guides would be an intolerable tyranny. Accursed be such slavery! Why am I to go that path because another has set up the sign? The proper use of such instruments is to protect our liberty; to witness to us that we may drive where we will, may do everything, except receive their testimony to direct our steps.' Conceive of such an address delivered with enormous energy, and you have, we believe, Mr. Maurice's whole doctrine on Creeds full of his mystical eloquence; but we greatly doubt whether the wayward philosopher would not be benighted before he reached his home.

We have dwelt longer upon all this than it may seem to deserve. But, in truth, it is of no small moment thoroughly to understand how far in the great struggle with unbelief these writers will help us. For they offer us their service : they condemn alike the open infidel, the German rationalist, and the Essayists. They are for maintaining the Faith; whilst their names, their high moral tone, their intellectual subtlety, and, above all, their loud, and we doubt not sincere, expressions of sympathy with the young and the tempted, must invest their writings with much that is attractive. Yet, alas! almost the whole of these two volumes is characterised by these hazy mists,
amidst

amidst which the old landmarks are scarcely to be seen, and which can hardly fail to betray the wanderer to the false guidance of the bolder spirits of unbelief.

One main subject of these attacks is the second of two sermons preached before the University of Oxford by the Bishop of Oxford, and published with the title of '*The Revelation of God the Probation of Man*.*' These sermons ran rapidly through several editions, and gave rise to a controversy of which Mr. Maurice says, 'The subject is one of permanent interest. The author criticised is the most eloquent of modern Divines; the critic represents a widely-diffused lay feeling. Pamphlets have appeared in answer to the Layman. He has replied. The controversy, which has risen out of that concerning "*Essays and Reviews*," may continue when they are forgotten' (Tract ii.). The main object of the Bishop's sermon is to set plainly before the young the principle that doubts about the truth of Revelation are to be met like any other temptations to evil thoughts. On the wickedness of such a doctrine the authors of the '*Tracts*' are very eloquent. Mr. Maurice thinks that these 'doubts may have been cast into the soul by a gracious Spirit' (Tract vi. 30); whilst one of his comrades defines doubts as 'a sacred agony of man's nature (vi. 4) in its noblest and most typical embodiments;' claims, in words we will not reprint, our Blessed Lord as an instance of them. He then proceeds to revile, in good set terms, the Bishop as coming under the condemnation of the friends of Job, because he would deprive men of the full and innocent enjoyment of this 'sacred agony.' Almost the only comment we will make on all this wasted abuse is to quote for our reader's own judgment the especial passage in the sermon against which it is directed:—

'But go one step further, and see, if you would know the utter extremity of this loss, what is the doubter's death. It is always awful to meet great and unchangeable realities with which we have trifled as if they were meaningless shadows. And what a meeting with them is there upon that deathbed, when conscience, at last awake, is crowding on the astonished memory the record of a life's transgressions; when the enemy is accusing and tormenting the soul, which is all but his own; when the terrible summons to the judgment of the just God, like the low deep voices of advancing thunder-clouds, is beginning to shake the heart; when to have a firm hold on one sure promise; when to cling to the hem of the Healer's garment; when to see, as the ransom of a multitude of sins, the blood of His wounded side, would

* '*The Revelation of God the Probation of Man*.' Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, Jan. 27 and Feb. 3, 1861. By Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. Parkers, Oxford.

be indeed the soul's only and its sufficient refuge: then in that hour of agony to be compassed about with self-chosen doubts, to have the refinements, and the subtleties, and the questions, and the uncertainties which the man had taken to himself instead of God's sure word of promise and the atoning blood, gather in troops around him like the very fiends of the pit snatching for his soul; to have some doubt ever intervening between his eager grasp and every promise, between his wretched soul and every vision of the Lord Jesus Christ; to have all this and to find no escape from it; to have lost the power of believing, and to know, when it is too late to win it, that it is lost for ever; to have in that hour, at best, "thy life hang in doubt before thee," because only that sure definiteness of a fixed faith which thou hast thrown away can shelter thee in that shock; to have, too probably, thy doubts close in upon thee in an unutterable despair,—this is to die the doubter's death. From such a death may the good Lord of His great mercy deliver us.

'It is from this, brethren, that I would help to save you. It is with this you are unawares trifling, when you open your soul to the first plausible approaches of the habit of doubting; it is this harvest of despair for which they are sowing who fling broadcast into the open furrows of young and generous natures the deadly seeds of doubtfulness. Oh, cruel and most fatal labour! For by no after act of his can the teacher root out of the heart of another the seed of death which he has planted in it. Surely for such, above others, was the caution written, "Whoso shall make to stumble one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." It is not from the imagination that I have drawn this warning. I can tell you of an overshadowing grave which closed in on such a struggle and such an end as that at which I have glanced. In it was laid a form which had hardly reached the fulness of earliest manhood. That young man had gone, young, ardent, and simply faithful, to the tutelage of one, himself, I doubt not, a sincere believer, but who sought to reconcile the teaching of our Church, in which he ministered, with the dreams of rationalism. His favourite pupil learned his lore, and it sufficed for his needs whilst health beat high in his youthful veins. But on him sickness and decay closed early in; and as the glow of health faded, the intellectual lights for which he had exchanged the simplicity of faith began to pale; whilst the viper brood of doubts which almost unawares he had let slip into his soul crept forth from their hiding places, and raised against him fearfully their envenomed heads. And they were too strong for him. The teacher who had suggested could not remove them; and in darkness and despair his victim died before his eyes the doubter's death.'

We can easily understand that such words as these, spoken with authority to a listening crowd of undergraduates, must be as gall and wormwood to those who see but 'a sacred agony of the soul' in that deadly habit of encouraging religious uncertainty
at

at which the preacher strikes. For it is against this encouragement of doubt alone that the preacher argues. He distinguishes directly between the 'fullest religious inquiry into Revelation from which Christianity has nothing to lose,'* and the sinfulness of encouraged doubts. This wide distinction it is the great effort of the Tract writers to obliterate, and yet what can be more real? It is not that all doubt is sinful; some minds, perhaps the deepest, must be visited by it; it is a correlative of their greater expanse that the very breath of Heaven as it sweeps over them should break their calm into the uneasiness of a troubled swell. Doubt therefore, in itself, is not sinful; it is the allowance and the encouragement of doubting which are sinful. It is essentially a peculiar form of temptation, and it is to be resisted as a temptation. Nor does this of necessity mean, as our Tract writers assert that it does, that we are to make the vain attempt of crushing it mechanically out of the soul, but that, regarding it not as a 'sacred agony' to be gloried in, but as a temptation to be resisted, we are to use all those means—and they are many—by which faith can be directly strengthened, and doubts therefore indirectly subdued. The weeds are to be acknowledged to be weeds, and are to be got rid of by draining and manuring and cultivating the soil—the exactly opposite treatment from that recommended by our writers to Priests and People.

Doubts then about God's truth being thus canonized by the writers of the 'Tracts,' we learn that it was Anselm's 'theory of satisfaction which led . . . to the notion of Christ being punished for our sins' (Tract iii. p. 6); and further that 'the difference between the inspiration of Isaiah and Shakespeare is not expressible in words' (i. 23); that 'the appeal to the hope of reward and the fear of punishment is not in Christ's Gospel' (i. 31); that 'the Scriptures do not contain the modern logical notion of a Revelation attested by miracles' (iv. 11); that 'the evidential definition of miracles is entirely absent from them.' (iv. 13); that 'the Scriptures do not place the acts of Christ in a class called supernatural,' and therefore that 'if one should . . . maintain that . . . through the advancing knowledge and power bestowed by the Creator upon the human race, men will be enabled, without supernatural agency, to do the very works which Christ did, no sentence could be quoted from Scripture to condemn the hypothesis' (iv. 1). We learn that 'we possess and use the same kind of advantages which the Apostles possessed and used in those mighty works

* Introduction to Sermon.

by which their Gospel was commended' (iv. 41); that 'missionaries like Dr. Livingstone . . . are only too readily taken for superhuman personages;' and that 'it is a most dangerous innovation to attempt to impose miracles, as if by Divine authority, upon the faith of man' (iv. 32). Nay, further: it is suggested to us, to ease our minds as to the miraculous interpositions which are recorded in the Bible, that, considering all things, their paucity rather than their presence is the marvel; for that 'in the time of our Lord even the most cultivated of mankind were victims of magic and sorcery and enchantments . . . that in Judea a peculiarly dark and irrational fanaticism prevailed . . . that our sacred books were not written by some well-known author, but were the legendary product of convictions and sentiments working in the popular mind' (iv. 40). But we have done. The intentions of the writers of the 'Tracts for Priests and People' are, no doubt, the best and purest; but we fear that, when the harbouring of religious doubts has become man's sacred duty; when the Creeds have been emptied of dogma; the doctrine of the Atonement brought very near to the Socinian level; the difference as to their inspiration between Shakespeare and Isaiah found not to be expressible in words, and miracles to be no longer supernatural; there will remain very little chance of defending the innermost citadel against assailants, though they be as weak as our writers agree with us in thinking the unhappy Essayists, the most remarkable feature of whose work, say the Tract writers, is 'its general intrinsic dulness and feebleness' (vii. 2).

We turn now to works of a very different character. So long as the heart of faith remains sound in any branch of the Church, the putting forth among its members of heretical views acts as some external violence does on the healthy body. It calls out its slumbering vitality to repair the wrong. In this way, so long as the general constitution is sound and healthful, the attempts of teachers of error are overruled, to the ultimate benefit of the Church. Truths which slept unpronounced in their unconscious possession become suddenly instinct with a new life. In the event Arius was, though the most unintentional, yet the greatest teacher of the Athanasian doctrine. The history of our own Church, true in the main everywhere to the great Catholic traditions, may supply us with many instances of this salutary reaction. Nothing, we believe, has more tended to diffuse throughout our communion sound views on the Sacrament of Baptism, than the attacks made upon the doctrine of the Church concerning it during the whole process of the Gorham controversy. So we believe it has been already, and will be still more, in the course of the discussions to which the publication of 'Essays and Reviews' has
given

given birth. The tendency of the human mind, in the individual and in that aggregate of individuals which makes up any community, is to be comparatively careless about truths which it holds without dispute or trouble. The attempt to steal away this possession first wakes up the possessor to its value, and, turning its maintenance into an active effort, gives consciousness and reality to what was before a mere instinctive habit.

The attack upon dogma amongst ourselves has awoken numbers to a sense of the value of dogmatic truth. It is worse than idle to represent this, as Mr. Maurice does, as the community in hatred of those who had differed from each other by being each the representative of different sides of the common truth. It is the agreement of men who have inherited jointly some vast treasure, and who in times of security have differed, it may be, something in their several estimates of the value of its various parts, to defend in a moment of danger the priceless deposit against the common robber. Their bond of union is not hatred of the assailant, but love for that which he assails. It is that which is so forcibly described in the sacred words 'striving *together* for the faith of the Gospel.' (Philipp. i. 27.)

There are two distinct modes which this defence may assume. It may act by a direct assault on the assailant in defence of the doctrine threatened, or it may proceed by the more positive course of maintaining the threatened truths, and so strengthening the whole system against attack.

Each course has its separate advantages. The first is more direct in its action upon the teachers of the special error to be refuted: it exposes their fallacies, and by so doing it damages their claims to authority, and destroys their arms of offence; and it is therefore surest to attract attention and to create immediate interest. There is far more of dramatic power about it. The refutation of error—often a somewhat dull matter in the abstract—is rendered exciting by the satisfied indignation with which the sense of justice sees the individual offenders pursued, brought to trial, and condemned. But against this is to be set the negative tendency of this treatment. To condemn error is not necessarily to maintain truth; and after the satisfaction of a righteous indignation against an offender there is not seldom a reactionary slumber, as if all had been accomplished by his chastisement, although the treasure for the sake of which he was pursued has not been itself recovered. The second mode, though far less exciting, is free from this evil. It proceeds by building up against the perversion or negation of error the positive truth, and so smites the robber of our faith only incidentally. But whilst it lacks much of the strong interest of the former method, it

it is, in the long run, the most valuable. The work is purely positive, and its interest is enduring. The mere barricade against an enemy may at the moment of attack be the defence of all we value, but when the assault is over it is worthless. But the opening of some great military road, though rendered needful at the time of its construction by some passing exigency of warfare, is of perpetual value, by opening what remains as a permanent approach to districts closed heretofore to all necessary intercommunication.

The 'Replies to Essays and Reviews,' to which the Bishop of Oxford has contributed a Preface, and the 'Aids to Faith,' of which the Bishop (Thomson) of Gloucester and Bristol is the Editor, are good examples of these two methods. The 'Aids to Faith,' as its title signifies, proposes, upon the matters which have come recently into question, to supply detailed statements of, and arguments for, positive truth, which may so inform the reader upon the whole question that he shall be himself a match for the setter-forth of old objections under new garbs, and see at once through the subtleties which would suggest difficulties, and insinuate the charge of impossibility against that which has been received from the beginning as the voice of God in the Revelation of His Truth.

The volume is, in our judgment, worthy of its occasion and its argument. It deals with the foundations of the faith upon all the great matters which have come into dispute; and though with various power and success, in almost every instance it deals with them in a mode well calculated to confirm the faith it is intended to secure. The work consists of nine Essays, dealing respectively with Miracles as Evidences of Christianity; with the Study of the Evidences of Christianity; with Prophecy; with Ideology and Subscription; with the Mosaic Record of Creation; the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch; Inspiration; the Death of Christ; and Scripture and its Interpretation.

There is less to object to or allow for than we should have thought possible in so many Essays on such high subjects, contributed by such different writers. In the second Essay, indeed, we think that the writer sometimes pushes too far the inferences which he draws from his leading principle, that Christianity is an historical religion. He sometimes, doubtless quite unintentionally, slides into language which would appear, in exalting the historical, to undervalue the internal evidence of our Faith. This has led him, in our judgment, to condemn too sweepingly what has been called the 'Evangelical' movement in our own Church. We have never been amongst those who have closed their eyes to the many evils which waited upon that really great awakening.

awakening. But we do not think that the first loss of theological knowledge amongst us is fairly to be traced to that source. It began earlier. It was the fruit, in great measure, of that wretched policy which, under the influence of Bishop Hoadley and his fellows, discouraged the promotion to the high places of the Church of sound and learned theologians, and thought it wiser to fill our great chairs with safe men, who would be obedient to the party which promoted them, whilst it discouraged divines of powerful minds, high attainments, and holy lives, who might have proved, in the evil days which followed, leaders alike to the clergy and to the laity. This policy led, as it always must lead, to an age of cold hearts, of worldly lives, and of doubting spirits; and in this dark time these evils had spread to a fearful extent amongst our clergy as well as our laity. The Evangelical movement was the awakening reaction of the great soul of the nation against this deathlike slumber. It had not long established itself amongst us, and had scarcely reached up to the high places of the land, when the preliminary throes of the great revolutionary earthquake began to make themselves felt; and it was not long before the full consequences of such a decay of faith were written broad before our eyes as in characters of fire in the convulsions of the neighbouring continent; and especially of France; in which from many causes the sleep had been the deepest.

The immediate work of the leaders of the new movement was, it is true, far more to awaken souls, and to guide those which were just awakening, than to be great in theological attainments. But they were not a set of ignorant men amongst men of learning, who fought for unlettered subjective religiousness against a school of well furnished theologians; they were men whose hearts were warmed by the great truths of the Gospel in the midst of an apathetic generation. The evil of exclusiveness, it is true, fell upon their party at a later period, when the followers of the first ranks narrowed all the faith to the comparatively small range of truths (mighty as those truths were) which their fathers had won, and refused to share in the increasing breadth of view which was dawning on the awakened Church. We are bound, therefore, to admit that the indignation which some statements of this Essay have aroused in those who represent the party to whose doors he seeks to lay this great reproach, is not unnatural. We cannot wonder at the aggrieved feelings with which those who know the depth and truthfulness of that hold upon the doctrine of the Atonement and the influences of the Holy Spirit, which was the sheet-anchor of the early Evangelical movement, have seen their fathers in the Christian strife here at home described as co-operating in any sense whatever with the authors of that German movement,
which

which brought it to pass among our foreign brethren that 'religion was regarded as an affair of sentiment.'—(p. 60.)

Closely connected with this vein of thought is another tendency which may perhaps, as we have hinted, be traced here and there in this Essay—we mean a depreciation of the full weight of Authority, and of internal evidence, in the exaltation of the importance of that which is external. We quite agree with the writer, that to abandon the historical and external evidence for the truth of our faith would be alike foolish and fatal. But, in establishing this, we cannot venture to assert 'that the Gospel certainly never made its way by first recommending itself to the conscious wants and wishes of mankind' (p. 63). It is true, indeed, as the Essayist says, that 'it was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness' (p. 63); but that was because in them its accents were drowned by the storm of their prejudices; but wherever it broke upon an ear prepared to receive it, its voice awoke at once in the listener's heart a burst of unutterable joy. We think, too, that he has stated with a breadth which might lead to a misapprehension of what we doubt not is his true meaning, the proposition that 'the minds of many among the humbler classes in Christian lands base their faith upon rational evidence' (p. 70). We cannot doubt that he would readily admit that the Gospel has spread through its divine power of meeting 'the conscious wants and wishes of mankind,' and that to the mass of the people in Christian lands it must always be propounded by authority and received by the action of a faithful obedience. When St. Paul preached the Gospel at Athens, declaring to her philosophers the Unknown God after whom, in their ignorance, they were so passionately reaching forth, he appealed to their 'conscious wants' and inarticulate 'wishes;' and when the Moravian brethren preached to the poor Greenlanders the doctrine of the Atonement through the Cross, and found those dull hearts melt beneath the heavenly warmth, the process in such different materials was exactly the same. Surely it is to such an inward answering to those conscious wants in the listeners' heart of hearts, which had long been craving in their dumb misery for some deliverer, and not to teaching them the evidences, that St. Paul refers when he speaks of 'commending himself to every man's conscience in the fear of God.' (2 Cor. iv. 2.) Nor amidst the hundred thousand cottages of England in which the souls of the rustic inhabitants have received the truth and been so enlightened by it as to do patiently their duty here and to know the calm peacefulness of a believer's death-bed at last—can we conceive that their hopes rested upon their having 'felt the

the force of evidence,' though they 'never consciously framed a syllogism' (p. 69); but upon the fact that the Gospel of our Lord, propounded to them on the authority of the Church into which they had been baptized, did meet all 'the wants and wishes of their own souls.'

Of course, the Gospel ever had a whole system of external evidence on which to fall back. There were, its history, its miracles, its fulfilled prophecies—all ready to satisfy the most intelligent inquirers. But these were not its instruments of conversion—these were not the arms with which it subdued the world. They were the great Reserve of Truth on which the Evangelist could fall back, and which distinguished the present victory which the announcement of the glad tidings had won in the souls whose conscious wants it met, from the mere passing triumph of a groundless enthusiasm.

The truth is—and it is this we think which Bishop Fitzgerald has somewhat failed to notice—that whilst the great value of external evidence is in the battle with the world and the unbeliever, internal evidences are the strength of the Gospel for the listener and the faithful. Even miracles themselves were not, properly speaking, instruments of conversion to those before whose eyes they were wrought; they did but call attention to the message which was the instrument of conversion, and the strength of that message lay in its marvellous answer to all 'the conscious wants and wishes of the hearts' of fallen men.

With this qualification, then, we can heartily commend this volume as one valuable product, at the least, of this sad and wearisome strife. Bishop Thomson's own essay, especially in its closing pages, rises often to the height of his great argument; and there are some quite excellent passages both in Mr. Cook's handling of ideology and subscription, and in Mr. Rawlinson's 'Proof of the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch.'

But, besides these, there are two essays which rise amongst their fellows as the loftiest peaks of some mountain range where all are giants. These two Essays—Professor Mansel's and Dean Ellcott's—seem to us to satisfy every reasonable requirement, and successfully to fulfil their own high design. Mr. Mansel deals with 'Miracles as Evidences of Christianity,' and his treatise dispels, like the sun upon the mountain-side, the mists and confusions with which the subtleties of doubt and error have sought to invest this most important question. It is hardly possible to give a fair sample of his mode of treating the question, because the terse conciseness of his style and the close texture of his argument will not bear compression.

But

But we must make the attempt. We will take the point where, having shown that it is impossible to believe at all in Christ if we disbelieve the truth of His miracles—for that from the mode in which He refers to them any natural explanation of them deals the death-blow to the moral character of the teacher no less than to the sensible evidence of His mission—having demolished the plausible objection that ‘no testimony can reach to the supernatural, because testimony can apply only to apparent sensible facts’ (*‘Essays and Reviews,’* p. 107), by showing that this applies only to the testimony of the observer and not of the performer of the act; having shown how entirely the improbability of miracles may be removed by the moral circumstances which may call for them and transform them from ‘uncouth prodigies of the kingdom of Nature into the fitting splendours of the kingdom of Grace;’ having exposed the old fallacy of treating miracles as an infraction of the laws of Nature, by showing what such a violation would really be—namely, the obtaining in two cases different resulting facts from the same antecedent causes; whereas the believer in miracles avers not this, but that there is the special intervention of a personal agent to prevent, in this particular instance, the action of these causes; he thus replies to the seemingly learned objection:—

‘In an age of physical research like the present all highly-cultivated minds and duly-advanced intellects have imbibed, more or less, the lessons of the inductive philosophy, and have at least in some measure learned to appreciate the grand foundation conception of universal law—to recognise the impossibility even of *any two material atoms* subsisting together without a determinate relation—of any action of the one or the other, whether of equilibrium or of motion, without reference to a physical cause—of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following in some necessary chain of orderly connexion, however imperfectly known to us.

‘This operation of “a series of eternally-impressed consequences” could hardly be described more graphically or forcibly than in the following words of a great German philosopher:—“Let us imagine, for instance, this grain of sand lying some few feet further inland than it actually does. Then must the storm-wind that drove it in from the sea-shore have been stronger than it actually was. Then must the preceding state of the atmosphere, by which this wind was occasioned and its degree of strength determined, have been different from what it actually was; and the previous changes which gave rise to this particular weather; and so on. We must suppose a different temperature from that which really existed, and a different constitution of the bodies which influenced this temperature. The fertility or barrenness

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of countries, the duration of the life of man, depend, unquestionably, in a great degree on temperature. How can you know—since it is not given us to penetrate the arcana of nature, and it is therefore allowable to speak of possibilities—how can you know that in such a state of weather as we have been supposing, in order to carry this grain of sand a few yards further, some ancestor of yours might not have perished from hunger, or cold, or heat long before the birth of that son from whom you are descended; that thus you might never have been at all; and all that you have ever done, and all that you ever hope to do in this world, must have been hindered in order that a grain of sand might lie in a different place?”

‘Without attempting to criticise the argument as thus eloquently stated, let us make one alteration in the circumstances supposed—an alteration necessary to make it relevant to the present question. Let us suppose that the grain of sand, instead of being carried to its present position by wind, has been placed there by a man. The most rigid prevalence of law, and necessary sequence among purely material phenomena, may be admitted without apprehension by the firmest believer in miracles so long as that sequence is so interpreted as to leave room for a power indispensable to all moral obligation and to all religious belief—the power of Free Will in man. Deny the existence of a free will in man, and neither the possibility of miracles, nor any other question of religion or morality, is worth contending about. Admit the existence of a free will in man, and we have the experience of a power analogous, however inferior, to that which is supposed to operate in the production of a miracle, and forming the basis of a legitimate argument from the less to the greater. In the will of man we have the solitary instance of an efficient cause in the highest sense of the term, acting among and along with the physical causes of the material world, and producing results which would not have been brought about by any invariable sequence of physical causes left to their own action. We have evidence also of an *elasticity*, so to speak, in the constitution of nature which permits the influence of human power on the phenomena of the world to be exercised or suspended at will without affecting the stability of the whole. We have thus a precedent for allowing the possibility of a similar interference of a higher will on a grander scale, provided for by a similar elasticity of the matter subjected to its influence. Such interferences, whether produced by human or by superhuman will, are not contrary to the laws of matter; but neither are they the results of those laws. They are the work of an agent who is independent of the laws, and who, therefore, neither obeys them nor disobeys them.

‘Substitute the will of God for the will of man, and the argument, which in the above instance is limited to the narrow sphere within which man’s power can be exercised, becomes applicable to the whole extent of creation, and to all the phenomena which it embraces.

‘The fundamental conception which is indispensable to a true apprehension of the nature of a miracle, is that of the distinction of mind from matter, and of the power of the former, as a personal, conscious,

scious, and free agent, to influence the phenomena of the latter. We are conscious of this power in ourselves; we experience it in our every-day life; but we experience also its restriction within certain narrow limits, the principal one being, that man's influence upon foreign bodies is only possible through the instrumentality of his own body. Beyond these limits is the region of the miraculous. In at least the great majority of the miracles recorded in Scripture the supernatural element appears, not in the relation of matter to matter, but in that of matter to mind—in the exercise of a personal power transcending the limits of man's will. They are not so much *supernatural* as *superhuman*. Miracles, as evidences of religion, are connected with a teacher of that religion; and their evidential character consists in the witness which they bear to him as "a man approved of God by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him." He may make use of natural agents, acting by their own laws, or he may not: on this question various conjectures may be hazarded, more or less plausible. The miracle consists in his making use of them, so far as he does so, under circumstances which no human skill could bring about.*

We know not where to find a finer specimen of close reasoning and happy illustration than all this; but well nigh every page of this essay would furnish others like it, nor could we exhaust them without transferring the whole bodily to our pages.

Dean Ellicott's contribution, whilst differing in almost every characteristic of style, treatment, and illustration from Mr. Mansel's, is marked by equal excellence. There is a completeness in his treatment of the objections of the gainsayer which could be obtained only by a fulness of admission of all that is to be urged against the truth, which at first sight is sometimes positively alarming. This element of his strength is well exhibited in the manner in which he deals with the favourite objection that Holy Scripture is not treated as other books are, that different interpretations of the same passage are equally admitted until all reality of meaning is destroyed. Here, having first proved that there 'has been from the first a substantive agreement, not only in the mode of interpreting Scripture, but in many of its most important details' (p. 389), he proceeds to admit 'frankly the existence of diversity of interpretation,' and then asks, 'How can we in the same breath assert prevailing unity and yet admit diversity? How do we account for a state of things which in Sophocles or Plato would be pronounced incredible or absurd?' At first sight we might almost suppose that we had got hold of one of Professor Jowett's insinuations of the fallaciousness of the Scriptures; but mark the fulness of the

* * *Aids to Faith*, pp. 17, 19, 20.

answer, and the wisdom as well as the safety of the most complete admission of everything the adversary can claim will be at once apparent. 'Our answer,' continues the Dean, 'is of a threefold nature. We account for this by observing: *first*, that the Bible is different from every other book in the world, and that its interpretation may well be supposed to involve many difficulties and diversities; *secondly*, that the words of Scripture in many parts have more than one meaning and application; *thirdly*, that Scripture is inspired, and that, though written by man, it is a revelation from God, and adumbrates His eternal plenitudes and perfections.'

Each of which pregnant propositions of refutation he expands into a crushing demolition of the whole system of the objectors. Nor does this fulness in admitting all that is to be said against his argument ever degenerate with Dean Ellicott into a mawkish tenderness for the enemies of truth. So far is this from being the case, that perhaps the severest treatment of their offences against honesty is to be found in his pages. The following passage well illustrates both of these peculiarities. He is enforcing his third proposition, that Scripture is divinely inspired, and proceeds (p. 403), 'In the outset let it be said that we heartily concur with the majority of our opponents in rejecting all theories of inspiration, and in sweeping aside all those distinctions and definitions which in too many cases have been merely called forth by emergencies, and drawn up for no other purpose than to meet real and supposed difficulties. Hence all such terms as "mechanical" and "dynamical" inspiration, and all the theories which have grown round these epithets, &c. &c. . . . may be most profitably dismissed from our thoughts. . . . The Holy Volume itself shall explain to us the nature of that influence by which it is pervaded and quickened. Thus far we are perfectly in accord with our opponents. . . . Here, however, all agreement completely ceases. . . . Let us observe that nothing can really be less tenable than the assertion that there is no foundation in the Gospels or Epistles for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration'. . . which assertion—one of those well denominated in the words of Dr. Moberly 'random scatterings of uneasiness,'*—is then contradicted by a whole pageful of direct quotations summed up with the telling conclusion, 'We pause, not from lack of further statements, but from the feeling that quite enough has been said to lead any fair reader to pronounce the assertion of there being "no foundation" in the Gospels or Epistles for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration contrary to

* Preface to 'Sermons on the Beatitudes,' p. 11.

evidence,

evidence, and perhaps even to admit that such assertions *where ignorance cannot be pleaded in extenuation* are not to be deemed consistent with fair and creditable argument' (p. 407). And again — 'We are told that the term "inspiration" is but of yesterday . . . and that the question was not determined by Fathers of the Church' (p. 408) . . . when again succeeds a pageful of crushing quotations calmly summed up by the declaration, 'Again we pause. We could continue such quotations almost indefinitely; we could put our fingers positively on hundreds of such passages in the writings of the Fathers of the first five or six centuries; we could quote the language of early councils; we could point to the plain testimony of early controversies, each side claiming Scripture to be that from which there could be no appeal; we could even call in heretics, and prove, from their own defences of their own tenets, from their own admissions, and their own assumptions, that the inspiration of Scripture was of all subjects one that was conceived thoroughly settled and agreed upon.'

We hardly know where to point to a better specimen of controversial writing than this. For fairness of admission, for completeness of reply, and for a just severity in censure, it is thoroughly admirable. Nor are these the writer's only merits; there are occasions when, abandoning this sterner severity, he treats his adversaries with a quiet humour which sometimes tells more than even the most solemn logic. Thus in expounding the first of his five rules for interpreting Scripture, which he paraphrases thus: 'Ascertain first what is the ordinary lexical meaning of the individual words; and next, what, according to the ordinary rules of syntax, is the first and simplest meaning of the sentence which they make up' (p. 427),—'a threadbare rule,' which he tells us 'it must be clear to every quiet observer that there is a strong desire' evinced in many quarters to evade and

'Rectify, by the aid of our own "verifying faculty," the imperfect utterance of the words of which it is assumed we have caught the real and intended meaning! No mode of interpretation is more completely fascinating than this intuitional method, none that is more thoroughly welcome to the excessive self-sufficiency in regard to Scriptural interpretation, of which we are now having so much clear and so much melancholy evidence. To sit calmly in our studies, to give force and meaning to the faltering utterances of inspired men, to correct the tottering logic of an Apostle, to clear up the misconceptions of an Evangelist—and to do this without dust and toil, without expositors and without versions—without anxieties about the meanings of particles, or humiliations at discoveries of lacking scholarship—to do all this thus easily and serenely, is the temptation held out; and the

the weak, the vain, the ignorant, and the prejudiced are clearly proving unable to resist it.*

The five rules themselves, worked out in a detail of the greatest power and interest, with a refreshing abundance of texts rightly quoted, and subjected to a really scholarlike process of investigation, are so simple and complete that we print them as golden canons for all who would study the Scriptures aright. They are these: '1. Ascertain as clearly as it may be possible the literal and grammatical meaning of the words. 2. Illustrate wherever possible by reference to history, topography, and antiquities. 3. Develop and enunciate the meaning under the limitations assigned by the context; or, in other words, interpret contextually. 4. In every passage elicit the full significance of all details.' Which four he gathers up into this one: 'Interpret grammatically, historically, contextually, and minutely.' From which he ascends through the two minor suggestions—'Let the writer interpret himself,' and 'Where possible let Scripture interpret itself;' or, in other words, 'Interpret according to the analogy of Scripture,'—to his fifth rule, 'Interpret according to the analogy of Faith.' We would gladly give instances of the application of each of these rules, but we must content ourselves with one by way of example. It seems to us to rise to the best of those observations of undesigned coincidences which have given such an undying value to the '*Horæ Paulinæ*' of Archdeacon Paley. He is showing the way in which the sense of the Gospels is brought out by a faithful use of his fourth rule of 'eliciting the full significance of all details' (p. 436):—

'Of what importance, historically considered, is the simple addition of the word *ἱερουσαλὴμ* in Luke v. 17, as showing the quarter whence the spies came, and marking, throughout this portion of the narrative, that most of the charges and machinations came, not from natives of Galilee, but from emissaries from a hostile centre! What a picture does the *ἦν προάγων αὐτοῦς* of Mark x. 32, present to us of the Lord's bearing and attitude in this His last journey, and how fully it explains the *ἔθαμβοῦντο* which follows! How expressive is the single word *καθήμεναι* (Matt. xxvii. 61) in the narrative of the Lord's burial, as depicting the stupefying grief that left others to do what the sitters-by might in part have shared in! How full of wondrous significance is the notice of the state of the abandoned grave-clothes in the rock-hewn sepulchre (John xx. 7)! What mystery is there in the recorded position and attitude of the heavenly watchers (ver. 12)! What a real force there is in the simple numeral in the record of the *two* mites which the widow cast into the treasury! She might have given one (in spite of what Schoettgen says to the contrary); she gave her all.

* 'Aids to Faith,' p. 428.

How the frightful *ἔα* of the demoniac (Luke iv. 34) tells almost pictorially of the horror and recoil which was felt by the spirits of darkness when they came in proximity to our Saviour (compare Matt. viii. 29; Mark i. 23, v. 7; Luke viii. 28); and what light and interest it throws upon the *καὶ ἰδὼν κ. τ. λ.* of Mark ix. 20, in the case of the demoniac boy! Again, of what real importance is the simple *πορεύθεις* both in 1 Peter, iii. 19 and 22! How it hints at a literal and local descent in one case, and how it enables us to cite an Apostle as attesting the literal and local ascent in the other! When we combine the latter with the *ἀνέβη* of Luke xxiv. 51 (a passage undoubtedly genuine), and pause to mark the tense, can we share in any of the modern difficulties that have been felt about the actual, and so to say material, nature of the heavenly mystery of the Lord's Ascension?*

We must indulge in one more quotation, in order to show a wholly different vein of thought. How well does the deep philosophic tone of the following remarks kindle at its close into eloquent grandeur!—

‘In the case of unfulfilled prophecy, especially, the temptation to indulge in unauthorized speculation is often excessive. Uneducated and undisciplined minds are completely carried away by it, and even the more devout and self-restrained frequently give themselves up to sad extravagances in this form of the application of God's Word. The result is, only too often, that better-educated and more logical minds, in recoiling from what they justly deem unlicensed and preposterous, pass over too much into the other extreme, and deem Prophecy in every form as a subject far too doubtful and debatable ever to fall within the province of Scripture application. It is, we fear, by no means too much to say, that a great part of the present melancholy scepticism as to Messianic prophecy is due to the almost indignant reaction which has been brought about by the excesses of apocalyptic interpretation. The utmost caution, then, is justly called for: nay, it perhaps would be well if unfulfilled prophecy were never to be applied to any other purposes than those of general encouragement and consolation. We may often be thus made to feel that we are in the midst of a providential dispensation—that though our eyes may be holden as to the relations of contemporaneous events to the future, whether of the Church or of the world, we may yet descry certain bold and broad outlines, certain tendencies and developments, which make us wend our way onward, thoughtfully and circumspectly—wayfarers, who gaze with ever-deepening interest on the contour of the distant hills, even though we cannot clearly distinguish the clustered details of the nearer and separating plain.†

We turn to the next volume on our catalogue, constructed in the main on the same principle of different writers of high repu-

* ‘Aids to Faith,’ pp. 436-437.

† Ibid., pp. 448-449.

tation undertaking to furnish replies to difficulties raised by the Essayists. For though this volume takes more distinctly the form of replies to the Essays, yet, as it is explained by the Bishop of Oxford in his preface, its purpose is 'not so much to reply directly to error as to establish truth, and so to remove the foundations on which error rests' (Pref. p. iii.). This preface is brief and purely introductory, but it contains a sketch of the whole controversy; and there is one suggestion in it of such gravity that we must place it in the writer's own words before our readers. After having given his reasons for considering it a short-sighted explanation which saw in this movement nothing more than a reaction from some extreme views which have disfigured the great re-awakening of the Church of England, he adds (Pref. v.), 'The movement of the human mind has been far too wide spread, and connects itself with far too general conditions, to be capable of so narrow a solution. Much more true is the explanation which sees in it the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist. For these difficulties gather their strength from a spirit of lawless rejection of all authority, from a class of claims for the unassisted human intellect to be able to discover, measure, and explain all things.' If this view be true, and we believe that it is, it invests this whole controversy with an almost fearful importance. It is not the paltry and often answered objections of the Essayists with which we have to deal: they are but the preliminary drops which tell of the coming storm. Rather have we to call upon men to prepare for that last and mighty tempest which shall precede the blessed restoration; for 'the hail and fire mingled with the hail very grievous;' that they who 'fear the word of the Lord may make their servants and their cattle flee into the houses.'

There is throughout this volume a close and distinct dealing with the Essayists themselves, which the more general purpose of the last made impossible. And here accordingly, as in every other case where these writers have been met by men at once thoroughly honest and learned, there is the complaint which at the first we raised of the constant recurrence of that which it is impossible to account for, except on the supposition either of extraordinary shallowness or of moral defects, which it is far more painful to predicate of any man than mere intellectual feebleness or even than discreditable ignorance. Thus, by way of example, Mr. Rose ('Replies,' &c. p. 66) charges Dr. R. Williams with 'discussing the truth and the interpretation of Scripture in a manner which must leave an impression on the minds of those who have not leisure or opportunity to study deeply such

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questions,

questions, that their faith is founded on ignorance or misapprehension; and thus a general spirit of scepticism is likely to be promoted.' Mr. Rose proceeds further to distinctly charge the writer with endeavouring to create this impression by having recourse to (ibid.) 'a series of misrepresentations of the most unfair and one-sided character.' With the chief of these he goes on to deal, showing that what Dr. Williams asserts 'concerning the state of opinion as to the Scriptures amongst the learned men of Germany is utterly at variance with fact' (p. 67). Next, that his statements concerning 'the interpretation of prophecy in our country' and many particular passages of Scripture 'are great misrepresentations.' In how complete a manner he establishes his charges we may most conveniently show our readers by quoting one single passage which occurs under the second of these heads:—

"Bishop Chandler is said to have thought." Surely this phrase is strange in regard to a book so well known as Chandler's "Answers to Collins"! Why should not Dr. Williams have taken the trouble to ascertain what Bishop Chandler does say, before he made so loose a statement?

'We shall simply place Bishop Chandler's own words in apposition with Dr. Williams's own report of them:—

'DR. WILLIAMS.

"Bishop Chandler is said to have thought twelve passages in the Old Testament directly Messianic."

'BISHOP CHANDLER.

"But not to rest in generals, let the disquisition of particular texts determine the truth of this author's assertion. To name them all would carry me into too great length. I shall therefore select some of the principal prophecies, which being proved to regard the Messiah immediately and solely, in the obvious and literal sense according to scholastic rules, may serve as a specimen of what the Scriptures have predicted of a Messiah that was to come."

'It seems very clear that Dr. Williams knows even less of Bishop Chandler than he appears to know of Bishop Butler. But before we pass on to Bishop Butler, let me ask those who read this Essay what faith they can put in any statements it contains after reading these words? The allusion to Paley is even worse. Paley was not writing a book on prophecy, but in treating of the evidences of Christianity he contents himself with quoting only one prophecy, and assigns his reason for limiting his quotation to that one, viz., "as well because I think it the clearest and strongest of all, as because most of the rest, in order that their value might be represented with any tolerable degree of fidelity, require a discussion unsuitable to the limits and nature of this work." He then refers with approbation to Bishop Chandler's

Chandler's dissertations, and asks the infidel to try the experiment whether he could find any other eminent person to the history of whose life so many circumstances can be made to apply. It is not that he "ventures to quote" only this as if he were afraid to meet the question, but he actually refers to the book where these questions, which lie out of his own path, are specially treated. And now, what becomes of the list of prophecies, "fine by degrees and beautifully less" as years roll on, which Dr. Williams would persuade his readers have been given up till a grave divine "ventured to quote" only one? The subject is really too sacred, too solemn, to be treated in a manner like this. On any subject such misrepresentation would be very discreditable, but in treating of the evidence for the truth of Holy Scripture it becomes positively criminal.

'But if Paley and Bishop Chandler are thus misrepresented, what shall we say to the insinuation about Bishop Butler? Instead of Bishop Butler having turned aside from a future prospect of probable interpretations, he distinctly grapples with those that have been made on this principle, and denies that they have any weight. So that in the representation of Bishop Chandler, Dr. Paley, and Bishop Butler, the author of this Essay may be said to have misrepresented every one of them, and to have interwoven his misrepresentations together into a statement which it would be difficult to parallel for its contempt of truth.'

We know not when any reputable divine of the Church of England has received, still less has justified, such charges of direct falsification of facts as are fixed here upon the Essayists in straightforward words.

Not different in fact, though more gently framed, is Mr. Hadden's complaint against the Rector of Lincoln, that he has been 'tempted' by 'the Dalilah of a neat historical formula to sacrifice Laud and his school to an antithesis' ('Replies,' i. 390); a delicate suggestion of historical inaccuracy, which is expanded into five pages of crushing proof that 'the Caroline divines were so far from assuming either of the suppositions' imputed to them by the Rector 'that *they unhesitatingly deny both*.'

But of all the replies no answer falls so heavily as to the charge of want of accuracy in stating facts as the blow of Dr. C. Wordsworth (that of a very *hæreticorum malleus*) on Professor Jowett. Having shown ('Replies,' p. 427, &c.) the entire want of foundation for the extraordinary assertions with regard to 'our own Scriptural literature,' which the Professor has 'hazarded,' and proved 'that his statements concerning the condition of Biblical interpretation in Germany are not more accurate;' after having dwelt on the strange ignorance or misrepresentation (first noted, we believe, in our own pages)* with which, in his eager

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cix., p. 298.

desire to prove that Prophecy has failed, he pretends to quote as a falsified prediction of Amos the 'message of Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, in which he falsely attributes to Amos words he had not spoken' ('Replies,' p. 435); and having shown that in all his laboured catalogue of Scripture errors the Professor has shown an inaccuracy near akin to this, Dr. Wordsworth proceeds to examine Mr. Jowett's general statements touching the great question of inspiration; and amongst other similar mis-statements he fixes the following upon him:—

'The Reformers also are cited by the Essayist as favouring his own opinions. "The word (inspiration)," he says, "is but of yesterday, not found in the earlier confessions of the reformed faith."

'The writer lays a heavy tax on the credulity of his readers—"The word inspiration is but of yesterday!" Have we not the word "*inspiration*" in our own authorised version of the Bible, and has it not stood there for two hundred and fifty years? Is not the word *inspiration* to be found in that place in the Genevan version of 1557, and in Cranmer's version of 1539, and in Tyndale's version of 1534? Is it not as old as St. Cyprian, who wrote in the third century? Does he not say that the Apostles teach us what they learnt from the precepts of the Lord, being full of the grace of the *inspiration* of their Lord? Does not Origen say that "the Holy Ghost *inspired* every one of the holy Prophets and Apostles in the Old and New Testaments"? Nay, is not the word used by St. Justin Martyr in the second century, who says that the Prophets taught us by *Divine inspiration*? Does not St. Irenæus, the scholar of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, say that the Prophets received Divine inspiration, and does not all Christian antiquity testify that the Scriptures are θεόπνευστοι, given by *inspiration* of God? And if the ancient Fathers witnessed to the *thing*, why should we dispute about the *word*?

'With regard also to the *Reformers*, it is equally certain that they asserted the inspiration of Scripture in the strongest terms in their public confessions of faith. Let the Essayist be requested to look again at the "earlier confessions of the reformed faith."

'The Bohemian Confession of 1535 thus begins: "First of all, we all receive with unanimous consent the Holy Scriptures which are contained in the Bible, and were received by our fathers, and accounted canonical, as immovably true and most certain, and to be preferred in all things to *all other books*, as sacred books ought to be preferred to profane, and divine books to human; and to be believed with sincerity and simplicity of mind; and that they were delivered and inspired by God Himself, as Peter and Paul and others do affirm."

Having shown that with this agreed the Helvetic Confession of 1536, the Gallican of 1561, the Scottish and the Belgic, and having quoted the doctrine of the old Lutheran divines, at least from the end of the sixteenth century, in these words:—'*Inspiration* is the act

act by which God communicated supernaturally to the mind of the writers of Scripture not only the ideas of the things which they were to write, but also the conceptions of the words by which they were to be expressed. The true author of the Holy Scripture is God,'—he sums up his argument in these words:—

'Can any language be more explicit? And yet the Essayist suggests that the Reformers laid little stress on the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible. What else is the meaning of his language, "The word" inspiration "is but of yesterday, not found in the earlier Confessions of the reformed faith"—taken in connexion with his assertion that Scripture is to be interpreted like "any other book;" and that "the question of inspiration is one with which the interpreter of Scripture has nothing to do"? Is he ready to adopt the language of those confessions to which he appeals? If he is not, why did he refer to them? If he is, must he not retract almost all that he has said in this *Essay* on the subject of inspiration?'

Surely as a matter of mere literary discredit this can scarcely be exceeded; and yet there is one element of literary shame behind, which we must say that Dr. Wordsworth fixes on Professor Jowett; for he shows, so far as it is possible to establish such an unacknowledged appropriation of other men's writings, that in all this the Professor does not deserve even the poor praise of originating error, but is content, if he can but sow the seeds of sceptical doubtfulness, to stoop to be a plagiarist also. Dr. Wordsworth first points out what we ourselves noted at the outset of this controversy, that it is not the power, or the originality, or the clearness of these writers which has given importance to their volume, for that it signally lacks every one of these qualities, but that it has owed its notoriety to the one fact that the authors of its sceptical lucubrations were not avowed unbelievers, but (all save one) clergymen of the Church of England. 'When,' he says, 'six persons dressed in academic hoods, cassocks, and surplices come forth and preach scepticism, they do more mischief than six hundred sceptics clad in their own clothes. They wear the uniform of the Church, and are mingled in her ranks, and fight against her, and therefore they may well say,—

"*Vadimus immixti Danais, haud numine nostro,
Multaque per cæcam congressi prælia noctem
Conserimus, multos Danaûm demittimus Orco*"

('Replies,' p. 430); and then he offers one 'general remark' on these allegations:—

'They are not original. The allegation just quoted may serve as a specimen. It is only a *repetition* of an objection which appeared ten years ago in a sceptical book (which, because it was not written by a clergyman, fell still-born from the press) called "The Creed of Christendom."

Christendom." . . . Let us place the passages from the two volumes side by side:—

"CREED OF CHRISTENDOM," p. 55.

"It is now clearly ascertained and generally admitted amongst critics that several of the most remarkable prophecies were never fulfilled at all, or only very partially and loosely fulfilled. Among these may be specified the denunciation of *Jeremiah* (xxii. 18, 19; xxxvi. 30) against Jehoiakim, as may be seen by comparing 2 Kings xxiv. 6; and the denunciation of *Amos* against Jeroboam (vii. 11), as may be seen by comparing 2 Kings xiv. 23-29."

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS,"

pp. 342, 343.

"The failure of a prophecy is never admitted, in spite of Scripture and history (Jer. xxxvi. 30; Isaiah xxiii.; Amos vii. 10, 17)."

I will not affirm that the Essayist copied from the Sceptic, but the coincidence is certainly remarkable.

'How,' asks Dr. Wordsworth, 'are we to account for such blunders?'

'Our answer is, We have seen that the sceptical writer to whom we have referred quotes precisely the same prophecy of Amos, and asserts that it failed. It seems most probable that our Essayist borrowed his examples of supposed failure from that or some other similar work, but did not stop to examine them.'

This is severe, but, we are forced to add, it is most just criticism. It is for the sake of the highest truth, and not for what, if it were not thus made necessary, would be mere cruelty, that the great literary professions of our new sceptics are thus rudely plucked from them; and, inspired by this love of truth, Dr. Wordsworth is, indeed, without pity, both in the exposures we have already quoted, and when he resolves the dolorous dirge of the first six pages of the Professor's Essay into 'the effeminate effusions of a maudlin sentimentalism' ('Replies,' p. 411), and drily hints at the depth of his German erudition in the words '*Lachman*, as the Essayist calls him, p. 352, and again *Meier*, as our author writes his name, p. 339' (p. 414).

But Dr. Wordsworth is not content with the annihilation of his opponent. Though he refers to another of his publications* for 'establishing the truth,' his present Essay is full of valuable suggestions on this most important point; and for these and for his proofs that the calm sagacity of Lord Bacon and the impartial majesty of Bishop Butler's philosophy had preceded him in some

* 'Lectures on the Inspiration and on the Interpretation of the Bible, delivered at Westminster Abbey.' Rivingtons, 1861.

of them, we gladly refer our readers to his pages. There is another Essay in this volume, on which we heartily wish that our limits would allow us to dwell as its carefulness, its breadth, and its power deserve. It is that in which, not as a counter-essay to Mr. Wilson's, but rather as a thorough discussion of the great subject, Dr. Irons examines the whole question of a National Church. But for this we must refer our readers to the volume itself, assuring them that they will find that Essay well worthy of the most careful study.

Here we are compelled, by lack of room for dwelling further on it, to quit what we may term the literature of this controversy, or there are other works which we would gladly examine, particularly Lord Lindsay's new volume, in which he traces the retrogressive character of Scepticism, and contrasts it with the stable and progressive character of the Church of England, with all his usual depth of thought; the Rev. A. T. Russell's 'Letter to the Bishop of Oxford,' a vigorous and original volume; Mr. Burgon's essay 'On Inspiration;' and 'Seven Answers to the Seven Essayists,' by the Rev. T. N. Griffin, to which an Introduction has been contributed by an ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Right Honourable Joseph Napier. A very few words of his, indeed, we must quote, because they add to Dr. Wordsworth's heavy charges against the Essayists, the solemn confirmation of one not himself a divine, but whose naturally great faculties have been trained throughout the professional career which seated him on one of the highest eminences of the law to the calm and dispassionate weighing of evidence. Thus he speaks:—

'It is well worthy of observation that, throughout the volume of "Essays and Reviews," there is not a new objection to be found; its scepticism is second-hand, if not stale. . . . To reproduce in an English dress the exhausted sophistry of Continental sceptics, and bring out in a modern style the old exploded fallacies of our own native Deists, to ignore the detection of the sophistry, and to disparage the authority of those who have answered and exposed the fallacies—these are perverted efforts, of which we may say "an enemy hath done this."'

This charge of repeating as original, and without a hint of their staleness, the already refuted objections of others which we at first brought against these writers, is strikingly confirmed by every subsequent examination we have made as to the sources of their inspirations. Dr. Goulburn has already suggested that Dr. Temple's slight and somewhat wearisome introductory Essay cannot claim the merit of originality. He has pointed out more than one passage in the writings of Lessing with a most
suspicious

suspicious and fatherly resemblance to the colossal man of the Head Master of Rugby. We need not tell those of our readers who are acquainted with German literature that Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who was born in 1729, was one of those early Deists who, by the doubts they sowed, prepared Germany for all the long sufferings which she has since endured.

Michelet ('Hist. de France,' ii. 380, ed. Paris, 1852) says, as to the doctrine of certain people in the thirteenth century, that the reign of God the Son was at an end, and the reign of the Holy Ghost was at hand—'C'est sous quelque rapport l'idée de Lessing sur l'éducation du genre humain.' Lessing himself alludes to those thirteenth-century people. In his pages we find the following:—

'That which education is to the individual, revelation is to the race. Education is revelation coming to the individual man; and revelation is education which has come and is yet coming to the human race. . . . Education gives to man nothing which he might not educe out of himself; it gives him that which he might educe out of himself, only quicker and more easily. In the same way, too, revelation gives nothing to the human species which the human reason, if left to itself, might not attain; it only has given, and still gives to it the most important of these things earlier' * [than man could of himself reach them].†

We leave our readers to conclude for themselves how far this disposes of Dr. Temple's claim to originality, and what is the true sequence of the theory which pervades his Essay.

But whilst we admit that Dr. Goulburn seems to have traced some of Dr. Temple's Essay to the pages of Lessing, we are inclined ourselves to believe that as a whole it was copied more immediately from the writings of Hegel. The whole idea of the Essay seems to us to be borrowed from his 'Philosophy of History'; whilst in many particular passages the identity of expression is so great that Dr. Temple may almost be thought to have translated into English, with due regard for our lack of metaphysical genius, the enlarged speculations of the German philosopher. We will ask our readers to cast their eyes from one to the other of the passages which we print side by side, and decide for themselves if the similarity between them can by

* 'Replies,' pp. 45, 46, 47.

† 'Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts,' occupying pp. 308-329 in vol. x. of Lessing's Works, Lachmann's ed., Berlin, 1839. This work was published by Lessing as 'edited' by him, and it has been questioned whether he was the author: it is now, however, generally admitted that the work is Lessing's own. The question is discussed in Gervinus, 'History of German Literature,' and some remarks on it will be found in the 'Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques,' edited by Frank, under the article 'Lessing.'

any laws of probability be held to be purely accidental. We quote from Mr. Sibree's translation of Hegel's work (1861), first published by Mr. Bohn in 1857:—

THE EDUCATION OF THE WORLD.

'In a world of mere phenomena . . . it is possible to imagine the course of a long period bringing all things at the end of it into exactly the same relations as they occupied at the beginning. We should then obviously have a succession of cycles rigidly similar to one another, both in events and in the sequence of them. The universe would eternally repeat the same changes in a fixed order of recurrence. . . . Such a supposition is possible to the logical understanding: it is not possible to the Spirit.'—pp. 1, 2.

'To the Spirit all things that exist must have a purpose; and nothing can pass away till that purpose be fulfilled. The lapse of time is no exception to this demand. Each moment of time, as it passes, is taken up in the shape of permanent results into the time that follows, and only perishes by being converted into something more substantial than itself.'—p. 2.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

'The changes that take place in Nature—how infinitely manifold soever they may be—exhibit only a perpetually self-repeating cycle. . . . Only in those changes which take place in the region of Spirit does anything new arise.'—p. 56.

'We are thus concerned exclusively with the idea of Spirit. . . . Nothing in the past is lost for it; for the Idea is ever present; Spirit is immortal; with it there is no past, no future, but an essential *now*. This necessarily implies that the present form of Spirit comprehends within it all earlier steps. . . . The life of the ever-present Spirit is a circle of progressive embodiments. . . . The grades which Spirit seems to have left behind it, it still possesses in the depths of its present.'—p. 82.

'Change, while it imports dissolution, involves at the same time the rise of a new life. . . . Spirit, consuming the envelope of its existence, comes forth exalted, glorified, a purer spirit. . . . Each successive phase becomes in its turn a material, working on which it exalts itself to a new grade.'—p. 76.

We must exhibit to our readers one other of these parallels, which seem to us to prove a remarkable though unacknowledged borrowing from the German speculator:

'We may, then, rightly speak of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world (p. 4). In childhood we are subject to positive rules which . . . we are bound implicitly to obey. In youth we are subject to the influence of example, and soon break loose from all rules unless . . . In manhood we are comparatively free from external restraints, &c. (p. 5). Precisely analogous to all this is the history of the education of the early world (p. 6). When the seed of the Gospel was first sown, the field which had been prepared to receive it may be divided into four chief divisions: Rome, Greece, Asia, and Judea. Each

of

'This is the childhood of history . . . &c. Continuing the comparison with the ages of the individual man, this would be the boyhood of history; no longer manifesting the repose and trustfulness of the child, but boisterous and turbulent. The Greek world may, then, be compared with the period of adolescence. . . . Here is the kingdom of beautiful freedom. . . . The third phase . . . is the Roman state, the severe labours of the manhood of history.

'The first phase . . . is the East . . . It is the childhood of history . . . We find the wild hordes breaking out . . . falling upon the countries

but

of these contributed something, &c. (p. 15). Rome contributed her admirable spirit of order and organization (*ibid.*). To Greece was entrusted the cultivation of the reason and the taste Her highest idea was not holiness, as with the Hebrews, nor law, as with the Romans; but beauty, &c. (p. 47). The discipline of Asia was the never-ending succession of conquering dynasties. . . . Cycles of changes were successively passing over her, and yet at the end of every cycle she stood where she had stood before.'—p. 18.

. . . but in all cases resultlessly . . . &c. On the one side we see duration, stability . . . the states . . . without undergoing any change . . . are constantly changing their position toward each other.'—pp. 111-113.

There is one other passage in another work of Hegel's, between which and Dr. Temple's Essay the similarity is equally striking. According to Dr. Temple there were four great instructors of mankind in the early stage of education, viz.—Judæa, which taught Monotheism and chastity; Greece, science and art; Rome, order and organization; Asia, which contributed the mysterious element in religion, disciplining the spiritual imagination. And so, according to Hegel, 'The Jewish religion is that of sublimity; the religion of Greece is that of beauty; the religion of Rome that of organization or purpose (as we may perhaps translate the German *Zweckmässigkeit*); whilst Asia is the seat of Pantheism in its various forms (in China, in India, in Thibet); the general principle of which he regards as being an elevation of the spirit from the finite and contingent conceived as a mere negation, to the consciousness of absolute power as the one universal existence.'*

We can hardly conceive it possible that these strict resemblances are the result of mere chance. We cannot but believe that 'The Philosophy of History,' in conjunction perhaps with the same author's lectures on the 'Philosophy of Religion,' was, in truth, the parent of 'The Education of the World.' Nor, if we are right in this, is it worth notice only because it is another instance of the 'staleness' of these Essays, and a new proof of the degree to which they are obnoxious, as literary productions, to the grave charge of abounding in plagiarisms. There is yet another deduction to be drawn from this, over and above the literary reproach which attaches to it. It is highly indicative of the real spirit of the Essay. For it is the characteristic of the whole Hegelian theory, that whilst its propounder continually wrote as being himself a believer in the truth of the Christian

* Hegel's Works, vol. xi., p. 308. Ed. 1840.

Revelation, yet the inevitable conclusion of his system, as it developed itself in its completeness, was to oscillate between two results, equally inconsistent with all Revelation; either, that is, to resolve with the Pantheist all created life into a mere phenomenal mode of a higher and more absolute existence, and so to destroy, in fact, personality in God, and personality and responsibility in man; or to cut the knot of difficulty by denying altogether with the Atheist the existence of God. We doubt not that Dr. Temple would recoil as honestly as we should from either of these alternatives; but we believe that, with the seeds of Hegelian teaching, the tendency to one or other of these monstrous conclusions does really pervade what has sometimes been considered as his comparatively harmless contribution to this volume.

Besides the new volumes which we have passed under review, we must also note with pleasure that the controversy has occasioned the reprinting of the late Dr. Mill's '*Observations on Pantheistic Principles*,' a work worthy of the great name of its writer, and which by anticipation supplied well-nigh all the materials necessary for exposing the recent attempts of our new sceptics to shake the ancient faith of Christendom.

We enter now upon a different branch of our subject. When we first drew attention to this subject we expressed an opinion accordant with that which the Bishop of Oxford has stated in his preface to the '*Replies to the Essayists*.' 'Two distinct courses,' he says, 'seem to be required . . . the distinct, solemn, and, if need be, severe decision of authority, that assertions such as these cannot be put forward as possibly true . . . by honest men who are bound by voluntary obligations to teach the Christian revelation as the truth of God. . . . Secondly, we need the calm, comprehensive, and scholarlike declaration of positive truth upon all the matters in dispute, by which the shallowness, and the passion, and the ignorance of the new system of unbelief may be thoroughly displayed.' *

We have traced the discharge by several writers of the second of these duties. We now pass on to examine what has been done by authority to free the Church of England from any complicity in the strange and erroneous doctrines of the Essayists. Constituted as that body is, it is impossible that there should, under any circumstances, be within its pale the sharp, sudden acting of authority which may be found in other communions or in other lands. All our traditions are in favour of liberty; all are hostile to the authoritative repression of independent action, and

* Preface to '*Replies*,' &c., pp. ix. and x.

still more, we thank God, of independent thought. Even when we were a part of that vast organic body, half spiritual, half civil, of which the Papacy was the head, the action of authority in all matters spiritual was feebler and more tardy in this land than in any other. Many were the concessions wrung by our spirit of national independence from the distant Popedom; many the acts of rebellious freedom at which that crafty power was compelled to wink, in order to preserve any dominion over the self-willed islanders. Our separation from Rome, and the full establishment of the Apostolic freedom of our own Church from the usurpations of the see which had transformed a lawful Primacy into a lawless tyranny, were accompanied—an evil waiting as the inseparable shadow upon our many blessings—with a diminution of lawful authority in matters spiritual. This was probably inevitable. The isolated spirituality could not balance properly the great and neighbouring weight of the temporal power. The evil was increased by the unavoidable mixture of questions of property with questions directly spiritual through our system of endowments; and the ever growing jealousy of the law of England as to freehold rights raised the danger to its highest point. Soon after the Reformation attempts were made to remedy the evil. The abortive '*Reformatio Legum*' stands as an abiding record of such an effort. All such endeavours as these were utterly swept away by the great flood of Puritan violence which soon afterwards broke forth upon the land. Nor was the period of the Restoration in any way favourable for the development of a well-considered and impartial strengthening of the spiritual authority of the Church. It was pre-eminently a time of reaction; and a reactionary time, full as it necessarily is of spasms and violence, is most unfavourable for the formation of those joints and bands of reasonable restraint which form the truest protection of liberty itself. There was the irritation bred by the action of that spiritual revolution on the possession of endowments. There was first the remembrance of the many grievous wrongs which had been wrought in the ejection from their benefices of the best of the clergy, under the falsest professions, in order to instal into them the ignorant and fanatical self-seekers of the Puritan predominance; and then there was next the natural but unhappy action of the spirit of retribution running into revenge, righting freely these past wrongs by new ejections. All this acted mischievously upon the mind of the Church, and made the question of the restoration of her civil rights, for which she had mainly to lean on the civil arm, rather than the maintenance of her doctrinal purity, the great object upon which her eye was fixed.

This

This was not all. The temper of the whole nation was one of reaction in favour of authority. Churchmen who had been faithful to the Crown when it was trampled in the dirt under the feet of the Independents, would naturally suffer in the highest degree from the general epidemic; and the very loyalty of the Church led to its unduly exalting the Throne, for which it had so severely suffered. The Revolution of 1688, which in so many directions strengthened and enlarged our liberties, tended only, from all its complicated operations, to weaken the free action of the Church as the spirituality of the realm. Nor, as we may find occasion to show hereafter, has recent legislation had any other tendency.

No reasonable man can shut his eyes to the benefits which have resulted from the struggles which make up this long history. The character of the Church of England resembles greatly that of men who, with wills and understandings naturally strong, have been brought up under no very fixed or definite rules of education, and have developed in that comparative freedom a firmness, an independence, and an individuality, with which more correct rules of early training must have interfered. For there is in her a marvellously tenacious grasp of fundamental truth; an intelligent consent, amidst difference on details of a multitude of minds, as to the leading articles of the faith; an earnest, common-sense religiousness, which could probably have been bred no otherwise than under the full and free action of her existing constitution. But it is an inevitable correlative of these advantages that the action of authority within her body, when at last it is called for, should be slow, sporadic, and somewhat feeble. We must not, therefore, expect, perhaps we need not very passionately desire, that the rise of any error within her communion should be followed at once by the meeting of the authoritative synod, the thunder of an anathema, and the lightning shaft of summary excommunication. All this is illustrated in the history of the 'Essays and Reviews' controversy.

When, shortly after the publication of our former article, public attention had been called to the subject, and the minds of thinking men thoroughly roused to its importance, the first action of authority was the appearance of a document, bearing first or last, we believe, the signature of every bishop of the United Church, and condemning many of the propositions of the book as inconsistent with an honest subscription to her formularies. This was, in our judgment, a mode of action highly characteristic of the temper and spirit which we have attributed to the Established Church. Somewhat informal in its conception and in its putting forth—struggling, we might almost say, into being, against the ordinary

nary laws of ecclesiastical parturition, it yet manifested at once the formal slavery and the real freedom of the ecclesiastical element in our mingled constitution; our essential agreement, in spite of minor differences, on all matters concerning the fundamentals of the faith; and our common-sense view of the foolish attempt to substitute the dreamy nebulosities of used-up German speculation for a simple adherence to the language of the formularies, the letter of the Creeds, and the plain teaching of the Bible.

The effect of the publication of this document was great and timely. The mind of the Church was only, perhaps, too much quieted by it, and disposed to be prematurely contented with what had been done as sufficient for the occasion. Amongst the partizans of the Essayists it produced a vast amount of indignation. By one of the warmest and most eloquent amongst them it was described as 'a document which, whilst Cambridge lay in her usual attitude of magnificent repose, about a month after the appearance of the "Quarterly," startled the world; one without precedent, as we trust it may be without imitation, in the English Church.'* It was 'the counterpart of the Papal excommunication levelled against Italian freedom, filled with menaces borrowed from the ancient days of persecution,' &c. All this irritation was but a testimony to the real weight of the condemnation, and not less so was the curious attempt of the same writer to lessen its authority by representing the venerable Bishop of Exeter as not having joined with his brethren in their censure. There is an audacity which reaches almost to pleasantry in the attempt of the Reviewer to claim the present Bishop of Exeter as one who, when the defence of the foundations of our belief was the question at issue, could conceive it to be the course of faithfulness to the duty of his great station to 'protect,' in the Reviewer's sense of the words, 'the cause of free and fair discussion from the indiscriminate violence of popular agitators.'† This is really very much like expecting the great Athanasius to have deemed it his special vocation to protect the heretic Arius from the agitation and violence of the Catholic Church. But bold as this attempt would have been in any one who knew only the principles and character of the Right Rev. Prelate, whose name he wished thus to coax off the bond, perhaps it might warrant even some stronger epithet when it is seen upon what the suggestion was really founded. On the 21st of February, 1861, Dr. Temple wrote, under a misconception, a letter, which he recalled the day following, to the Bishop of Exeter, inquiring

* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 230, p. 469.

† Ibid.

with what fundamental doctrines of our Church the Bishop had declared his Essay to be at variance. The hasty recall of the inquiry did not save the inquirer from an answer, from which we must make one or two highly characteristic extracts :—

‘The book,’ continues the Bishop, ‘professes to be a joint contribution for effecting a common object, viz., “to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religious and moral truth from a free handling in a becoming spirit of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment.”’

‘I avow my full conviction that this has a manifest and direct reference to our Creeds, our Articles, our Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacraments.

‘I also avow that I hold every one of the seven persons acting together for such an object to be alike responsible for the several acts of every individual among them in executing their avowed common purpose. This judgment might, indeed, have been qualified in favour of any one of the seven who, on seeing the extravagantly vicious manner in which some of his associates had performed their part, had openly declared his disgust and abhorrence of such unfaithfulness, and had withdrawn his name from the number.

‘You have not done this, although many months have elapsed since this moral poison has been publicly vended under your authority, and since the indignation of faithful Christians has openly stigmatised the work as of the most manifestly pernicious tendency; above all, as a work which all who are intrusted, as you are, with the momentous responsibility of educating the youth of a Christian nation in the knowledge and obedience of Christian faith, ought in common faithfulness and common honesty to reprobate and denounce.

‘You, I repeat, have, so far as I am informed, refrained from taking any public step to vindicate your own character, and must therefore be content to bear the stigma of public, notorious, proclaimed complicity in an act which I am unwilling again to characterize as it deserves.

‘I am, Reverend Sir,

‘Your obedient servant,

‘Rev. F. Temple.

‘H. EXETER.’

‘P.S.—In order to prevent misapprehension, I think it right to add that, while I do not regard your Essay with the same feeling of aversion as I cannot but feel for other portions of the book, I yet deem it open to very grave remark.’

After reading these sentences, published at the close of February, it is somewhat startling to find a writer two months later endeavouring to detract from the authority of the common condemnation by the Bishops through the statement that ‘the name of H. Exeter is now known to have been added without his know-

ledge and against his wish.* But what will our readers say when they find, further, that the Bishop had distinctly stated, in his published answer to Dr. Temple some six weeks before this was written, the following avowal?—

‘I felt constrained to accompany my concurrence in the procedure with the expression of my judgment that the paper to which I gave my assent was conceived in terms more feeble than the occasion required. I ventured to sketch a formula which I should have wished to subscribe rather than that which had been adopted, expressing the pain which we (the Bishops) have felt in seeing such a book, bearing the authority of seven members of our Church; still more, of ministers of God’s Word and Sacraments among us—of men specially bound, under the most solemn engagements, to faithful maintenance of the truths set forth in our Articles of Religion, in our Book of Common Prayer, and even in the Creeds of the Church Catholic. That the general tenor of this unhappy work is plainly inconsistent with fidelity to those engagements we cannot hesitate to declare. Whether the particular statements are expressed in language so cloudy or so guarded as to render inexpedient a more formal dealing with them either in the courts of the Church or by synodical censure, is a question which demands and is receiving our anxious consideration.’

So that what the Reviewer transforms into a mitigation of the sentence on his clients, viz., that ‘the signature H. Exeter was added without his knowledge and against his wish,’ as it stands in its naked simplicity of fact, is this,—that the Bishop did concur in the common sentence, but conceived that it was ‘conceived in terms more feeble than the occasion required.’ Surely this is very much as if the prisoner’s counsel should calmly assume his proved innocence, because, whilst the majority of his judges were content with inflicting on him penal servitude for life, one would have deemed it far meet punishment for his crime that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

One other attempt of the reviewer to detract from the weight of this document must not be passed over wholly unnoticed. It is a more cautious endeavour to represent the Bishop of London as having in fact withdrawn from his share in the common Episcopal censure of the Essays. The whole treatment of the Bishop is curiously suggestive. For he is both threatened and cajoled into a silent adoption of the new position suggested for him by the reviewer. He is at once threatened with a charge of complicity in describing the early chapters of the Book of Genesis as parabolical, and flattered by being reminded of the liberality of his opinions in ‘sermons preached in the generous ardour’ of his ‘youth,’ before the University at Oxford; and this though,

* ‘Edinburgh Review,’ No. 230 (April, 1861), p. 464.

if we remember right, his name was one of those appended to what the reviewer calls 'Mr. Wilson's doubtless long-repented, ungenerous act and unfortunate onslaught on the "Ninetieth Tract for the Times."' * The sole ground for this attempt was a speech (a very unfortunate one, we admit) of the Bishop in the Upper House of Convocation, in which he was well described at the time as 'evidently straitened between his personal regard for two of the Essayists, whom he had known for some twenty years, and his own sense of duty to the Church and to the revealed truth in which he believes.' † We must allow to the reviewer that there was something of an undecided character about this speech; but we think that his exultation over it as a penitential severance of himself by the speaker from his persecuting brethren, might have been a little qualified by the recollection that the practical measure, which the Bishop proposed, as that which would best meet the exigencies of the case, was that these writers should be called upon to declare publicly their 'belief in the great truths of Christianity.'

The declaration of the Bishops was succeeded by an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, signed by more than 10,000 clergymen, condemning in the strongest terms the teaching of the Essayists. The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, too, took up the subject; and there was scarcely heard in either House the faintest whisper of agreement with the new unbelief. So far, indeed, from it, that those who for various reasons deprecated a synodical condemnation of the book, were as eager as any to disavow all agreement with the opinions of its authors; whilst an address of thanks to the members of the Upper House for their censure of it was adopted by the Lower House.

So far the voice of the Church through its several organs uttered no wavering or uncertain sound. But all this, in the opinion of many whose judgment was the most worthy of consideration, could not exempt the special guardians of the Faith from the duty of taking the steps belonging to their office, to obtain a yet more formal and authoritative censure of the new opinions. Their advocate, in the article to which we have referred already, expresses—in a passage of singular flippancy—his 'concurrence with the Episcopal censors' in the 'charges' of 'flippancy of style and rash partnership,' adding 'but there is no liturgical condemnation of bad taste except by the example of contrast: there is no article against joint liability unless it be the *Thirty-eighth* ("of Christian men's goods not common").' After this poor witticism, he continues in a tone of arrogance

* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 230, p. 495.

† 'Guardian,' March 6, 1861.

and taunt which pervades the article, 'a dim sense . . . of the true state of the case has made itself felt at times during the controversy, chiefly in the Episcopal utterances . . . an imperfectly realized conviction that there is, after all, no opposition between the Articles and the doctrines of the book, which only has remained unassailed by legal weapons because its adversaries well know that by such weapons it is in fact unassailable.'*

We can full well understand one in the position of the Bishop of Salisbury—intrusted, under the most awful responsibilities, with the guardianship of the true deposit, in his own Diocese—feeling that it was impossible for him to allow such challenges as these to pass unnoticed; and believing that a necessity was laid upon him of preserving by action, even under our present most unsatisfactory system of ecclesiastical law, the people committed to his oversight from the authoritative teaching of errors, which he had deliberately combined with his brethren solemnly to censure.

In his Diocese, and invested with the cure of souls, was one of the two Essayists whom even the liberality of the Edinburgh reviewer cannot wholly exculpate. 'We cannot,' he says, 'avoid observing that the flippant and contemptuous tone of the reviewer (Dr. Rowland Williams) often amounts to a direct breach of the compact with which the volume opens, that the subjects therein touched should be handled "in a becoming spirit." Anything more unbecoming than some of Dr. Williams's remarks we never have read in writings professing to be written seriously.'† Against him, under that form of the ecclesiastical law which is called 'letters of request,' and which brings the matter in question immediately before the Court of the Archbishop of the province, the Bishop of Salisbury proceeded. It was matter of public notoriety that he took this step with the deepest reluctance. That he did at last take it, no one can wonder who remembers those solemn words in the Consecration Service in which he who undertakes the office then conferred pledges himself 'to be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word; and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same.'

—*Consecration Office.*

Dr. R. Williams shares with Mr. Wilson the special censures of the 'Edinburgh' reviewer; not so much, it is true, for what he puts forth, as for his mode of doing it. 'If he was minded to be a little sceptical, he should not at the same time have been scandalous;—he had no business to "shake the red flag" of his

* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 230, p. 494.

† *Ibid.*, p. 479.

unbelief

unbelief in the "face of the mad bull" of Orthodoxy;—he had dealt in "assertions which even *the learned and sceptical*" (let our readers mark the ominous conjunction) "would hesitate to receive." Such is Mr. Wilson's statement respecting the fourth Gospel (p. 116); and that the taking of Jerusalem by Shishak is for the Hebrew history, that which the sacking of Rome by the Gauls is for the Roman (p. 170). This last assertion, wholly unsupported by argument, is, not only according to our humble belief but according to the whole tenor of the great work of Ewald, equally untenable in its negative and its positive aspect.*

Certainly these 'assertions,' wholly at variance with any reverence whatever for the Scriptures as the word of God, are a little difficult of acceptance to any one who is not very distinctly in the reviewer's language 'learned and sceptical;' and we cannot wonder that the writer who has hazarded them was also brought before the Ecclesiastical Courts, especially as he goes on with a sort of 'reading made easy' advertisement to show how men called upon to give, by subscription to certain articles and formularies, a pledge of how and what they will teach, as the condition of their receiving the authority and endowments of the preacher's office, may subscribe these documents without believing them; and, in professing their allowance of them, mean only that they endure their existence as necessary evils.

Accordingly he, too (the age probably of the venerable Bishop of Ely having prevented the suit proceeding in the name of the Diocesan), was brought before the Court most appropriately by the Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of the diocese, who must needs have a keen interest in wiping off from their body the deep and eating stain of allowed heresy amongst themselves. Through the somewhat tedious stages of the Ecclesiastical Courts, relieved by speeches of no ordinary interest, especially by that of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen for the defence, and the admirable arguments of the new Queen's Advocate, Dr. (now Sir Robert) Phillimore, these two causes have now travelled to a solemn judgment delivered in the Court of Arches by Dr. Lushington;—a judgment which, though in form delivered only on an interlocutory appeal, was 'in fact,' as the Judge himself informs us, 'a decision upon the merits.'

* The highest directly Ecclesiastical Court, then, of the Church has now pronounced its sentence upon two of these notorious Essays, upon two which are amongst the worst of them;—for the writer of that, which travelled the farthest in error, which we

* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 230, p. 474.

forbear to characterize a second time by its true name, had been removed from the jurisdiction of all earthly courts—and for very many reasons we think it well worth while to examine closely into the judgment so delivered. Such an examination the learned and distinguished Judge in his concluding sentences seems to us rather to invite than deprecate. All through, indeed, it is manifest that he is possessed with an almost overwhelming sense of the extreme gravity of the occasion and the greatness of the interests which are at stake; and these emotions gather themselves up into the closing utterance: ‘I have discharged my duty to the best of my ability. I am aware that these judgments will be severely canvassed by the clergy and by others. Be it so: thereby it may be ascertained whether they are in accordance with law; and accordance with law ought to be the sole object of a Court of Justice.’*

The ruling principle of the whole judgment is expressed in these few words. In pronouncing the penalties of the law, the learned Judge repeatedly reminds us that he is condemning not the errors or the evils of the document which has been brought before him, but simply its transgression of the law; that he is maintaining not truth, but the declaration of truth contained in the Articles and Formularies of the Established Church. This must be borne constantly in mind in considering this momentous judgment by every one who would understand its real tenor and effect; and it is under the light of this guiding principle that we propose to subject it to such an examination as will, we believe, make clear its true bearings.

First, then, we have to notice that, as a consequence of this construction of the judgment, besides the direct judicial sentence as to penalties incurred or avoided in these pages, there is a moral decision on them running through the whole legal utterance, couched often in language of singular force and clearness. Thus, for example, our own complaint of a studied obscurity and evasiveness of statement is continually repeated by the Judge. ‘First, then,’ he says, ‘to ascertain the real meaning of the passages extracted (p. 18); and I must say this is no easy task. If the author had studied to express his sentiments with ambiguity, I doubt if he could have been more successful. Having read and re-read the passage, I am not satisfied that I distinctly and accurately comprehend its import’ (p. 14). Again: ‘It is very difficult, for me at least, to ascertain the true intent of this sentence.’ Again (p. 21): ‘I am not sure that I distinctly com-

* Judgment delivered on the 25th of June, 1862, by the Right Hon. S. Lushington, Dean of the Arches, i. 44.

prehend the meaning of the next sentence.' Again (p. 33): 'It is to be regretted that Mr. Wilson, in his Essay, has frequently expressed himself in language so ambiguous as to admit of opposite constructions' (p. 24). 'I proceed to the next passage. I will candidly say that I do not feel perfectly certain that I comprehend its true meaning.' 'The next part of the extract is still more difficult' (p. 34). 'This sentence is open to diverse interpretations, and some of its terms are self-contradictory' (p. 34).

Who can read these reiterated groans of baffled judicial sagacity without sympathy for the sufferer who has to track out amidst these 'evasions,' 'self-contradictions,' and 'studied obscurities' the golden thread of thought? To demand a judgment on them is really too like the requirement of the Babylonian king, who bid the puzzled soothsayers recal the vanished dream, of which they were to furnish afterwards the interpretation. But there are deeper evils in such a style of writing than the agonies it causes to the Judge who has to decide upon its criminalities. These obscurities of statement as to the Articles of the Faith are the readiest instruments of spreading error. Under such clouds of thought and words, the whole body of the truth may be carried piecemeal away. The most marked outlines of the Christian scheme melt away amidst these mists into the undistinguished glimmering of the surrounding fog. Obscurity, therefore, in a teacher of the Faith is close akin to the deadly crime of pronounced heresy.

There is, too, another evil in obscurity of which this judgment supplies frequent instances. The Protean character of error so promulgated, whilst it is singularly favourable to the generation of doubts, eludes by its shadowy uncertainty the mocked grasp of justice. 'I think,' says the Judge (p. 29), 'there is a doubt as to the sense in which Dr. Williams has expressed himself; and if there be a doubt, as this is a criminal case, he is entitled to the benefit of it.' 'Mr. Wilson's use of these contradictory terms . . . might leave . . . the impression that he doubted whether the Holy Scriptures had been supernaturally communicated, &c.' 'Without saying this impression of this passage is false, I cannot say it is necessarily the true one, especially considering this is a criminal case. . . . On the whole, therefore, I come to the conclusion that as a criminal' charge, 'it cannot be supported' (p. 35). 'Whatever may be its meaning, it is much too vague to enable me to draw any conclusion from it.' And so the teacher of error so far retains his place amongst the authorised declarers of the Church's doctrine. His offence (for obscurity or ambiguity upon such subjects is an offence) is his protection. This is a second and a great evil
of

of such a style of writing in clergymen. As we said at first, we consider the evil done by the clergy being suffered to vent such speculations far greater than any evil likely to be done by the speculations themselves. There may be few who are sufficiently weak to have their faith shaken by such empty suggestions; but the weight of the whole Order may be shaken by the permitted presence in it of such cloudy heretics. The 'Epistolæ' of these in this sense 'obscurorum virorum' are too dull to be very misleading, and might, so far as their intrinsic power of spreading error goes, have been left to perish as literary failures by their own ponderosity; but trust in all guidance may be fatally shaken if the dullest of misleaders are suffered to remain undisturbed on the roll of authorised guides.

It is not, then, as it seems to us, easy to exaggerate this primary condemnation by Dr. Lushington of these obscure transmitters of the lights of revealed truth.

But there is yet another class of censures which pervades the judgment, the full weight of which can only be estimated by those who know and bear fully in remembrance the great breadth of the Judge's own long-expressed sympathies with all fair and honest intellectual speculation and inquiry as to revealed religion, even to the verge of what many might deem rationalism itself. These are contained in the perpetually recurring distinction between the question the Judge has to decide—namely, whether 'doctrines have been promulgated at variance with the doctrines of the Church, as declared in the Articles and Formularies' (Judg. p. 5) and that which he has not to decide—namely, whether 'they are inconsistent with the true doctrine of the Christian faith'? They are couched in such words as these: 'There may be much that in the private opinion of the Court excites deep regret, and is deserving of censure or severest reprobation (p. 17), and yet that the law of the Church may not reach' (p. 9). 'Though I think Dr. Williams's opinion militates against one of the most important doctrines held by the most venerated divines of the Church, I cannot come to the conclusion that the Articles, &c., have been violated' (p. 22). 'This may be wholly irreconcilable with that which is generally esteemed to be the orthodox teaching of the Church, but is not struck by the Sixth and Seventh Articles of Religion' (p. 26).

But perhaps the severest of all these censures, as expressing the moral estimate formed by the Judge of the dishonesty of writings which yet just escaped the hold of the law, is contained in the passages which deal with Mr. Wilson's new theory of subscription. 'Mr. Wilson draws some very fine distinctions as to how the Articles of Religion may, in truth, be attacked and censured.' 'There is rather

rather a long discussion upon the meaning of the words "allowing" and "acknowledging the Articles to be agreeable to the Word of God." Mr. Wilson goes the length of saying "many acquiesce in or submit to a law as it operates upon themselves, which they would be horror-struck to have enacted." The plain meaning of this is, that a man may allow * that which he disbelieves to be true and right, or, rather, that which he deems to be wholly wrong. . . . The effect of this doctrine enunciated by any clergyman of the Church of England may be comprised in a few words: it is to affirm that a clergyman may subscribe to the Articles without any regard to the plain literal meaning thereof, and at the very same time repudiate the essential doctrines contained therein' (p. 28). Again, 'Mr. Wilson has conformed to the thirty-sixth canon, though he may have advised others to evade it. . . . I think that the substance of what Mr. Wilson has written is this: to suggest modes by which the Articles subscribed may be evaded, contrary to the King's declaration and the terms of subscription. . . . Mr. Wilson . . . has subscribed these . . . Articles . . . whether in the sense required by the Canon or with what qualification I forbear to inquire' (p. 90).

With our old-fashioned English notions of what honesty is, and what it is worth, we can scarcely conceive of censure more biting than that which is contained in all these passages, which, so far as actual legal condemnation is concerned, are exculpatory of the accused. Surely this condemnation from the aged Judge—known through a long life for opinions verging, if to either extreme, certainly not to that of excessive orthodoxy—and whom a knowledge of the excitement the volume had created only 'induced to exercise all care and vigilance, and to preserve a perfectly equal and dispassionate mind' (p. 6)—surely such a moral condemnation from such a man would justify all our former notes of warning.

But this moral condemnation is not all, or anything like all. With all their sepia-like power of obscuring plain truths, and escaping in the troubled waters of controversy, the accused were far from escaping direct legal censure. The points on which they are condemned are the following:—Dr. Rowland Williams, for declaring the Bible to be 'an expression of devout reason, and the written voice of the congregation'—one of the special errors

* It may be well to remind our readers of the fact which we have already pointed out (vol. cix. p. 276), that the word 'allow' in the 36th Canon does not mean, as Mr. Wilson supposes, to acquiesce in, but to 'approve.' This is not only shown by the general language of the age in which the Canons were framed, but is placed beyond all doubt by the fact that in the Latin Canon, which is of co-ordinate authority with the English, 'alloweth' is expressed by 'omnino comprobatur.'—*Cardwell's Synodalia*, i. 186.

to which we called attention,*—is adjudged to have violated the Sixth and Seventh Articles of Religion, and to have advanced 'positions substantially inconsistent with the all-important doctrine imposed by law that the Bible is God's word written' (p. 20). Secondly. On the cardinal doctrine of Propitiation, which 'by the Thirty-first Article of Religion is declared to be the Oblation by Christ finished upon the Cross for sin,' Dr. Williams is condemned for a declaration of it 'inconsistent with and contrary to the Thirty-first Article' (p. 27). Thirdly. As to Justification by Faith, he is condemned for teaching it to be peace of mind, instead of Justification for the merit of our Lord by faith—an explanation 'wholly inconsistent with and repugnant to the Eleventh Article' (p. 31).

Thus, in fine, after all ambiguities and obscurations; after striking out all the contradictions of Holy Scripture as it has always been understood by the pious and devout; after subtracting all passages in which the writer is rather retailing Baron Bunsen's views than stating his own, and giving him the benefit of every doubt, he is condemned for no lighter errors than denying Holy Scripture to be the Word of God, and explaining away or contradicting the doctrine of the Propitiation wrought out for us by our Lord, and our own justification in God's sight for the only merits of our Saviour. Can there be any doubt in the mind of a reasonable man, whether the Bishop of Salisbury could honestly allow the poor parishioners of Broad Chalke to be the subjects of clerical teaching which would rob them of their Bible, of propitiation through the death of Christ, and justification by his merits?

Nor does the mode in which this judgment has been received by Dr. Williams, eminently characteristic as it is of the man, in any degree mend his case. It has led to the publication of a sermon preached at Lampeter, and put forth with an appendix, from which we must cull for our readers a few of the peculiar flowers. It contains, we venture to think, more self-praise and more abuse, direct and implied, of all who differ from him—implying a habit of mind richly furnished with two of the most eminent qualities for making an heretic, conceit and bitterness—than, perhaps, any similar production of any other writer has ever exhibited. Here are a few of the specimens from the *Hortus Siccus* of Lampeter. It is thus that the general protest of laity and clergy against the 'Essays' is handled. 'No presumption against the religious tendencies of a book arises from its vehement condemnation by persons influential in Church and State, but rather

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. 109, p. 285.

the contrary. There is a time to convince gainsayers, and a time to awaken formalists. . . . If our eyes were purged to see as Heaven sees, we might find that the Jewish victims of the Middle Ages were nearer to the God of Abraham than the vicious idolaters who murdered them for gold in the name of Christ . . . their worst errors [the Albigenses] were less injurious to mankind than the crimes of the hierarchy by whom they were massacred.*

Having dealt thus with those who condemned, he thus endorses many of his former views. As for the Bible, his views, he tells us, would leave it 'a relative sanctity for its subject's sake,' when there had been made the 'deductions from supposed infallibility which the truth of letters requires' (p. 6). What these deductions may amount to we can a little understand when we find that 'the conscience of mankind revolts not only often against inhumanities and passions in ancient Jewry,' but 'sometimes against precepts or tone of narrative, by which those crimes are justified or not condemned' (p. 8); that 'allowance' is to be made 'with respect to the story of the sun arrested in his course, in order to prolong a day of bloodshed' (p. 13); in that 'the mode of showing a sceptical astronomer that his prejudices about the sun should yield to the contemporaneousness of the Book of Joshua has not yet been denied' (p. 24); and that 'the vulgar theory of prediction' (p. 11) is to be got rid of; and that 'the Gospels' are to be 'esteemed' a memorial of the spiritual impulse propagated from the life of Christ, rather than a code of legalised precepts (p. 10).

Lastly, let us set side by side his estimate of himself and of those who have the misfortune to be opposed to him. Of himself and of his teaching he supplies us with the following sketches, some lines of which may, we think, at least awaken a smile on the episcopal features in Abergwili Palace:—

'To you, my friends, who . . . have observed the unsurpassed patience and courtesy to men of all ranks with which for eleven years I have occupied a highly complicated position, let me say that on the cardinal question of prophetic interpretation my performance has not belied the promise of my life; and when hereafter every citation of mine shall be proved substantially correct, my interpretations the most Christian *honestly possible*, my principles full of that truth for which Christ died suffering, and the policy of my detractors animated by a spirit neither religious nor just, &c. (p. 19.)

Was there ever a more perfect echo of the old self-sufficiency, 'Wisdom shall die with us—we are they that ought to speak'?

* 'Persecution for the Word,' pp. 2 and 3.

These last words give a promise of how those who differ from him are to be treated; and undoubtedly that 'promise,' at least, 'of his life' is not belied. When he finds that the Judge condemns him, he explains, 'with no great discourtesy, the miscarriage of justice' (p. 62). Reflecting on the ignorance which filled the seat of judgment, he concludes that 'with no literary light, there could be no ecclesiastical justice' (p. 62); whilst the general administration of the Court is thus sneered at with his usual 'unsurpassed courtesy.' 'If we imagine an Apostle—and it is easier to conceive all the Apostles—indicted in the Court of Arches, than sanctioning the proceedings of their successors there,' &c. (p. 60). It is, indeed, against these 'successors' that he seems to rage the most angrily. He is himself the 'offspring of God, trampled into the grave by the policy of Caiaphas' (p. 48). 'Evasion has been on the same side as violence' (p. 47). 'It is equally dangerous,' he avers, 'to suffer a bishop's injuries silently, or to refute them triumphantly' (p. 31). What his personal experience of the first alternative may have been we cannot undertake to say, but his correspondence with the Bishop of St. David's makes it quite certain that from that peculiar form of danger which waits upon 'refuting a bishop triumphantly' Dr. Rowland Williams was never otherwise than in the most entire security.

We will give our readers but two more specimens of Dr. Rowland Williams. The one, his mode of referring to the volume called '*Aids to Faith*,' the general character of which we have noted above. Having, as he conceives, silenced some of its reasoning, he refers in his note to the passage he is dealing with as being contained in the '*Aids to Tradition*' (pp. 34, 422). The last specimen of this writer shall be his general character of the trial in which he has been so justly condemned. 'What,' he says, 'will be the result of this suit, undertaken in order to procure the falsification of literature, brought forward under untrue pretexts, supported by dislocated quotations, pleaded with rude unfairness, and painfully procrastinated beyond its natural occasion? I trust, even surrounded by all arts of chicane, to reap from the God of Justice a reward for the many years in which I have taught faithfully the doctrines of my own Church in an easy bursting of this episcopal bubble' (p. 43).

Compare with this signal example of 'unsurpassed patience and courtesy' the grave, calm words of the prelate it would malign:—

'And now, my brethren, I have all but reached the end which I set before me. I have, indeed, omitted to speak to you of many things which are of deep interest to us all as churchmen; but this omission has been intentional. I felt that I should be otherwise trespassing too

too much on your patience and forbearance. But there is, however, one matter which I have thus passed by from very different considerations. I have felt precluded by the legal proceedings in which I am engaged from entering upon a subject which must lie much closer to all our hearts than any upon which I have touched, and which is far more worthy of our deepest attention. You already, I am sure, understand that I am alluding to a book which professes to be the work of six clergymen and one layman, and is called "*Essays and Reviews*." And though I am not going, however much I may be tempted to do so, to break the rule of silence which circumstances have now imposed upon me, still I feel that I owe it to my diocese, both to the clergy and laity of it, to explain to them, in not many words, the reasons which have led me to adopt the course upon which I have now entered, and to institute proceedings against the reputed writer of one of these *Essays*.

'There was much indeed to dissuade me from acting as I have done. In the first place it is my belief, with regard not only to this one *Essay* but to the whole volume, that there is not power enough in it to exercise a permanent influence over the minds of men. This, then, was one cause for hesitation. Secondly, I am not myself free from the fear, which many feel most keenly, that legal proceedings will very possibly for a time extend and intensify that influence, whatever it may be. Thirdly, I do not think that the constitution of our courts of judicature is as well fitted as one could desire for weighing in the fine balances of truth the many questions which will through such proceedings be necessarily submitted to them.

'There are also on the same side, and so a fourth cause of hesitation, the dictates of a righteous caution lest any feelings of indignation at what has appeared to many, and to myself amongst that number, a reckless and ruthless attempt to pull down the whole fabric of Christian doctrine to its very foundations, should make me forget the claims of justice, and fair dealing, and charity. And I may further add, that I was also checked in coming to the decision which I have taken by the thought that the alarming tokens of combined action, and zeal, and earnestness might have led me, in my fears, to exaggerate the danger, and not to give due heed to the warnings of discretion, and of calm unswerving confidence in the power of truth.

'I frankly admit that there were these difficulties in the way of my determining to institute legal proceedings. But there were, on the other side, many weighty, and to my mind preponderating considerations in favour of my submitting the *Essay* to the Court of the Archbishop, and of thus trying to show that the Church of England disallowed its teaching.

'For example, however comprehensive may be the limits within which our tolerant Church allows her clergy to exercise their ministry, those limits must exist somewhere. Again, as a Bishop, I accepted at the time of my consecration the responsibility of keeping the teaching of my clergy within these wide limits. Thirdly, the Arch-
bishops

bishops and Bishops of the Church of England have testified by a public record that those limits have been in their opinion transgressed, and the Lower House of Convocation and my own clergy have given in their adhesion to this testimony; and such united expression of opinion has helped to press the conclusion on my mind that the case was beyond the bounds of toleration, and has quickened my sense of responsibility about it.

'It is also to be noted that upon the writers of the *Essays* these recorded decisions have been utterly without effect. The authors of them have, by the repeated subsequent publication of their book, persisted in challenging us to show that such opinions as they have put forth are inconsistent with the position given by the law of the Church of England to her ministers. I might almost say that the writers have, by such conduct, seemed themselves to protest against informal action, and to demand, in the name of justice, the formal judgment of those Courts to which the decision of such questions in this country now belongs. Nor is it any valid answer to such an appeal from informal judgments to a formal one, to say that the instruments which the Church can use in the courts of law are not those which theologians would, in all respects, trust. This may be so, but still there is no denying that they are those with which alone God has, in his good Providence, provided us for the defence of His truth; and the consequence of my not using them, and so of doing nothing formally and according to legal sanction with regard to this *Essay*, might be that our children would inherit the conclusion that such teaching, though possibly most repugnant to the religious sentiments of their fathers, was, in 1861, admitted to be not unlawful. The thought of being responsible for such impunity, and so for an admission which may be made hereafter to justify scepticism, and what is worse in members of our Church, is a very intolerable burden upon any one on whom it may fall.'*

Mr. Wilson's greater obscurity of expression interfered even more frequently than that of Dr. Williams with legal conviction. But he, too, is far from escaping uncondemned. He is sentenced, First, for 'denying, in contradiction of the Sixth and Twentieth Articles, that the Bible was written by the special interposition of the Divine power' (*Judg.*, p. 36); Secondly, he has 'infringed the Eighteenth Article, in denying all distinction between covenanted and uncovenanted mercy, and declaring that a man may be saved by the law which he professes' (p. 42); Thirdly, he is condemned for declaring 'that all, finally, both great and small, will escape everlasting condemnation'—opinions which the Judge 'cannot reconcile with the passages cited of the Creeds and Formularies.' So that on these three master propositions, to the full justification of Mr. Fendall, the Vicar of Great Staughton

* Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, 1861, pp. 61-64.

is convicted of contradicting the teaching of the Church of which he is a minister.

The full weight of this sentence, and the moral certainty of its being confirmed, should it be questioned, on appeal in the Superior Court, can best be measured by seeing how reluctantly the Judge arrived in any case at a conviction of the accused being guilty of a legal offence. Nowhere is the strong bias in this direction of the judicial mind more strikingly exhibited than in the mode in which he shelters both Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson from the charges brought against them of denying the genuineness of the Second Epistle of St. Peter. Had they, pronounces the Judge, denied its canonicity, they must be condemned; but as they only deny it to be genuine, and may mean no more than that it was a canonical book, but not written by St. Peter, but 'by another under Divine guidance,' I am bound to give them the 'benefit of the doubt' (pp. 25, 26, and 43). Now, if ever there were a case in which the benefit of such a doubt would seem to have been reduced to the most infinitesimal grain, surely it is this: since the question of authorship is inseparably mixed up with the truth of the Epistle. For the Epistle—not only in the first address, which is an essential part of it, but in the body of the letter, where the writer distinctly speaks of himself as a witness of the Transfiguration—claims to be written by the Apostle St. Peter. To deny its authorship is, therefore, to deny its truth, and so, surely, to deny its being written under the Divine guidance. And yet, with so strong and open a bias against finding the accused guilty, these two incumbents of parishes are each pronounced by the Judge to have, on three separate fundamental points, contradicted the very letter of the Creeds and Articles.

Here then, so far as the Court of Arches is concerned, the cause, *decided on its merits*, is waiting the end of the summer vacation for its next formal steps. We cannot doubt what those will be. It is impossible that writers morally condemned by the Court with such severity, who have escaped so narrowly on so many counts, and who have been sentenced so decisively upon such momentous charges, can, without full retractation, be allowed to hold their office of teachers in the Church they have outraged.

We do not affect not to rejoice in this decision. There were those who doubted the wisdom of bringing these men to trial; we were never of the number. The mischief—we must repeat it—which their writings could do depended, in our judgment, neither on their ability, for it was little; nor their power, for it was faint; nor their learning, for it was shallow and pretentious;

nor

nor on their novelty, for it was stale ;—but upon their position. The evil of the case was not that vain men should vent their vanity, but that clergymen of the United Church should be the permitted teachers of scepticism. The censure of authority alone could redress this evil, and by authority they have been censured. The uneasy feeling, widely prevalent and working mighty harm, which arose from the belief that our Church could censure no error, has been set at rest. The concurrent cases of *Burder v. Heath*, which, to his high honour, the Bishop of Winchester carried through the Court of Appeal, regardless, in his zeal for the truth of God, alike of expense and obloquy, and the two Essay cases which have followed in the Court of Arches, have distinctly established the disputed fact that our Church not only possesses a Canon of Truth to defend, but has the means of defending it practically within her power.

Nor has the form which the judgment of the Dean of the Arches has assumed caused us any real apprehension. There was undoubtedly something startling in some of the principles which he laid down when they were first stated. But they were, we believe, essentially sound, and such as alone could, in a Church connected with the nation and the State, combine the needful safeguards at once of truth and liberty. It is of great moment that this matter should be well understood ; for that uneasiness is largely entertained concerning our highest courts of judgment on doctrinal matters is indisputable, and that they do need some changes cannot reasonably be denied. What those changes are, and what they are not, we think that an examination of this judgment may greatly tend to show.

The one leading principle, then, which pervades the judgment, and is repeated, as the learned Judge says, *usque ad nauseam*, is, that the Court is not concerned with the truth or with the falsehood of the doctrinal statements which pass under its review, but simply with their agreement with, or their difference from, the Articles and Formularies of the United Church of England and Ireland. It is the consequences of this principle which are, at first sight, startling ; for under its rule it is plain that no passage of Holy Scripture as Holy Scripture, and unless the Church has directly put an interpretation upon it, can be quoted in proof of the error or soundness of any doctrinal statement. Even the parts of Scripture which are incorporated in the formularies must be excepted from the matter round them in the pleadings before the Court ; and thus, whilst a contradiction of the uninspired part of the formulary condemns the writer, a contradiction or an explaining away of the inspired part escapes uncondemned.

Another

Another startling consequence is this—that whilst to deny the Scriptures to be the Word of God will subject an English clergyman to deprivation, he may with perfect safety inform the Court that, believing it to be the Word of God, he further teaches that almost every fact stated in it is a myth, and every doctrine literally untrue, and only ideologically defensible. At first sight, it would seem that this treatment derogated highly from the Supreme Majesty of God's Word, and endangered fatally the Church's truth. But if we look more closely into it, we shall find reason to alter this conclusion. For, in truth, it is the Divine element in the Word of God which gives to it its many-sidedness and almost infinite power of yielding utterances to the soul of man. To limit this wide compass is the very error of the Essayists, who, contracting the meaning of Scripture to one single sense, bid us read it as any other book. The whole history of the Church contradicts this narrow conceit; for heretics have never wanted texts interpreted according to their own private sense with which to confirm their strange teaching. Amidst these various interpretations, it is the office of the Church, guided by the Spirit who dictated the Sacred Volume, to fix as to all fundamental questions its true sense, and so to be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ. In passages, therefore, where no such sense has been fixed by the Church, it would far transcend the power of an Ecclesiastical Judge to attempt the discharge of such a function as the fixing its true meaning. This, in language of most appropriate reverence, is the exact declaration of the Dean of the Arches: 'Were such a task imposed upon me, the want of theological knowledge would incapacitate me from adequately performing it' ('Judg.,' p. 13). And he calls attention to the fact that, as even in reading the Epistles and Gospels the Church is not defining doctrine, no really maintainable line can be drawn between them and the lessons, and thus that, if any portion of Scripture were admitted, he must admit, and so undertake to fix the sense of all.

So far then as concerns the reverence due to the Word of God, we think it clear that the letter of Scripture must be excluded in our Ecclesiastical Courts, both from the accusation and defence. But, further, we believe that this is at the same time the safeguard both of our freedom and our truth. Of our freedom it is certainly the protection; for if, instead of being tested by this agreement with fixed and unvarying standards of doctrine, any statements of theology were to be compared with the shifting interpretations which different Ecclesiastical Judges might affix to the Word of God, we should soon groan under an intolerable tyranny. No opinions would be safe if measured by such a leaden

rule, and the appointment of a new Dean of the Arches might involve the sentence of a generation of sound divines to the pains and penalties of heresy. For the very same reason would such a state of things be most dangerous to the maintenance of the purity of the revealed Faith. For our safety as to it rests under the direct aid of the Holy Spirit in the rich deposit of sacred truth which we have inherited, and which is fixed for us in creeds, articles, and formularies, themselves in full accordance with Holy Scripture rightly interpreted, and which therefore become in turn standing canons for the right interpretation of Scripture itself. Thus the limitation of the Judge's power is indeed our safety. And this is the answer to all the fears suggested by the respected Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge in the frigid but ingenious pamphlet in which he endeavours at once to shelter the Essayists from condemnation and himself from any danger of being supposed to partake of their many errors.* No decision can by possibility shake the great foundations of the faith, which under God's Providence have been laid, like the roots of the mighty coral archipelago, amidst the roar and beating of storms; in the very spot where the surge has been heaviest, and the swell of the breakers the most incessant; to work out which in their perfectness thousands upon thousands through successive generations have lived and suffered and confessed and bled; the truth ever spreading firmer its ascertained base by its resistance to the billows which seemed to threaten its existence. To alter one of these foundations of the faith, no such judgments as our courts thus limited are allowed to utter, can avail, more than can the plummet-line which reaches down to them upheave the vast limestone rocks which are embedded fathoms deep in the blue waters of the Pacific.

But to this it may be objected that old definitions of the faith and old articles of religion, which were framed to meet former heresies, cannot under this limited range of modern judgment suffice to curb the wild eccentricity of newer errors. There is undoubtedly great truth in this objection. The judgment before us supplies evidence of its force. Thus 'Whatever I may think,' says the Judge, 'as to the danger of the liberty so claimed' (of 'assuming a verifying faculty' as to Holy Scripture), 'still, if the liberty do not extend to the impugning the Articles of Religion or the Formularies, the matter is beyond my cognizance' (Judg. p. 19).

The whole system of ideological interpretation, so fatal to maintaining any fixed objective truth as revealed in Holy Scrip-

* 'An Examination of some portions of Dr. Lushington's Judgment,' &c., by J. Grote, B.D., Deightons.

ture, is a case in point, and a case full of danger. 'I plainly see,' says the Judge, 'to what fearful consequences this may be carried, but, provided that the doctrines of the Articles of Religion and Formularies are not contravened, the law lays down no limits of construction, no rule of interpretation for the Scriptures' (Judg. p. 37). The danger then undoubtedly exists, and the real question is, How can it be met? Not, we think that we have shown, by committing to our Judges what must, if committed at all, be an utterly unlimited power, which in its operation would assuredly endanger both our freedom and our faith; but in the mode in which from the beginning the Church has guarded against it, by confronting the attacks of new heresies with the defence of new declarations of the ancient faith.

It is no real answer to this to allege that, with an action cramped and manacled as is ours from our connexion with the State, it would be impossible for us to frame such new Articles. That it would be impossible we wholly deny: that it would be difficult we readily admit. The Spirituality must, of course, as the special guardians of the faith, first agree upon such Articles; when framed they could have no legal validity until the laity had assented to them, and until the nation in its duly-constituted Assemblies had decreed their enactment. So much the virtual compact involved in every National Church between the Church and the nation necessarily requires. For the Church has declared her message of truth, has laid down its formal declarations, and surrounded it with its necessary safeguards before she enters into such an alliance. These statements and these defences of the truth the nation on its part has allowed and adopted; and the Spirituality on these conditions has received the authoritative office and the remunerating endowments of the public lawful teacher of religion. No change, then, can justly be made in the statu quo without the free consent of both parties to the existing arrangement; and against any re-opening of the old settlement a multitude of objections would at any moment array themselves. The lovers of the old would fear that change might cost them the loss of what they had; the lovers of novelty would exclaim against it as threatening their attainment of the discoveries for which they long. Any such change therefore would, we admit, be difficult. Nor do we think that such difficulty is by any means an unmixed evil. It is only, in our judgment, in the last resort that such changes ought to be attempted. But we do not for an instant believe that in such last resort they would be found impossible. The restoration of the action of Convocation amongst us, and the gradual revival by slow but sure steps of the Church's power of internal legislation for her own wants, in one at least of

our provinces, may itself be a timely preparation for such a necessity. Nor do we doubt that, if our existing formularies prove to be an insufficient barrier against the fretting scepticism which has sought to rear its head amongst a few of our twenty thousand clergy, the honest and faithful indignation which has already so signally condemned these latest attempts of unbelief, would, if need be, embody itself in Articles of Religion sufficiently clear to enable our Judges legally to condemn the new devices of the old enemy of the Faith. And even before having recourse to this we have in actual possession another safeguard. No modern legislation has taken from our sacred Synods their power of condemning heretical books. Through these organs, should the occasion arise, we doubt not that the Church would make her voice of warning solemnly heard; and in doing so it is even an advantage, and not a loss, that, whilst she retains her power to condemn the error, she has probably no right, and therefore no requirement, to proceed against the person of the offender.

Our own Articles are a living evidence of such a mode of treating error. They had been rendered necessary on the one side by the wild fancies of the Anabaptists and other fanatics, and on the other by the corrupt traditions and usurping arrogance of the Papacy. They were calmly and cautiously but boldly framed by our fathers to meet the new forms of error with which their generation was threatened. All the Creeds of the Catholic Church beyond the simple Doxology have had in turn a like origin. Every dogma of which they are compounded is the battlefield on which some mighty truth was defended, the burying-place of some slain and now decomposing heresy. And if the like dangers beset us we must find our safety in the like course. New errors may even yet require new Articles. If the necessity should arise, it must be by the new definition of the old Faith—and not by that which even in civil matters is the most dangerous of all methods of legislation, namely, Judge-made law—that we must confute the gainsayer and silence the heretic.

Here, then, we may perhaps discover to what alterations of our Ecclesiastical Courts, so far as concerns their treatment of doctrine, the real needs of the times seem to point. Not certainly to clothing our Judges with these uncertain and dangerous powers, the possession of which they so strongly deprecate, but to any change which may define more exactly what their true province is, if anywhere it has been left doubtful. One provision of recent legislation we think there is which needs such revision. The addition, in certain cases, of the two Metropolitans and of the Bishop of London to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,

Council, before which appeals from the Courts of Canterbury and York are held, interferes entirely with the views of his office which are enforced in this judgment by the Dean of the Arches as those which are true in themselves and which have been laid down by the Supreme Tribunal in the recent Heath and Gorham cases. The mixture of the spiritual element with the temporal in that Court gives to it an unfortunate appearance of undertaking to decide what is the true doctrine, instead of merely giving a legal exposition to the language in which the true doctrine is already defined; and this appearance, unfortunate in even a strictly ecclesiastical Court, is absolutely disastrous in the Judicial Committee, which is not an ecclesiastical tribunal, but a temporal Court, advising the action of the Sovereign, when appealed to as in the well-known '*appel comme d'abus*,' as the supreme arbiter under God in any case of alleged injustice wrought in any Court against the subject. We will not stop here to inquire by what legislation this anomaly should be corrected. We now merely call attention to its existence as directly militating against the principle laid down in this judgment and maintained as true by ourselves.

Here, then, for the present we leave this great matter. We see upon the whole many grounds for rejoicing at the course by which it has travelled to its present posture. For there are many marks that now—as so often before in the Church's history—error has defeated itself. We rejoice in the unambiguous voice it has called forth from our high Ecclesiastical Court. We rejoice in the tone maintained by the Convocation of Canterbury, in the utterance of all our Bishops, and in the echo it awoke amongst the clergy. We rejoice in the calm, dignified rebuke administered by the expressive silence of the laity to the promulgers of this new-fangled form of puny unbelief. We may lastly add that we rejoice in the literary issues of the conflict; in the exposure it has made of the shallow, crude, half-learned ignorance of the masters of the new movement; and in the enduring additions to our standard theology of which it has been the cause. And for ourselves, we rejoice that we were amongst the earliest to unmask the pretenders, and draw down upon our head the honourable distinction of their peculiar hostility.

- ART. VII.—1. *Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the Taeping Rebellion in China.* By Commander Lindesay Brine, R.N., F.R.G.S. London, 1862.
2. *Five Months on the Yang-tsze.* By Thomas W. Blakiston, late Captain Royal Artillery. London, 1862.
3. *Narrative of the War with China in 1860.* By Lieut.-Colonel G. J. Wolseley. London, 1862.
4. *The London and China Telegraph*, v. 4.
5. *The Church Mission Record.* Oct. 1862.

OUR relations with China have not for a long time been satisfactory. War after war has been forced upon us by the blind obstinacy of the Imperial Government; and now, their friendship, if great care and foresight be not exercised, may cost us dearer than their enmity. They are, we are told, in trouble: that trouble has been caused in some degree by our military operations, and therefore we are bound in honour to help them out of their difficulties; that is to say, their internal difficulties, for it has not yet been said that we are also bound to help them to fight the Russians, who are encroaching so rapidly upon their northern frontier. One of their internal troubles, in dealing with which our Government has apparently resolved to assist them, is that which is presented by the Taeping rebels, who now hold, upon the estimate of Commander Brine (cited at more length below), 30,000 square miles of country, and who according to Captain Blakiston are in possession of the half of each of the provinces of Kiang-su and Che'-kiang, a district as fertile perhaps as any in China, and estimated by Sir H. Parkes at 60,000 square miles, and having formerly a population of 70,000,000 souls.* This resolution has already led to military operations of a kind doubly distasteful to the British public, inasmuch as they were carried on by a combined British and French force, and if not actually amounting to intervention in the civil contentions of the Chinese, must certainly appear to the Chinese in that light.

The new policy which we have adopted deserves more careful and deeper consideration than we can at present bestow upon it, but we desire to call attention to the nature and history of the Taeping movement. The government and dynasty attacked by it are those of the Manchu Tartars, who conquered, two hundred years ago, a Chinese dynasty which had filled the throne for four hundred years. The Imperial troops amount to 800,000 men; and at least one-fourth of every garrison, or other force, are Tartars, better paid, armed, and disciplined than the Chinese

* Blakiston, p. 32.

soldiers; and occupying in Chinese cities a separate quarter which commands the rest of the town.

The Government is carried on at Peking, and recommends itself to the people—so far as their acquiescence is not a mere mechanical habit—chiefly by its system of examinations, through which all honours, privileges, and government offices are made attainable by those whose intelligence and good fortune enable them to pass those examinations with success. This popular right is jealously regarded by the nation, which indignantly resents the sale of degrees and the other corruptions that have crept into the system, and disturb the freedom of what might almost be called the Olympic games of China, the great arena of national ambition. This system of examination not only brings the people to look upon public office as a patrimony in which all may hope to share, but it serves one most important end of government in a country of such enormous extent, by inducing natives of all parts of the empire to learn the written language; a most important bond of union between people whose speech varies so widely in the different provinces that a native of the south cannot make himself understood in the north. It must also serve, by confining the studies of the educated classes to certain books, to keep their thoughts from running in new and inconvenient channels.

The machinery of Government was so well organised by the second Tartar Emperor, Kang-hi, of whose court Father Ripa has left an amusing account, that his successors found no difficulty in maintaining peace, and the population became so excessive that the produce of the land was barely adequate to meet their wants; but the Emperor Keen-lung, who died A.D. 1798, though he presided over the empire for sixty years with much éclat, introduced extravagance and corruption into the government, and paved the way for its humiliation and decay. The test of a Government's real strength is the degree in which it can command the obedience of the people under circumstances of difficulty; and it appears that during the last thirty years the Tartar Government of China has been severely tried, and has been found wanting. Earthquake, famine, and pestilence afflicted various provinces of the empire. Misery led to riots, and rioters were visited with extreme and unjustifiable punishments. Opium-smugglers formed themselves into numerous and powerful armed bodies, and defied the authority of the magistrates. Then came the struggle with the English, which exposed the inefficiency of the Tartar soldiery, and the uselessness of the fortifications which the unwarlike Chinese had considered so strong. The collection of the indemnity which we exacted

exacted pressed heavily upon the people, while it made them feel the humiliation of the Government; the coast was infested by pirates, and the provinces were torn by an interminable series of revolts which the troops were unable to quell.

The two adjacent provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si, between the years of 1848 and 1852, were the theatre of constant petty feuds and local insurrections; 'all which,' says a Tartar general, in reporting to the Emperor, 'arise from that class having *seen through the circumstances of the army at the time barbarian affairs were being transacted* (i. e. at the time of the war with the English). Formerly they feared the troops as tigers; of late they look on them as sheep. Further, of the several tens of thousands of armed irregulars who were disbanded at the settlement of the barbarian business, very few returned to their original occupation; most of them became robbers.'

In the midst of all this confusion broke out, in the year 1850, the famous Taeping rebellion, which is to this day menacing the very existence of the empire; which was represented to us at one time as affording so bright a prospect of the diffusion of Christianity; and which has latterly been spoken of as the very climax and perfection of wickedness, and as that which we are bound to lend our active co-operation to crush and to destroy.

In endeavouring to form a fair estimate of a movement of which the accounts have been so conflicting, much assistance may be derived from the thoughtful and temperate investigation of the history and nature of this rebellion contained in the work which we have placed at the head of the present article. Commander Brine, who has just returned from a four years' service in China, has combined for our information, with much care and discrimination, the few trustworthy accounts which have from time to time been given of the rebels, and the most important documents from which their sentiments and doctrines can be learned; and he reasons upon them with much ability. Captain Blakiston has likewise given us valuable information upon the same subject. The main object, however, of his book is to tell us—and he does so very pleasantly—of his adventurous voyage up the great river Yang-tsze, the high-road of China, to a distance of no less than 1800 miles from the sea; of the new and strange lands through which it flows, their beautiful scenery, their people, climate, and rich variety of produce.

To return, then, to the great Taeping rebellion. This movement appears to have originated in the thoughts, sensations, and impulses of a single individual, of whom, therefore, it is necessary to give (under the guidance of Commander Brine) an account somewhat in detail.

In

In a humble village, thirty miles from the city of Canton, dwelt a venerable man, honest and straightforward in his dealings, the headman or elder of the village, who settled the disputes of its inhabitants with each other or with neighbouring villagers, and was charged with the care of their ancestral fields. He was poor, like his neighbours, and his family obtained their livelihood by cultivating a few ricefields and rearing pigs and poultry.

‘To him, in the year 1813,’ says Commander Brine,* ‘was born Hung-siu-tsuen, the third son and fourth child. It appears that from the very beginning he showed himself to be of a studious nature, and evinced more than average abilities. He was sent to school when seven years old: glowing accounts are given of his rapid progress in his studies, and his remarkable aptitude for committing to memory the Chinese classics. As, however, he eventually failed so signally in his attempts to obtain his bachelor’s degree—a great deal must be put down to the partiality of his friend Hung-jin. Still it is evident that in point of intellect he stood first in his own village.

‘His aged father, in talking with his friends, was particularly fond of dwelling on the subject of the talents of his youngest son. His face brightened whenever he heard any one speak in his son’s praise; and this commendation of his son was inducement enough for him to invite the speaker to the family hall to partake of tea, or a bowl of rice, and gratify the father by continuing this his favourite topic of discourse.

‘The poverty of Siu-tsuen’s family was in great measure the cause of his want of literary success. Although by every means in their power, and with the aid of the slight assistance that could be rendered by friends, they endeavoured to improve his chances of successful competition by sending him to more distant and better schools; yet at last they were forced to take him from his studies that he might assist in the provision for their daily wants, and to this end, when arrived at the age of sixteen, the most important period of his student life, he was obliged to pass his time in field labour, or in leading the oxen to graze.

‘This occupation did not agree with the bent of Siu-tsuen’s mind, and eventually the village people gave him the appointment of teacher in the school. This gave him means for continuing his studies, and the remuneration for his work, small as it was, enabled him to be above absolute want.

‘Hung-siu-tsuen himself chose Siu-tsuen as his literary name, by this means marking his individuality in the family name Hung. Siu-tsuen means “Elegant and Perfect.” In the examinations held in the district city he took a high place, but he was never able to get his

* Commander Brine states that his account of Hung-siu-tsuen is in great measure derived from one which was drawn up by Mr. Hamberg, a missionary (now dead), who took great pains to inform himself upon the subject.

bachelor's degree, for which purpose he had to attend the examinations at Canton, which city, from this circumstance, must have been the chief city of his department as well as that of the province. About the year 1833 he visited Canton, in order to be present at the public competitive trial. This was subsequent to previous failures. Here he met with a man who, from the description, must have been a Protestant missionary. On the following day he met two men, one of whom had in his possession a parcel of books, the whole of which he gave to Hung-siu-tsuen. The work consisted of nine small volumes, and was entitled "Good Words exhorting the Age." The donor proved to be a native convert, who was employed in distributing tracts. The author of these tracts was a man named Leang-Afah, a convert of Dr. Milne's at the college at Malacca. Leang subsequently returned to China (his native country), and there Dr. Morrison, finding that he was anxious to become a distributor of the Gospel, ordained him for that purpose. Dr. Morrison states that in 1832 Leang-Afah had printed nine tracts, of about fifty pages each, composed by himself, and interspersed with passages of sacred Scripture. The title of the whole was "Kuen-shi-leang-yen" (Good Words exhorting the Age). These books contain a good number of whole chapters of the Bible, according to the translation of Dr. Morrison, many essays on important subjects from single texts, and sundry miscellaneous statements founded on Scripture.

Dr. Morrison's translation of the Bible, though most creditable to that gentleman at the time when it was executed, has been found by modern scholars to abound in the gravest errors, and, in fact, is no longer actively circulated by the missionaries; and we know upon the authority of Dr. Medhurst, who has critically examined the 'Good Words exhorting the Age,' that, through defects in early education, Leang Afah's style is diffuse and his sentences ill-constructed. He seems to have had no knowledge of the proper use and position of Chinese particles, and to have taken not the slightest care to construct his sentences in an idiomatic manner. To a well-educated Chinese his productions could not be acceptable; on every page, and almost in every line, something occurs offensive to good sense and philological propriety. So that, upon the whole, considering the necessity of using the clearest and most precise language for conveying Christian truth, it is difficult to conceive a more unsuitable, or, in fact, a more dangerous, introduction to Christian doctrine than that which thus presented itself to Hung-siu-tsuen, and it is deeply to be regretted that a person so unfit as Leang Afah was ever suffered to assume the part of commentator. Hung-siu-tsuen, upon his return home, took these tracts with him, and, not deeming them of much importance, he simply, as he has since asserted, glanced at their contents, and put them aside. It

is plain, however, that he had done somewhat more. In 1837 he again went up for examination at Canton, and again failed. Broken down in health and spirits, he returned home to his village, and was, through illness, confined for some time to his bed. At this time he was twenty-three years of age. Strange visions appear to have now filled his mind.

‘In one of his visions he imagined himself to be carried away in a sedan-chair by a number of men playing musical instruments, and, after visiting bright and luminous places, and having all his impurities washed away, he entered, in company with a number of virtuous, aged, and venerable men, into a large hall, the beauty and splendour of which were beyond description. A man, venerable from his years, and dressed in a black robe, was sitting in an imposing attitude, in the highest place. As soon as he observed Siu-tsuen he began to shed tears, and said: “All human beings in the world are produced and sustained by me; they eat my food and wear my clothing, but not a single one among them has a heart to remember and venerate me; what is, however, still worse, they take my gifts, and therewith worship demons; they rebel against me and arouse my anger. Do thou not imitate them!” Thereupon he gave Siu-tsuen a sword, commanding him to exterminate the demons, but to spare his brothers and sisters; a seal, by which he would overcome evil spirits; and a yellow fruit, which Siu-tsuen found sweet to the taste. He then gives him charge to do the work of bringing round the perverse; and taking him out, told him to look and behold the perverseness of the people upon earth.

‘Siu-tsuen looked and saw such a degree of depravity and vice that his eyes could not endure the sight nor his mouth express their deeds. He then awoke from his trance, but being still partially under its influence, he put on his clothes, left his bedroom, went into the presence of his father, and making a low bow, said: “The venerable old man above has commanded that all men shall turn to me, and all treasures flow to me.”

‘When his father saw him come out, and heard him speak in this manner, he did not know what to think, feeling at once joy and fear. The sickness and visions of Siu-tsuen continued about forty days, and in these visions he often saw a man of middle age, whom he called his Elder Brother, who instructed him how to act, accompanied him in his wanderings to the uttermost regions in search of evil spirits, and assisted him in slaying and exterminating them. Siu-tsuen during his sickness, when his mind was wandering, often used to run about his room leaping and fighting like a soldier engaged in battle. His constant cry was, “Tsan-jan, tsan-jan, tsan-ah, tsan-ah!” Slay the demons! &c., &c.

‘His father felt very anxious about the state of his mind, and ascribed this their present misfortune to the fault of the geomancer in selecting an unlucky spot of ground for the burial of their forefathers. He therefore invited some magicians, in order that by their

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secret art they might drive away the evil spirits; but Siu-tsuen said, "How could these imps dare to oppose me? I must slay them! I must slay them! Many, many, cannot resist me."

'After he had fatigued himself by fighting, jumping about, singing, and exhorting, he lay down again upon his bed. When he was asleep many persons were accustomed to come and look at him, and he was soon known in the whole district as "the Madman." He often said that he was duly appointed Emperor of China, and was highly gratified when any one called him by that name.'

Eventually he regained his health, and he related to his friends without reserve all that he could remember of his extraordinary visions. He remained a poor schoolmaster, and continued to be 'plucked' in the desperate struggle for the bachelor's degree. One day his bundle of tracts happened to excite the attention of a brother schoolmaster, named Li, who, after perusing them, told him that they were very extraordinary writings, and differed considerably from Chinese books. Upon this Hung-siu-tsuen, for the first time, carefully read them, and was astonished to find that they supplied a key to his own visions.

'He now understood the venerable old man who sat upon the highest place, and whom all men ought to worship, to be God, the Heavenly Father; and the man of middle age, who had instructed him, and assisted him in exterminating the demons, to be Jesus, the Saviour of the world. Siu-tsuen felt as if awaking from a long dream. He rejoiced to have found in reality a way to Heaven, and sure hope of everlasting life and happiness. Learning from the books the necessity of being baptised, Siu-tsuen and Li, according to the manner described in the books, and as far as they understood the rite, now administered baptism to themselves.

'After this they discarded their idols, and removed the tablet of Confucius that was placed in the school-room.'

In consequence of the removal of the tablet of Confucius from the school-room, and the general renunciation of the religion of the people, Hung-siu-tsuen lost his place as a teacher. He appears to have made two or three converts to his opinions in his own district, who afterwards accompanied him to the neighbouring province of Kwang-si, where the whole party remained for some months, and made above a hundred converts. He then returned home, but one of his disciples, named Fung-yun-san, chose to remain behind for several years, making numerous converts. These soon began to meet together for religious purposes, and became known as the 'Congregation of the Worshipers of God.'

Hung-siu-tsuen appears, on returning home, to have obtained some employment as a teacher, notwithstanding his heterodoxy.

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He is stated to have begun at this time to give vent to his hatred against the Tartar dynasty by which China is governed.

Having heard, through a man lately returned from Canton, that a foreign missionary was preaching in that city, Hung-siu-tsuen and one of his converts, as soon as their scanty means would permit, repaired to Canton, and went to the house of the missionary in question—an American Baptist, the Rev. Issachar J. Roberts—desiring to be taught the Christian religion. Hung-siu-tsuen's associate soon returned home, but he himself continued at the Mission two months or more, during which time, according to Mr. Roberts's account, 'he studied the Scriptures and received instruction, whilst he maintained a blameless deportment. He presented a paper written by himself, giving a minute account of having received the book of "Good Words exhorting the Age"—of his having been taken sick, during which time he imagined that he saw a vision, the details of which he gave, and which he said confirmed him in the belief of what he read in the book. . . . He requested to be baptised, but he left Kwang-si before we were fully satisfied of his fitness.' Here was a man really desirous of instruction, endued with singular capacity for moving his fellow-men—one who, in the hands of a discerning teacher, might have become a mighty instrument of good; for (as has been justly remarked by one who has ungrudgingly devoted his fine talents to sowing the good seed—the Rev. Dr. Duff) it has happened again and again in the East, that a man of great mental powers has given an impulse to his time, and, within the compass of a single life, has founded a religion or an empire. But the stay of Hung-siu-tsuen at Canton was shortened through the jealousy of two of Mr. Roberts's assistants, who persuaded him to apply to that gentleman for pecuniary assistance—a species of demand which Protestant missionaries, with good reason, look upon with suspicion. His baptism was indefinitely postponed, and in June, 1847, he left Canton, where he had no means of supporting himself. Repairing to the Kwang-si province, he found the Society of God-worshippers prospering under his friend, Fung-yun-san. They received him as their leader, and their numbers rapidly increased. Their forms of worship were vague. Above all things they insisted on the destruction of idols,

'When the idols,' says Mr. Hamberg, 'had been taken away, Hung-siu-tsuen at first used to place the written name of God in their stead, and even used incense-sticks and gold paper as a part of the service. But in a few months, finding that this was wrong, he abolished it. His stepmother declared, however, that it was a great pity that he had taken away the name of God from the wall, for during that time they had

had been able to add a few fields to their estate, which she considered as a special blessing and sign of divine favour. When the congregation in Kwang-si assembled together for religious worship, male and female worshippers had their seats separated from each other. It was customary to praise God by the singing of a hymn, an address was delivered on either the mercy of God or the merits of Christ, and the people were exhorted to repent of their sins, to abstain from idolatry, and to serve God with sincerity of heart. When any professed to believe in the doctrine, and expressed a desire to be admitted members of the congregation, the rite of baptism was performed in the following manner, without reference to any longer or shorter term of preparation or previous instruction. Two burning lamps and three cups of tea were placed on a table, probably to suit the sensual apprehension of the Chinese. A written confession of sins, containing the names of the different candidates for baptism, was repeated by them, and afterwards burnt, by which procedure the presenting of the confession to God was symbolized. The question was then asked if they promised "not to worship evil spirits, nor to practise evil things, but to keep the heavenly commandments?" After this confession and promise they knelt down, and from a large basin of clear water a cupful was poured over the head of every one, with the words, "Purification from all former sins, putting off the old, and regeneration." Upon rising again they used to drink of the tea, and generally each convert washed his chest and the region of his heart with water, to signify the inner cleansing of their hearts. It was also customary to perform private ablutions in the rivers, accompanied by confession of sins, and prayer for forgiveness. Those who had been baptised now received the different forms of prayer to be used morning and evening, or before meals. On the celebration of festivals, as, for instance, at a marriage, a burial, or at the new year, animals were offered in sacrifice, and afterwards consumed by those present at the ceremony. When they engaged in prayer they used to kneel down all in one direction, toward the side of the house whence the light entered, and closing their eyes, one spoke the prayer in the name of the whole assembly.*

A little later the God-worshippers commenced destroying the idols and interfering with the worship of their neighbours. Fung-yun-san and another of the leaders were seized and committed to prison upon a charge of rebelling against the authorities. Hung-siu-tsuen vainly repaired to Canton to petition for their release: Fung-yun-san, however, was sent home to his own village and set at liberty after he had given securities not to return, his companion having died in prison.

Hung-siu-tsuen remained quietly at home during seven months, assisting his elder brothers in leading the buffaloes to the hills to graze; frequently communing with Fung-yun-san, whose

* 'The Taeping Rebellion,' p. 81, note:

village was close by, and unfolding his religious views to the youths who led their oxen to the common pasture. The two friends then set out together in 1849, and rejoined the God-worshippers in the province of Kwang-si; a collection having been made in their own district to meet the expenses of their journey. During the absence of their leaders some of the God-worshippers had experienced a remarkable series of ecstatic fits or trances, closely resembling the seizures which have occurred among ignorant and excitable people in other parts of the world. One poor man in particular, named Yang, was subject to such trances, in which he was in the habit of speaking in the name of God the Father, and in a solemn and awe-inspiring manner reproved others for their sins, often pointing out individuals, and exposing their evil actions. He was also said to have the gift of curing sickness by intercession. Yang conceived himself to be under the immediate direction of God the Father, in whose name he spoke, and Siau, another of the God-worshippers, spoke in the name of 'Jesus, the Elder Brother,' and, as has happened frequently before, the supposed revelations were uttered in the first person, as if emanating from the Divine Being by whose presence the man was for the time possessed; not as if the utterer meant to claim for himself any share in the Divine nature. The latter interpretation was erroneously put by many Europeans upon the declarations of the God-worshippers. Hung-siu-tsuen did not confirm with his authority all the utterances made at these revivals, but declared that the words of those moved were partly true and partly false, and that some were from the devil, and some were from God. He appears to have placed implicit confidence in the revelations of Yang and of Siau. Hung-siu-tsuen was now austere and reserved in his manners, strict in his moral behaviour, and severe upon the shortcomings of his followers, who submitted implicitly to his dictates, although he had been absent when the congregation of God-worshippers was formed, and also when the ecstasies, or revivals, first took place among them.

Up to this point, however we may lament the ignorance and the mistakes of these people, the general tendency of the movement seems to have been good, and the objects of Hung-siu-tsuen laudable. To awaken the people from the miserable torpid idolatry of Buddhism, and to open to them even a glimpse of the Divine nature and of Christian morality, was surely a great and noble design, however blind the leader may have been to the cardinal truths of Christianity which he had desired, but had not been permitted, to know. But the God-worshippers, as we have seen, soon became suspected by the authorities, and in
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the end they became identified with local parties. It may almost be said that 'rebellion lay in their way, and they found it.' Indeed, it is probable that the thought of it had long been familiar to the minds of the chiefs, who could not hope to be allowed by the Tartar Government to destroy the temples and idols, and to subvert the religious belief and institutions of the nation. There is reason to think that Hung-siu-tsuen had studied military tactics, with a view to their practical application; and one of his comrades, a disappointed scholar like himself, takes credit in his confession (made under torture when a prisoner of the Imperialists) for having instructed Hung-siu-tsuen, after the rebellion broke out, in tactics; on which he had himself read many treatises while he was a priest.

The immediate cause of the outbreak is stated in several different ways. It is said that a young believer and iconoclast, being thrown into prison at the instance of a certain graduate, who was the determined enemy of the God-worshippers, perished through want and ill-treatment. It appears, however, that the province of Kwang-si contained two hostile races of inhabitants—the older dwellers in the land, called the Puntis, and those who had more recently settled in it, called the Hakkas. The God-worshippers were chiefly connected with the latter, who, being in difficulties, sought their protection, and obtained it by conforming to their worship. The God-worshippers having become involved in some disturbances, the magistrates attempted to seize Hung-siu-tsuen and Fung-yun-san; their own people came to the rescue, and the rebellion commenced. Hung-siu-tsuen summoned the God-worshippers to unite together. They had already begun to convert their property into money, and to deliver the proceeds into a common treasury, whence the wants of all were supplied: a principle which has been adhered to throughout. Old and young, rich and poor, all the members of the congregation, came with their families to join his banner, which soon attracted to it, in addition, such people as those who were fain, of old, to resort to the cave of Adullam.

The rebels in the first instance (about the end of 1850), seized an opulent market-town, whose shops supplied their wants, and whose strong situation (nearly surrounded by a river) enabled them to make a stand. They next proceeded to take possession of Tai-tsun, a large village, where they found abundant provisions. They deserted their first quarters, upon which the Imperialists vented their rage, burning the shops, and plundering whatever they could find, under the supposition that the inhabitants were abettors of the God-worshippers. Many of the inhabitants were killed. These cruelties greatly incensed the populace, and many
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of them joined the rebel force. A rigid discipline was established; and the local chiefs of the ancient and formidable Triad association, which has for its avowed object the expulsion of the Tartars, and the restoration of the Chinese dynasty of Ming, though they made overtures to join the movement, were so awe-struck by the decapitation of a teacher who had misconducted himself, that they drew back, saying, 'Your laws seem to be rather too cruel: we shall, perhaps, find it difficult to keep them; and upon any small transgression you would perhaps kill us also.' Hung-siu-tsuen, on the other hand, declared that it was too late to speak of restoring the Mings. 'At all events,' said he, 'when our native mountains and rivers are recovered, a new dynasty must be established. How could we at present arouse the energies of men by speaking of restoring the Ming dynasty?'

The officers of Government were soon compelled to report to Peking that the culpable lenity and inaction of the magistrates had permitted the formation of a secret society; that the heads of this society had stirred up the common people in Kwang-si to revolt, and to plunder and burn the villages, routing the troops of the Government wherever they fell in with them. 'Hung-siu-tsuen,' writes the governor, 'is a man of dangerous character, and he practises the ancient military arts. At first he conceals his strength, then he puts it forth a little, then in a greater degree, and lastly comes on in great force. He constantly has two victories for one defeat; for he practises the tactics of Sun-pin.'

The army of the insurgents was systematically organised; 'in action, whoever backed out was executed; while rewards and promotions were given to the victorious;' and minute regulations (generally of a humane and provident nature) were promulgated for the guidance of the troops upon the march and in all their operations. The first great advantage obtained by them consisted in their sudden capture of the important city of Yung-guan, in the eastern part of Kwang-si, which they effected, according to the Canton account, by advancing quickly to the walls, which are not very high, and then throwing an immense quantity of lighted fire-crackers into the town, the continued explosion of which brought confusion among the soldiers within, and caused them to retreat; after which the insurgents easily succeeded in scaling the walls and entering the city. They then plundered the treasury, killed the officers, broke open the prisons, and possessed themselves of the granaries. The district magistrate and the lieutenant-colonel, together with various subordinate officers and their families, were put to death, to the number of several score.

The chief, Hung-siu-tsuen, made a triumphal entry into the town, when, under the title which he had already assumed, of Tien-Wang, or Heavenly King, he was proclaimed the first Emperor of the new dynasty of Taeping, or Great Peace.

Some months after the taking of Yung-nan, the new potentate issued (Nov. 1851) a proclamation, giving the title of king to his chief leaders, and assigning to each great officer his appropriate functions. By this proclamation he required all his officers and soldiers to follow his doctrine, which he proceeds to lay down:—

‘Our Heavenly Father, the great God and supreme Lord, is one true Spirit (God): besides our Heavenly Father the great God and supreme Lord, there is no Spirit (God). The great God our Heavenly Father and supreme Lord is omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent—the supreme over all. There is not an individual who is not produced and nourished by him. He is Shang (Supreme). He is the Te (Ruler). Besides the great God our Heavenly Father and supreme Lord there is no one who can be called Shang, and no one who can be called Te.

‘Therefore from henceforth all you soldiers and officers may designate us as your lord, and that is all; you must not call me Supreme, lest you should encroach upon the designation of our Heavenly Father. Our Heavenly Father is our Holy Father, and our Celestial Elder Brother is our Holy Lord the Saviour of the world. Hence our Heavenly Father and Celestial Elder Brother alone are holy; and from henceforth all you soldiers and officers may designate us as your lord, and that is all; but you must not call me holy, lest you encroach upon the designation of our Heavenly Father and Celestial Elder Brother. The great God our Heavenly Father and supreme Lord is our Spiritual Father, our Ghostly Father. . . . All the kings above referred to are to be under the superintendence of the Eastern king. We have also issued a proclamation designating our queen as the lady of all ladies (empress), and our concubines as royal ladies. Respect this.’

Fung-yun-san, the ancient comrade of the chief, was the Southern king; Yang, the seer, the Eastern king; Siau, who in his trances supposed himself to be under the inspiration of Jesus, the Elder Brother, was the Western king; and Wei-ching, an adherent of influence, the Northern king. From the commencement of the rebellion up to the present day, the chief has devoted a great deal of his attention to the framing of proclamations, orders, creeds, and doctrinal addresses; and from these, as well as from the more vulgar orders of the day issued by his subordinates, the spirit of the rebellion is to be learnt. The Decalogue was ordered to be observed. It will have been noticed

noticed that polygamy was not prohibited. Heaven was promised to the bold and venturous; hell was to be the lot of the timid and indolent; all who should transgress the Seventh Commandment were to be instantly beheaded.

The Imperial forces, in due time, invested the city of Yung-nan; and in April, 1852, the Taepings, being hard pressed, sallying out in three bodies, forced their way—not without considerable loss—through the ranks of the Imperialists. The tactician ex-priest was taken prisoner and sent to Peking, where after making, under torture (as we have already mentioned), a long confession—in which Hung-siu-tsuen is described as a magician, a winebibber, and licentious—he was cut into small pieces, a punishment regarded by the Chinese with the utmost horror.

The Taepings proceeded steadily northward, occasionally foiled, but generally taking the several cities that lay on their line of march, and evacuating them as soon as they had obtained what necessities they required. Their plan seems to have been to spring a mine under the walls, and take the town, if possible, by assault. At length, on the 12th of January, 1853, they occupied the three cities, adjacent to each other, of Han-yang, Wuchang, and Hankow, where they collected money and provisions to an immense extent, and, having loaded their vessels with men and stores, they proceeded down the Yang-tsze river to Nankin, which they took by assault in March, 1853, meeting with very little resistance. The tribe of Hakkas, which formed the basis of the Taeping force, are noted for courage and endurance, and their adversaries behaved in the most dastardly manner. Mr. Meadows* states the garrison in the city to be not less than 7000 or 8000 able-bodied men. He says:—

‘These Manchus had to fight for all that is dear to man; for the imperial family, which had always treated them well, for the honour of their nation, for their own lives, and for the lives of their wives and children. This they well knew, the Heavenly Prince having openly declared the first duty of his mission to be their extermination. It might have been expected, therefore, that they would have made a desperate fight in self-defence; yet they did not strike a blow. It would seem as if the irresistible progress and inveterate enmity of the insurgents had bereft them of all sense and strength, and of all manhood, for they merely threw themselves on the ground before the leaders, and piteously implored for mercy with cries of “Spare my life, Prince! Spare my life, Prince!” They may have been paralyzed by the thought that their impending fate was the retribution of Heaven for the indiscriminate slaughter of whole populations by their au-

* Cited by Commander Brine: ‘The Taeping Rebellion,’ p. 157.

cestors, when they conquered the country ; as at Canton, for instance, where the Chinese still speak revengefully of the extermination of the inhabitants on the forces of the present dynasty taking that city.

‘Only about a hundred escaped out of a population of more than twenty thousand,* the rest—men, women, and children—were all put to the sword. “We killed them all,” said the insurgents, with emphasis ; the recollection bringing back into their faces the dark shade of unsparing sternness they must have borne when the appalling execution was going on. “We killed them all, to the infant in arms. We left not a root to sprout from.” The bodies were thrown into the Yang-zte.’

This was very cruel ; and men who judge hastily have often said, on hearing of such atrocities, that the Taepings are the greatest villains in existence and quite out of the pale of humanity, and that it is our duty, on that account, to take an active part in their extermination. Yet, let us consider what has taken place in civil war in other countries before we say that the Taepings are so much worse than others. Did not Oliver Cromwell put to the sword the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford ? Did not General Monk—afterwards Duke of Albemarle—put to death the whole garrison of the town of Dundee ? Or, turning to more modern times, and to the history of a people whom the English public at one time, and *after* the events we are about to refer to, delighted to honour—the Greeks in the war of independence—what do we learn from their very able historian Mr. Finlay ?—

‘In the month of April, 1821, a Mussulman population, amounting to upwards of 20,000 souls, were living dispersed in Greece, employed in agriculture. Before two months had elapsed the greater part were slain—men, women, and children were murdered without mercy or remorse. Old men still point to heaps of stones and tell the traveller, “There stood the tower of Ali Aga, and there we slew him, his harem, and his slaves ;” and the old man walks calmly on to plough the fields which once belonged to Ali Aga, without a thought that any vengeful feeling can attend the crime.’†

Again, at the sack of Tripolitza :‡—

‘Women and children were frequently tortured before they were murdered. After the Greeks had been in possession of the city for forty-eight hours, they deliberately collected together about 2000 persons of every age and sex, but principally women and children, and led

* This, we apprehend, applies to the quarter of the city which was occupied by the Tartars and their families.

† ‘History of the Greek Revolution,’ by George Finlay, 2 vols., 1861 ; vol. i. pp. 172, 187.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 267-270.

them to a ravine in the nearest mountain, where they murdered every soul. General Gordon, who returned to Tripolitza with Hypsilantes, and whose familiarity with the Turkish language enabled him to converse with those who were spared, estimates the number of Mussulmen murdered during the sack of the town at eight thousand souls. Many young women and girls were carried off as slaves by the volunteers who returned to their native places, but few male children were spared.

Gordon, a warm Philhellene, observes :—"Humanity is a word quite out of place when applied either to the Turks or to their opponents."*

So much for Greece. We will not ask what has been the conduct of the Servians at Belgrade during this very year. But, to return to China. Mr. Forrest, a gentleman belonging to our Consular establishment, who passed some time at Nankin among the Taepings, says, in a passage cited by Captain Blakiston (p. 55), that certain cruelties of the Taepings are 'hardly a counterpart of Tsing (Imperial) atrocities. But the other day, at Ngan-king, the Imperialists enjoyed a three days' slaughter, and left neither man, woman, nor child in that unfortunate city. The Great River is crowded now with their headless victims.' And we learn upon the high authority of Dr. Legge—a much respected missionary, who has spent many years in China, that 'on the score of cruelty, the case must be about even between the two contending parties: inclining to the Imperial side, if we may judge on the principle that the more cowardly are the more cruel.'†

The proclamations and orders issued to the army by Yang, the Eastern king, as generalissimo, are all designed to stir up the Chinese national feeling against the Tartars. He declares that the empire belongs to the Chinese, and not to the Tartars; that the food and raiment found therein belong to the Chinese, and not to the Tartars. 'Can the Chinese,' he asks, 'deem themselves men?' Ever since the Manchus have spread their poisonous influence through China, the flame of oppression has risen up to heaven; while the Chinese, with bowed heads and dejected spirits, willingly become the servants of others. How strange it is that there are no men in China! If all the bamboos of the southern hills were to be used, we fear they would not be enough to detail the obscenities of these Tartars; and if all the waves of the Eastern Sea were to be employed, they would not be sufficient to wash away their sins, which reach to heaven. They deprived the Chinese of their national

* 'History of the Greek Revolution,' p. 237.

† 'London and China Telegraph,' vol. iv. p. 493.

headdress, compelling them to shave their heads and wear a long tail behind, thus causing them to assume the appearance of brute animals [a custom which the Taepings have discarded]; they have also abolished the national dress; they have interfered with the purity of the language, introducing the slang of the capital, designing to seduce the Chinese by their Tartar brogue. They are indifferent to the sufferings of the people by drought or inundations. They have corrupted the administration of justice. 'Offices are to be obtained by bribes; crimes are to be bought off with money; rich fellows engross all authority, while heroes are filled with despair.' The corrupt mandarins of the public offices are no better than wolves and tigers. All this originates in the vicious and sottish monarch at the head of affairs, who drives honest people to a distance, and admits to his presence the most worthless of mankind, sells offices and disposes of preferments, while he refuses men of virtuous talent. The rich and the great are abandoned to vice without control, whilst the poor and miserable have none to redress their wrongs.

'Therefore,' says Yang, 'I, the General, in obedience to the Royal commands, have put in motion the troops for the punishment of the oppressor. As soon as a city has been captured, I have put to death the rapacious mandarins and corrupt magistrates therein, but have not injured a single individual of the people, so that all of you may take care of your families and attend to your business without alarm and trepidation.' He even details the measures which he has taken for the instant decapitation of marauders and oppressors. But he remarks that it is necessary that the rich should have in readiness stores of provisions to aid in the sustenance of his troops; they are to report to the Taeping chiefs the amount of their contributions, and are to be furnished with receipts as security that hereafter the whole shall be paid. As soon as Nankin is taken, arrangements are to be made for holding examinations, and conferring degrees according to the original customs of the Chinese. The temples and monasteries of the priests of Buddha and Taou are to be given to the poor; and, as to the priests of these deities, 'at present we are seizing them throughout the country, and putting them to death, and we are inquiring into those who have been foremost in the building and repair of the Buddhist temples, that we may have them apprehended likewise.'

When they entered Nankin, professing these sentiments, the Taepings numbered over 70,000, their ranks having been swelled by the absorption of local rebels in the countries through which they had passed, and by pressing into their service lads under
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eighteen years of age. Indeed, it would seem that one-third of their force generally consists of boys. They also had many female officers and privates in the force. Hung-siu-tsuen now termed Nankin the heavenly capital, and residence of the heavenly king. He imitated the style of the Emperor of China, and shut himself up with his numerous concubines; was seldom accessible even to his chiefs, and occupied himself more than ever in composing orders and proclamations, odes, and expositions of doctrine. At this time he addressed to Mr. Roberts a warm invitation to join him. He says:—

‘In consequence of the multiplicity of public affairs engaging my attention, I have not had leisure to instruct the people morning and evening. But I have promulgated the Ten Commandments to the army and to the rest of the population, and have taught them all to pray morning and evening. Still, those who understand the Gospel are not many. Therefore I deem it right to send the messenger . . . in person to wish you peace, and to request you, my elder brother, if you are not disposed to abandon me, to come and bring with you many brethren to help to propagate the Gospel and administer the ordinance of baptism. So shall we obtain the true doctrine. Hereafter, when my enterprise is successfully terminated, I will disseminate the doctrine throughout the whole empire, that all may return to the one Lord, and worship only the true God. This is what my heart truly desires.’

Unhappily it was not safe for Mr. Roberts to make his way to Nankin, and this chance of diffusing the Christian religion was also lost.

The want of vigour at head-quarters appears by the insufficient manner in which Hung-siu-tsuen allowed a really great enterprise, the march towards Peking, to be undertaken. Soon after the capture of Nankin, the rebels despatched a small army of 6000 or 7000 men, under leaders who did not occupy the first rank, to make its way to the northward. Northwards, accordingly, did this small army press to the distance of 1300 miles, the imperial troops following but seldom overtaking them, till they established themselves, in the end of October, 1853, at Tsing-hae, not far from Peking itself. Here it would seem that a second force was to have joined them, somewhat later, by a different route, but the Imperial Government made unwonted efforts, and the Taipings were obliged to evacuate Tsing-hae, after an occupation of about three months, and to return towards the South before the second army could join it; and thus the Tartar dynasty escaped its greatest danger, for the combined forces of the rebels might have captured Tientsin and then waited for reinforcements

reinforcements from Nankin. It must be allowed that the chiefs showed great want of military spirit in lingering at Nankin, and sending out an inadequate force upon so important an expedition. For the exact succession of military events, for the places taken, lost, retaken, again lost, and again recovered—for the burnings and plunderings, and massacres of both parties—we must refer to Commander Brine's narrative. We will, however, extract his statement of the present extent of the Taeping rule—

‘The extent of country under the immediate control of the Tien-Wang so constantly varies, that it is useless to attempt to define it with exactness. At present, a half-circle, drawn from Nankin towards the south-west, with a radius of fifty miles, will include all that his followers are known to possess towards the interior; and sixty miles on both sides of a line drawn from the same city, through Soo-chow, and ending at the sea near Ningpo (a linear distance of above two hundred miles), will include all that they possess in the direction of the seaboard.

‘Thus the total amount of land, so entirely under the Tien-Wang's authority as to enable him to force the inhabitants to comply with his regulations and to pay taxes, is not less than thirty thousand square miles.’*

The fighting men of the Taepings Commander Brine reckons at not less than 400,000.

The Chief, or Heavenly king, had early delegated the command in the field to Yang, now called the Eastern king, whose visions appear to have come in very opportunely for the detection of treason, and probably for other political purposes. At length they assumed a highly aggressive form towards the Chief himself. Upon one occasion Yang, speaking in the name of the Almighty, rebuked him for his impetuous disposition and harshness in the treatment of his household, and ordered him to be beaten with forty blows, which the Emperor submitted to receive, and prostrated himself accordingly, but execution was dispensed with. Afterwards, in obedience to Divine commands, Yang addressed to him in his own house a long and severe lecture on his shortcomings, the conclusion of which we copy—

‘When the ladies wait upon you, my elder brother, it is of course their duty, but sometimes they may be apt to excite your righteous displeasure, in which case you must treat them gently, and not kick them *with your boot on*; for if you kick them with your boot on, it may be that some of the ladies are in such a state as to call for the

* We have already noticed Captain Blakiston's statement of Sir H. Parkes's opinion upon this subject.

congratulations of their friends, and thus you interfere with the kind intentions of our Heavenly Father, who loves to foster human life. Further, when any of the ladies are in the state above alluded to, it would be as well to manifest a little gracious consideration, and allow them to rest from their labours, while you select some separate establishment for their residence and repose. You may still require them morning and evening to pay their respects. Such a method of treatment would be proper, and, if still any of the ladies should commit any trifling fault so as to give offence to my Lord, it would be as well to excuse them from being beaten with the bamboo. You may, however, scold them severely, and tell them not to offend any more. Should any of them commit any grievous crime, you should wait till after their confinement, when you can inflict punishment.' *

These reproofs were received with the utmost humility by the Chief, and, after a visit which Yang and others paid him for the purpose of condoling with him upon his having incurred the displeasure of the Almighty, he bestowed on Yang the appellation of the Comforter or Holy Spirit; a title of which the real meaning was probably not suspected by either, and which Yang forthwith adopted in all his edicts. Nevertheless all this ended in Yang's becoming greatly suspected of plotting against the Heavenly King, and one morning Yang and his attendant officers were found dead. Some had been speared and others decapitated. Captain Blakiston has cited (p. 28) Mr. Forrest's account of a double tragedy.

'Passing by a wall and strong stockade, you enter into a space formerly covered by the southern suburb, and in which rose the Porcelain Tower. How well we remember, "in the days when childhood fled by," reading in Pinnock's or somebody else's Questions, of this splendid work; nay, every map or tract or chapter concerning China was prefaced by an illustration of the pagoda, one of the wonders of the world. Now it is a white hill of ruins. Two immense walls, divided by a narrow aperture, are the only portions of the tower now standing.

* The doctrines of the Tien-Wang regarding conjugal duties may be illustrated by two verses contained in his 'Ode for Youth,' which he sent to Sir George Bonham, among other compositions to be noticed more fully below:—

ON THE DUTIES OF HUSBANDS.

Unbending firmness is natural to the man,
Love for a wife should be qualified by prudence;
And should the lioness roar
Let not terror fill the mind.

ON THE DUTIES OF WIVES.

Women, be obedient to your three male relatives,
And do not disobey your lords:
When hens crow in the morning
Sorrow may be expected in the family.

'The

'The portion of the suburbs in which this porcelain tower was situated was under the command of the Eastern king. Tien-Wang, having occasion to doubt the fidelity of this gentleman, deputed the Northern king to cut off his head, and quietly slaughter his followers. This was done to the number of 10,000. But now Tien-wang, to satisfy the minds of men, accused the Northern king of the wilful murder of Tung-wang (who was elected Saviour of the World, and afterwards the Holy Ghost), and slew him and his followers. After this, Tien-wang was told that Tung-wang boasted that from his porcelain tower he could command the city. Powder was ordered into the tower, and the whole building blown up.'

Shortly after the taking of Nankin, Sir George Bonham, the governor of Hong-Kong, made his appearance there in H. M. S. 'Hermes.' The Taepings were found on that occasion to be well provided with guns of every description, from gingalls to large cannon. The city presented a scene of utter desolation. The object of Sir George Bonham's visit was partly to ascertain what really were the principles of the rebels, and partly to contradict the report which had been spread by the Imperialists that they were to be assisted by the English ships of war. The Taepings professed entire indifference to our neutrality, mingled with a certain degree of good-will, founded on the similarity of our religious creed to theirs. They remarked, 'It would be wrong for you to help the Tartars, and, what is more, it would be of no use. Our Heavenly Father helps us, and no one can fight with him.' However high Sir George Bonham's rank might be, the Northern king declared it could not be so high as his own; and although a decree was issued to the effect that the English should come and go freely, whether to aid the Taepings in the extermination of the demons (Tartars), or to pursue their own commercial occupations, yet the style of the official communications was so absurdly arrogant (the English being represented as having come to give in their allegiance to the Tien-Wang), that Sir George could hold no personal intercourse with them. Along with this decree, they sent to Sir George Bonham the new books promulgated by their chief, and containing his doctrines on the subjects of politics, religion, military organization, and court etiquette. These books were translated by Dr. Medhurst, and afford the most certain and original evidence of the principles which they professed at that time, and they may well be referred to for the correction of the extravagant misstatements which have been circulated both for and against the Taepings. On her way down the river the 'Hermes' was fired on by the batteries and junks of the rebels as she passed Chin-keang, and she distributed

some

some shot and shell among them in return. An apology was afterwards offered by the commandant of the place.

One of the works sent by the Taepings—a sort of religious poem, composed in lines consisting of three words each, and called the Trimetrical Classic—is especially worthy of notice:—

‘The author of the Trimetrical Classic has divided his subject into four distinct parts:—

‘In the first he gives a summary of the principal acts of God with respect to man, from the time of the creation until the ascension of our Saviour, according to those versions of the Old and New Testaments that had fallen into his possession.

‘In the second part he proceeds to point out to his followers the religious history of their own country, and draws their attention to the circumstance of some of the early Chinese monarchs having been, similarly with the foreign nations spoken of in the Testaments, worshippers of one God. The sketch given of the decline from this faith into a belief in genii, and subsequently into Buddhism and other grave errors, proves in a remarkable degree the author’s knowledge of Chinese history—for all the facts stated in the Classic accord with the historic annals.

‘The subject of the third part relates principally to his own divine powers.

‘Throughout the third part Hung-siu-tsuen arrogates to himself the attributes of a son of God.

‘The last part of the Classic consists of an exhortation to his followers, under the title of “Little Children,” to act in accordance with the teaching of the Commandments, and to endeavour to be, in all respects, honest, moral, and truthful, and so obtain future happiness.’

Here follows an extract from the First Part —

‘The Great God
Gave his celestial commands,
Amounting to ten precepts
The breach of which would not be
forgiven.

He himself wrote them,
And gave them to Moses;
The celestial law
Cannot be altered.

In after ages
It was sometimes disobeyed,
Through the devil’s temptations
When men fell into misery.

But the Great God,
Out of pity to mankind,
Sent his first-born Son
To come down into the world.

His name is Jesus,
The Lord and Saviour of men,
Who redeems them from sin
By the endurance of extreme misery.

Upon the cross
They nailed his body,
Where he shed his precious blood
To save all mankind.

Three days after his death
He rose from the dead,
And during forty days
He discoursed on heavenly things.

When he was about to ascend
He commanded his disciples
To communicate his gospel
And proclaim his revealed will.

Those who believe will be saved
And ascend to heaven;
But those who do not believe
Will be the first to be condemned.

Throughout the whole world
There is only one God,
The Great Lord and Ruler
Without a second.’

The

The whole of the Fourth Part is subjoined—

The Great God displays
 Liberality deep as the sea;
 But the devil has injured man
 In a most outrageous manner.

God is therefore displeased
 And has sent his Son *
 With orders to come down into the
 world,
 Having first studied the classics.

In the Ting-yen year (1837)
 He was received up into Heaven,
 Where the affairs of Heaven
 Were clearly pointed out to him.

The Great God
 Personally instructed him,
 Gave him odes and documents,
 And communicated to him the true
 doctrine.

God also gave him a seal,
 And conferred upon him a sword
 Connected with authority
 And majesty irresistible.

He bade him, together with the elder
 brother,
 Namely Jesus,
 To drive away impish fiends
 With the co-operation of angels.

There was one who looked on with envy,
 Namely, the King of Hades,
 Who displayed much malignity
 And acted like a devilish serpent.

But the Great God,
 With a high hand,
 Instructed his Son
 To subdue this fiend.

And having conquered him
 To show him no favour,
 And in spite of his envious eye
 He damped all his courage.

Having overcome the fiend
 He returned to Heaven,
 Where the Great God
 Gave him great authority.

The celestial mother was kind
 And exceedingly gracious,
 Beautiful and noble in the extreme
 Far beyond all compare.

The celestial elder brother's wife
 Was virtuous and very considerate,
 Constantly exhorting the elder brother
 To do things deliberately.

The Great God,
 Out of love to mankind,
 Again commissioned his Son
 To come down into the world.

And when he sent him down
 He charged him not to be afraid;
 I am with you, said he,
 To superintend everything.

In the Mow-shin year (1848)
 The Son was troubled and distressed,
 When the Great God
 Appeared on his behalf.

Bringing Jesus with him
 They both came down into the world,
 Where he instructed his Son
 How to sustain the weight of govern-
 ment.

God has set up his Son *
 To endure for ever,
 To defeat corrupt machinations
 And to display majesty and authority.

Also to judge the world,
 To divide the righteous from the wicked,
 And consign them to the misery of hell,
 Or bestow on them the joys of heaven.

Heaven manages every thing,
 Heaven sustains the whole,
 Let all beneath the sky
 Come and acknowledge the new mo-
 narch.†

A year later, an American frigate, the 'Susquehannah,' visited Nankin, with no better success than the 'Hermes.' From the observations now made by Dr. Bridgeman, an eminent Chinese scholar, who went up in this ship, and from the notes of others who visited Nankin within the early years of its subjection to the rebels, it appears that the leaven of fanaticism which had been manifested from the first, was operating for evil and deve-

* Hung-siu-tsuen.

† 'The Taeping Rebellion,' pp. 372-377.

loping itself in new forms ; an instance of which we have already seen in the titles assumed by the Eastern king Yang. Notwithstanding the monstrous language used by the chiefs, the uniform testimony at Nankin was that none but the Heavenly Father and the Heavenly Elder Brother were worshipped. There were few signs of religious culture, but many could repeat the Ten Commandments as given in their books. The inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the equality of the Persons of the Godhead, and many other doctrines generally received by Protestant Christians as being clearly revealed in the Bible, were utterly ignored by the insurgents. They had no houses for public worship, nor, apparently, any professed teachers of religion.

Among the papers composed by the Tien-Wang is a very long one concerning 'the land regulation of political economy of his celestial dynasty.' In this he commands that all fields be divided into nine orders and be classed according to their produce ; divisions of fields are regulated according to the number of individuals in a household. For every twenty-five families there is to be a granary and a church, a potter, a blacksmith, a carpenter, and a mason ; the youths to go daily to their church and study the Old and the New Testament ; and on the Sabbath-day all are to attend Divine service. Provision is also made for the military service of the country. It does not appear that the government of the Tien-Wang ever was in a condition to give practical effect to this scheme.

About the year 1858 a document addressed to foreigners was sent off by the Tien-Wang to H.M.S. 'Retribution' when lying at Woo-hoo. In this exposition the doctrines of the Taepings are again set forth in considerable detail ; the pretensions of the Tien-Wang are put higher than ever, and the mission and merits of the king of the East are spoken of in terms of the wildest audacity. Yang himself is represented as having died of a pestilence* and having gone to heaven.

Of the social condition of the Taepings very little is known. To a certain extent, at least, they have a community of interests : with a very few exceptions no one seemed to say that aught of the things he possessed was his own. Whether this resulted from the necessities of the case or was an established principle with them Dr. Bridgeman could not ascertain ; but immense stores and treasures had, at the time of his visit, been accumulated by them, and these were daily being augmented. When the Taepings occupied a city it was their policy to eject all the inhabitants who could not

* The word is ambiguous, and may also mean rebellion.

be made useful. The reasons they gave for this conduct were that they were thus enabled to hold the cities for a longer period against the attacks of the Imperialists, as there were fewer mouths to feed; and that it reduced the chances of treachery, as in all probability many of the residents would seize any favourable opportunity to admit within the walls the besieging force. The observance of this plan, and the system of public granaries and community of goods, sufficiently account for the almost entire absence of shops and trade. There seemed to be perfect discipline and subordination within the city; any one who attempted to trade there was decapitated; but a market for vegetables was held outside the walls, and afforded a sort of neutral ground on which the rebels and the Imperialists freely associated together, gambled, and quarrelled. Their arms and accoutrements were quite after the old fashion of the Chinese, but their red and yellow turbans, their long hair, and their silk and satin robes (the spoil of the cities they had sacked), so unlike the ordinary costume of the Chinese troops, made the insurgents appear like a new race of warriors. They were well clad, well fed, and well provided for; they seemed content and in high spirits, as if sure of success.

The Tien-Wang still calls his chief officers kings. Four out of the five original kings are now dead. The fate of two of these we have already mentioned. Two more—Fung-yun-san, the early friend of the chief, and Siau, known for his visions—have fallen in battle. Shih-tah-kae, the assistant king, the elder brother of the Tien-Wang, is absent from Nankin, at the head of 70,000 insurgents, in the province of Tze-chuen. It is doubtful (as we have already mentioned) whether he is any longer in subordination to the Tien-Wang, or whether he has set up for himself. The most important accession to the staff of the Tien-Wang is his cousin, Kan-wang, or the Shield king, late Hung-jin, esteemed as a Christian catechist and preacher; but since 1858 an influential officer of the Taepings. This dignitary has declared that on meeting with his relative the Celestial king, and having daily conversations with him, he was struck by the wisdom and depth of his teaching, far transcending that of common men. Mr. Forrest says of the Kan-wang, that 'if all the rebels were like him, they would soon be masters of China. In the mean time, though he holds to his Christian belief, he is compelled to temporise and to comply with the state of things around him.' 'Kan-wang,' he continues,*—

* Blakiston, p. 50.

† told

“told me that he hated war, and tried on his excursions to make it as little terrible as possible. “But,” said he (and Kan-wang has some appreciation of truth) “it is impossible to deny that this is a war of extermination: quarter or mercy is never shown to our men by Hsien-Feng’s soldiers, and in revenge our people never give any. But men under my command never unnecessarily slay country-people.””

He has suffered but has not deemed it prudent to *encourage* foreign missionaries to preach in the streets of Nankin while the war continues. Captain Blakiston mentions that late advices represent him to have been degraded; it is supposed, on account of his partiality for foreigners.

Mr. Roberts at length made his way to Nankin, and was received very kindly by the Tien-Wang, who invested him with yellow robes, and endeavoured, but in vain, to make him a sort of Secretary for the Foreign Department. Mr. Roberts, however, found that seven years of prosperity had altered his former pupil for the worse, and after a year’s stay, during which he would seem to have been (through his own injudicious conduct, according to Commander Brine) wholly powerless for good, he took leave of the Taepings and of their cause on the 20th January, 1862, denouncing both in a letter, which, whatever may be thought of it in other respects, must satisfy every reader that he did well to quit a position for which he was so little suited, as that of missionary to the Taepings.

The state of the country lying between Shanghae and Soochow is thus described by a missionary, the Rev. Griffith John, who traversed it in August, 1860:—

‘Before starting,’ writes Mr. John, ‘we were told that large bands of the country-people were gathered here and there for the purpose of harassing the rebels in their movements, and that travelling was extremely dangerous in those parts. We were surprised to find, however, that the last imperialist station was only ten miles from Shanghae, and that from this point to Soo-chow there was not a man to oppose their march. At one point we passed a floating bridge, which had been constructed by the insurgents, and left in charge of some of the country-people. A proclamation was put up on shore, exhorting the people to keep quiet, attend to their avocations, and bring in presents as obedient subjects. One of the country-people remarked as we were passing along, that the proclamation was very good, and that if the rebels would but act accordingly, everything would be all right. “It matters very little to us,” said he, “who is to be the emperor; whether Hien-Fung (the late emperor), or the Celestial King (Tien-Wang), provided we are left in the enjoyment of our usual peace and quiet.” Such, I believe, is the universal sentiment among the common people. A part of the bridge was taken off to allow our boats to pass through; after which it was closed again very

very carefully. The country-people were, for the most part, at their work in the fields as usual. The towns and villages presented a very sad spectacle. These once flourishing marts are entirely deserted, and thousands of houses are burnt down to the ground. Here and there a solitary old man or old woman may be seen moving slowly and trembling among the ruins, musing and weeping over the terrible desolation that reigns around. Together with such scenes, the number of dead bodies that continually met the eye were indescribably sickening to the heart. It must not be forgotten, however, that most of the burning is done by the imperialists before the arrival of the insurgents; and that what is done by the latter is generally in self-defence, and that more lives are lost by suicide than by the sword. Though the deeds of violence perpetrated by the insurgents are neither few nor insignificant, still they would compare well with those of the imperialists. The people generally speak well of the old rebels. They say the old rebels are humane in their treatment of the people, and that the mischief is done by those who have but recently joined them. We were glad to find both at Soo-chow and Kwun-shan, the country-people were beginning to go among them fearlessly to sell; and that they were paid the full value for every article. We were told at the latter place that to sell to the rebels is good trade, as they gave three and four cash for what they formerly got only one cash. Their most difficult task is that of winning the confidence of the people, and establishing order. In this they have hitherto signally failed.*

As to the present state of the Tien-Wang's mind, accounts differ. Mr. Roberts considers him crazy. Mr. Muirhead, another missionary, reports that his claims (which have latterly been advanced even higher than of old) are outwardly conceded for the present, as Kan-wang says he is indispensable to the work that is going on; and that he is believed to be of sound mind and surpassing ability. Mr. Forrest represents him as a self-willed, disputatious, incorrigible pedant and heretic, but says that he does not know what fear is, and that during the siege of Nankin by the Imperialists—

'down to the time when even his officers had but one bowl of rice a-day, he never failed to impress them with the conviction that deliverance was nigh, both by his conversation and example. At last he wrote a doxology, sonorous and musical enough, and ordered all his officers and soldiers to learn it by heart, promising that when they did so Heaven would give them manifest assistance. By day and night for weeks together might this doxology be heard. The guards on the wall were repeating it, the women and children were singing it in the streets. At last, down came celestial assistance in the shape of the Chung and Ying Wangs, who broke up the siege and set the horrors of war loose in the fair province of Kiang-su.'†

* 'The Taeping Rebellion,' p. 269.

† Blak., p. 21.

He lives in a gaudily decorated palace which he has built for himself at Nankin, and on a wall close by he posts his own peculiar proclamations, all on yellow satin, written in vermilion ink, in his own straggling, ill-looking handwriting. It would seem, however, that his edicts are sometimes issued with great solemnity. Colonel Wolseley,* an eye-witness, gives us an account of this ceremony :—

‘A long covered porch led up to the gate of the private residence, and on this a red carpet was spread. All the officials of the guard, and those apparently belonging to the public offices in the immediate neighbourhood, came forward in their state dresses, and kneeling in rows facing the gate, waited in that position till it should be opened. After a little time the lofty yellow doors were thrown open, and a woman appeared carrying a highly-ornamented tray, upon which was a sort of despatch-box, painted a bright canary colour, and having pictures of dragons on each side. It was sealed up, and contained within the sacred Edict. Upon seeing the box, all present immediately bent their heads, and the great crowd which had assembled, partly to witness the ceremony, and partly to stare at the “foreign devils,” fell down upon their knees, all repeating with a regular cadence, “Ten thousand years—ten thousand years—ten thousand times ten thousand years;” which, although it is simply analogous to our “God save the Queen,” is by them repeated with all the fervour of adoration. A sort of yellow-coloured sedan-chair, with glass sides, was then brought forward, in which the precious mandate was placed, and then borne away on the shoulders of eight coolies, amidst a loud salvo of guns, a band of music playing in front, and a swarm of attendants following. It was being taken to the Tsan-Wan’s palace.’

Commander Brine states that the Tien-Wang has now almost totally withdrawn from taking any active part in whatever relates to the organisation of his armies, and that his son, now a lad of nearly fourteen years of age, exercises jurisdiction over all temporal matters.

It would appear that luxury is not wholly unknown in the Taeping capital. Mr. Forrest says :—†

‘Having, on my arrival at Nanking, resolved to see as much as possible of the chiefs and people, without becoming exactly familiar with them, I was very glad when a civil letter came one morning from the Chung-wang-tsun, the brother of the redoubtable conqueror of Soo-chow, inviting myself and my friends to come and take dinner with him. He sent ponies and an escort; and in a couple of hours we arrived at Chung-wang’s palace, and were duly ushered in by crowds of fantastically-dressed youth. Chung-wang’s brother, by name Le (*Anglicé Jones or Smith*), is the exact counterpart of the great fighting

* Page 340.

† Blak., p. 44.

king, who is at present away spreading Great Peace in Hupeh. About 5 ft. 4 in. high, with a good-looking, cunning countenance, always laughing, he is not at all a disagreeable man to spend a day with. His dress was of bright scarlet satin, with a yellow cap, to which is fixed a fine pearl as large as a hazel-nut. He led us through a good many rooms to a pretty little pavilion looking out on a miniature garden of rock-work and trees, where he gave us a very good Chinese dinner, keeping up a merry chat the whole time. The food came to his table in a series of nine porcelain dishes, shaped like the petals of a rose, and all fitting into one another on the table. He said that Heaven had been kind enough to give this equipage to his brother at Soochow. The chopsticks, forks, and spoons were of silver, the knives English plated ware, and his wine-cups of gold fitting into cases of enamelled silver. After a couple of visits, I made a practice of going and talking to this man whenever I had time; and he has shown me some very curious things belonging to Chung-wang. This potentate is the only one after His Celestial Majesty who has a crown of real gold. It is to my idea a really pretty affair. The gold is beaten out thin enough, and then formed into leaves and filigree work like a tiger,—enormous as to tail in front and behind. On either side is a bird of what species you please, and on the top a phoenix. It is covered from top to bottom with pendent pearls and other gems. I put it on my head, and should guess the weight to be about three pounds. Chung-wang has likewise a very handsome *yu-i* or sceptre made of gold, and ornamented with large bunches of sapphires and pearls. Some peculating individual had picked out some of the stones at the time I saw it, and the wrath of His Excellency Le was wonderful to behold. There are some beautiful pieces of carved jade placed about the various apartments, as well as old bronzes and vases. The writing apparatus used by my friend is of great intrinsic value. The inkstone is of jade, and the vessel to contain the water is cut from a large pink stone like an amethyst. The stand for the golden pencils is a large sprig of pink coral, fixed in a cube of silver. Crystal and jade paper-weights lie about in abundance, and seven watches were keeping various and eccentric records of the time on the table. Every article on which silver could be expended is covered with that metal. The sword has a silver scabbard and silver belt; the umbrella has a silver stick; the whips, fans, and tails for mosquito-flappers have all silver handles; and his Excellency's arms are crowded with silver and gold bracelets.

It will be remembered that when Lord Elgin ascended the Yang-tsze, his ships were fired upon by the rebel forts at all the stations he passed, though in each instance great contrition was expressed when the commandants came to understand the nature of the expedition. But taking all their communications and actions together, it may be safely said that the Taepings have shown themselves—unless where there were special military

reasons

reasons to the contrary—willing to encourage the approach of foreigners, and in no way disposed to interfere with foreign commerce. The trade of Shanghai has grown to its present enormous proportions notwithstanding their proximity, and although they have at different periods, since the year 1854, spread their forces over the greater portion of the tea and silk districts. They have, however, lately threatened, in the event of the European powers opposing them, to destroy the tea plant.

We have now endeavoured to give our readers a notion of what the Taepings really are; and, situated as we are, it becomes necessary to dismiss on the one hand the fancy that they are Christians, and on the other hand to recognise the fact that they and the Imperialists are equally cruel, and that the hostilities between them are daily causing the most intense misery to thousands; and to consider what part our duty requires us to perform, what we ought to do if we can, and what we can do. It is notorious that the Chinese waters swarm with pirates, the enemies of mankind, and we cannot do wrong in lending our assistance to any government to destroy them wherever they may be found. It is beyond question that British property ought to be protected against all the world in the ports in which British subjects, with the sanction of their own Government, reside and carry on business, provided that these ports be not unnecessarily multiplied, so as to impose a heavy burden upon the nation for the good of a few. But surely this protection might be afforded in most cases by means less formidable, and looking less like intervention in the internal affairs of China, than the drawing a circle with a radius of thirty miles round each of the sixteen treaty ports, and declaring that we will take arms against any one who comes within that line. If our object be, as Lord Palmerston's language, in the debate of the 9th of last July would seem to intimate, to make compensation to the Imperial Government for the injuries we have inflicted upon it, by enabling it to put down a destructive rebellion, then we either take upon ourselves to support the Manchu Government of China, thus subjecting the people to the most horrible tyranny; or we must exact pledges that the power which we bestow shall not be abused; and then the Empire of China becomes a protected State, and we become responsible for its government. We cannot protect it in the daily perpetration of such cruelties as are considered in China mere matters of routine. Let it not be forgotten that Yeh beheaded seventy thousand people a very few years ago at Canton. We cannot make such a Government merciful except by compulsion. We shall therefore be forced

to interfere continually, or to become the main support of the tyrant and the oppressor.

But is it so certain that we can set up the Tartar empire again? Colonel Wolseley sees no difficulty in taking Nankin; and thinks it clear that the whole Taeping rebellion, which has not been joined by a single man of station or respectability, would collapse at once if this measure were adopted. Commander Brine is of a very different opinion. He thinks that if they were driven out of Nankin, the Taepings would probably throw their whole force upon the northern provinces, take Peking, and drive the Emperor to Manchuria. He thinks that the Tartars would probably be able to recover the northern provinces, but not those lying south of the Yang-tsze, and that China would, greatly to its own advantage, be divided (as it was in very ancient times) into two independent sovereignties. It also appears to him probable 'that in the event of any of the Taeping chiefs obtaining undisturbed supremacy over even the half of China, at least 'the worship of the One Active Supreme Being (Active, as distinct from the Passive now believed in by the mass of the population) will become prevalent; also that one day in the week will be acknowledged, not perhaps as the Sabbath is in Christian countries, but yet in such a comparative degree as will create a break in the weekly toil, and thus present a marked improvement on the existing system of incessant labour.'* But suppose the Taepings utterly overthrown, they cannot all be put to death; and there are many Chinese provinces in rebellion besides those occupied by the Taepings.

Commander Brine informs us that—

'there are at this moment so many independent bodies of insurgents unconnected with the Taepings, that it is necessary to enumerate some of them separately. In Honan, the latest returns state that there are not less than one hundred thousand men up in arms against the authorities. These appear to be little better than common marauders, and are chiefly composed of the populations bordering on the Yellow River, who have been rendered homeless through that stream overflowing its banks. During the operations of the Taepings in Ngan-hwui, the armies of the latter were frequently increased by large bodies of these "Honan thieves." In the province of Shan-tung the local rebels present a more important mass, and have shown themselves to possess some degree of organization. The imperialist troops, even under their best generals, have found it a matter of great difficulty to overcome them, and many of the actions fought during the last year in the eastern district have been severe and well contested. In

* Page 354.

Sz-chuen, in addition to numerous petty bands of malcontents, Shih-tah-kae, a Taeping chief, is at the head of an army of seventy thousand men, and is said to be obtaining a series of successes. It is probable that he will set up his own standard, and separate himself from his proper leader.

‘Yunnan is also in great commotion; but the outrages in this province are mainly committed by the Mahometan population, and there is no organized rebel force.

‘Kwang-si and Kwang-tung are in their normal state of disaffection. In the former province, besides the constant troubles occasioned by the Miao-tze, the country is overrun by very considerable armed bodies of insurgents. Some notion may be formed of their strength by the fact that, early in 1861, above seventy-five thousand of them, unable to overcome the Government troops and set up their own independent rule, formed themselves under one general, and marched three hundred miles north to join the Taepings. The greater portion of the Si-kiang (Western River), the most important commercial river in the south of China, is entirely under rebel control, and many of the cities on its banks are the ever-recurring scenes of capture and recapture. From other provinces there are reports of numerous revolts; but, without alluding to these, enough instances have been brought forward to evidence the terribly disorganized condition of the country.’

Is it not certain that the Taepings if broken up along the great line of the river, where alone we can reach them, will join the Taepings in other districts, or will add themselves to the bands of rebels already on foot in such enormous numbers? The Manchu Government has manifestly lost its main spring, as any Government must have done before there can be a question of calling in foreigners to do its work for it. The Bishop of Victoria writes from Peking, in May last, that the most sanguine Europeans with whom he has there associated generally concur in the view that the Chinese Imperial dynasty is on the verge of destruction, and that anarchy and disorder are for the time the most probable result.

Mr. Forrest sees

‘no hope of the Taepings becoming the dominant power in China, because they are simply unable to govern themselves, except by a species of most objectionable terrorism. But neither do I see any prospect of the Manchoes reinstating themselves in their former position. There is more or less rebellion (not always Taeping) in every province except one in China. Something will spring from this state of disorder to restore order, as has been the case a dozen times before in the empire.’

The Bishop contemplates as probable

‘the gradual absorption of administrative power into the hands of European treaty nations at the free consular ports, and the gradual extension

extension of an armed foreign protectorate over the adjacent tract of country; and foresees serious and perilous complications and misunderstandings between the principal powers of the West—and especially between England and France—in the adjustment of grave impending difficulties in the threatened dissolution of the Chinese empire.

But Commander Brine considers that the spirit and intelligence of the Chinese people render it extremely unlikely that China should fall under the rule of one of the Western Powers, and be governed in the same manner as British India.

The line of policy actually pursued by the English authorities in China differs widely from what we had anticipated, and from what the language of the Foreign Secretary had led us to expect, for they have, in concert with the French troops, retaken Ningpo from the rebels and given it back to the Imperialists; repulsed a feeble attack on Shanghai (the French burning down for military reasons a suburb of that city full of the most valuable merchandise), and undertaken an inland expedition upon which it is not necessary here to dwell. Moreover, it would appear that we are to defend for the Imperial Government the whole of the sixteen Treaty Ports, besides permitting some of our officers to take service under the Emperor of China. We confess it appears to us that this is undertaking more than Great Britain is at all disposed to sanction, and we earnestly hope that our interference may be reduced within the narrowest limits consistent with the due protection of our trade with a country containing, we are told, immense coal deposits, and full of undeveloped wealth.

We wish all success to Captain Sherard Osborn, the distinguished officer who is about to undertake the task of destroying the Chinese pirates, and restoring peace and security upon the seas and the rivers. We feel very sure that he will never permit those with whom he may be associated to practise the cruelties which would, in his absence, be with them a matter of course. But in proportion as the service is distant, the Government barbarous, friends and foes little understood, will be the absolute necessity of refusing to cooperate with any authorities who will not adopt the proper usages of war. We earnestly hope that the civil wars of China will be permitted to adjust themselves without our interference; and that it may never be said that, for the purpose of promoting our mercantile interests, we endeavoured to perpetrate an effete tyranny. Laying aside the painful considerations to which we have adverted, we should have read with

* The 'Church Mission Record,' Oct. 1862, p. 319.

unmixed satisfaction Captain Blakiston's spirited and well-illustrated account of his voyage up the noble Yang-tze.

It is well known that Admiral Hope's expedition ascended the river, to the distance of 750 miles from the sea, and that his visit revived the spirits and confidence of the inhabitants, and at once covered the river with produce seeking a profitable market at our trading stations. But Captain Blakiston's party, consisting of himself, a brother officer, a clergyman, and a doctor, ascended more than a thousand miles farther, in the hope (a vain one as it proved) of being able to cross Thibet into India. They sailed all this way with little difficulty, and saw a vast range of country, into which we would gladly accompany them; but our limits forbid the attempt.

We quote one passage as a specimen of what Captain Blakiston saw and of his mode of describing it:—

'The country around Quai-chow afforded a great, and to me a most agreeable, contrast to the gorges, being under cultivation to a considerable extent; and we observed peas, beans, millet, "durra" (like large millet), barley, and bearded wheat, besides melons and other garden vegetables. There were also the castor-oil plant, peaches, apricots, water-melons, hawthorn, honeysuckle, and poplars, while the "Tung-shu" tree, with the poisonous fruit called "Tung-tzse," before mentioned, was very common. We saw thick-shelled walnuts, but not growing. A kind of dye like indigo, if it is not it, is grown in this part, being used for colouring the blue cottons. The season was so far advanced, although it was not yet the middle of April, that wheat and barley were well in the ear, and peas and beans almost mature.

'It was in this neighbourhood that we first observed the poppy cultivated, and hence onwards it was very common; and, from the amount which we saw along the banks of the river, it would appear that the quantity of opium raised in Sz'chuan must be very large. In the same patch one sees pink, lilac, and white flowers, and the appearance of the beds of poppies on the terraces of the hill-sides among the other crops is very beautiful. When the flower dies off, the seed-pod, or head, is scored with several cuts vertically, from which oozes a substance of the appearance of freshly warmed glue; this is collected by the farmers and their families, who scrape it off with a knife and deposit it in a little pot which each person carries for the purpose, and the operation is repeated every two or three days, according to the state of the weather, which influences the yield. The plants were considered by one of our party, who was competent to give an opinion, as equal to those of India. The price of opium at Quai-chow was 3000 cash per catty, and we paid subsequently at Chung-king 380 cash per tael weight for some which we brought down as sample, and which was pronounced very pure. It differed
from

from the Indian drug in being of a darker colour; and the result of an analysis at the government establishment proves that it may well compete with the far-famed "Patna." A great deal of opium is exported from the province of Sz'chuan, finding its way to the southern and central parts of China; and this accounts for the impossibility of getting rid of a large supply which was sent up the Yang-tsze to Hankow *on spec.* on the opening of that port to foreign trade; and although British merchants have the credit of poisoning the whole Chinese nation, I think it will be found that their trade is not very much extended beyond the coast. A limited amount of the Indian opium no doubt always goes up country, because those who are able to pay for it will use it in preference to the native produce; "a caprice," as Huc says, "only to be accounted for from the vanity of the rich Chinese, who would think it beneath them to smoke opium of native production;" just as in our country the productions or manufactures of other lands are often preferred to those of home. Such is fashion, and such I suppose it will always be. This is doubtless an important question with the government of India, for at the present high price of the drug from that country it cannot possibly compete with that of Sz'chuan.

"The poppy crop is over by the end of May, and is followed by sugar-cane, Indian-corn, and in some districts cotton. Huc mentions that for several years before 1846 Indian opium was largely smuggled into Sz'chuan, through Yu-nan and Burmah, and that on his way his escort was increased for fear of meeting with the smugglers, who travelled in bands quite openly in defiance of the law. I have remarked furthermore that the worthy missionary does not mention a word about the growing of the poppy in Sz'chuan; but the reason of this may be that he traversed that province too late in the season to observe it under cultivation. Still one would think that, so thoroughly as he exhausts every subject on which he treats, he would have told us if the drug was grown at all in the province into which he says it was smuggled. May we infer from his silence that this species of agriculture has only grown up of late years? If so, it is most likely but in its infancy, and we may live to see a part of his prophecy carried out by "the English going to buy opium in the ports of China." Yet all this cultivation—for it is said to be also grown extensively in the south-western provinces—and consumption of opium, are in violation of the law, and furnish only another instance of the universal state of decay of the government of this wonderful country, where, to use the words of Huc again, "pipes, lamps, and all the apparatus for smoking opium, are sold publicly in every town, and the mandarins themselves are the first to violate the law and give this bad example to the people, even in the courts of justice."

- ART. VIII.—1. *North America*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London, 1862.
2. *The South Vindicated*. By the Hon. J. Williams, late American Minister to Turkey. London, 1862.
3. *The Recognition of the Southern Confederation*. By J. Spence. London, 1862.
4. *Union, Disunion, and Reunion*. By John O'Sullivan, late Minister of the United States to Portugal. London, 1862.
5. *Memoirs of Thomas Bewick*. Newcastle and London, 1860.
6. *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*. By his Nephew, P. Irving. 2 vols. London, 1861.

AMONG many strange things in the conduct of the Federals during the course of this terrible war, one of the strangest has been the value they have attached to English expressions of opinion. It is certainly not in repayment of any similar compliment from us. During the Russian war and the Indian mutiny, American comments upon England's conduct were not restrained or weakened by any false tenderness for our susceptibilities. The sympathy of our kinsmen for any one, whether Czar or Sepoy, whose conduct was embarrassing to England, was expressed with the most demonstrative cordiality, and spiced with all the verbal condiments with which they know how to flavour the insipidity of political discussion. Yet we cannot remember that their noisy criticism provoked any feeling, good, bad, or indifferent, in London. Nobody knew what the Americans were saying, or cared to ask. The opinion of New York upon the subject was of no more practical importance than the opinion of Rio Janeiro. And as a question of sentiment, it was a matter of profound indifference to us whether our neighbours praised or blamed us. The magnitude of the perils we had to meet, and the arduous exertions we were called upon to make, were subjects of anxiety too engrossing to leave us much leisure to ask what others thought of us. The solicitude, therefore, with which the Americans scan our newspapers, watch the speeches of our public men, and scrutinize every vehicle of English opinion, in order to discover some phrase or sentiment distasteful to themselves, is absolutely inexplicable to us. One would have thought that a bloody civil war, a broken empire, and ruined liberties, would have left little room in their minds for susceptibility to the criticisms of foreigners.

If they are resolved to overhear the discussions we carry on among ourselves upon the events which cause us so much domestic misery,

misery, we do not deny that they are likely to suffer a listener's proverbial fate. There are many points in the strictures which the mass of Englishmen make upon this war which must be very distasteful to the Federals. English opinion has wavered a good deal; but it is in the main unfavourable to them now. When the war broke out the general bias was slightly Northern. The recent reception of the Prince of Wales had made a favourable impression; and it was not till the affair of the 'Trent' that that impression was wholly effaced. Then the real issues of the war were a good deal misapprehended just at first. The *primâ facie* interpretation of the Secession movement was, that the slave-owners desired to subject more territory to slavery; and that they had rebelled because the North had been inspired, by a holy horror of slavery, to resist this unhallowed project. This view of the facts was unquestionably true to a certain extent; and at first it was believed in England to be the whole truth. So long as this impression was entertained, it could not be doubtful which way the sympathies of Englishmen would incline. The anti-slavery movement was no longer in its first vigour; but it still retained power enough to pledge England to look with aversion upon a revolution commenced for the purpose of perpetuating slavery. But as time went on, and the issues of the war came out more clearly, this spring of Northern sympathies began to fail. It soon became apparent that the grievance of the South went very far beyond the mere refusal to allow slaves to be held in the territories of the United States; and it became still more clear that whatever the North were fighting for, it was not for the emancipation of the negro. It was impossible to continue to believe that the North were crusading for abolition, in the face of the President's reiterated denials, and of the inhuman treatment which negroes were constantly receiving at Northern hands. If anything was wanting to confirm their scepticism, it has been supplied by the President's recent proclamation. That he should have reserved Emancipation to be the military resource of his extreme necessity, shows how little he cared for it as a philanthropist.* He values it, not for the freedom it may confer, but

* Mr. Seward's circular of September 22, 1862, puts the measure on its true footing:—'I have already informed our representatives abroad of the approach of a change in the social organization of the rebel States. This change continues to make itself each day more and more apparent. In the opinion of the President the moment has come to place the great fact more clearly before the people of the rebel States, and to make them understand that if these States *persist* in imposing upon the country the choice between the dissolution of this Government, at once necessary and beneficial, and the abolition of slavery, it is the Union, and not slavery,

but for the carnage he hopes that it may cause. It must be confessed that the absolute quiescence of the negroes under circumstances which in Jamaica or Hayti would have excited a bloody revolt, is a cogent answer to the sensation descriptions of the 'Uncle Tom' school which have worked so powerfully on this side of the Atlantic.

But the practical argument against the North is the one that has weighed the most heavily here. War of any kind is only excusable when it is waged with a tolerable likelihood of success. A war for a reconstruction of the Union bore failure upon its face. The conquest of the South was a difficult undertaking, but it was not necessarily impossible. It might have been done, if the North could have found a Napoleon, and would have placed themselves unreservedly under his command. Even without a Napoleon, but with generals of average ability, they might have carried devastation far and wide through the South. But to compel the Southerners to return as willing citizens and take their part as of old in the political mechanism of the Republic, was an undertaking beyond the power of the highest genius and the mightiest armies. It was impossible for Englishmen to sympathize in a war which could have no end but desolation. And it was impossible for the keenest friend of the Federals not to mark how the war grew in horror as it progressed, and developed more and more the character of a mere war of revenge. The objectless devastation perpetrated by Pope and Blenker—men dragged from their homes and shot in the presence of their wives and children, without a pretence of trial, as in Missouri—young girls deliberately given over to a brutal soldiery by Federal commanders, as at Athens—women adjudged by public proclamation to suffer the vilest outrage for speaking, or even looking as though they loved the cause for which their brothers and husbands were dying, as at New Orleans—all these things fell lightly on the ears of the Federals themselves, but they have sunk deep into the hearts of Englishmen. We must have bidden farewell to every feeling both of humanity and honour before we can sympathize with a war of this kind, or with the men who wage it.

slavery, that must be maintained and saved. With this object the President is about to publish a proclamation in which he announces that slavery will no longer be recognized in any of the States which shall be in rebellion on the 1st of January next. While all the good and wise men of all countries will recognize this measure as a just and proper military act, intended to deliver the country from a terrible civil war, they will recognize at the same time the moderation and magnanimity with which the Government proceeds in a matter so solemn and important.

But

But there is no doubt that American proceedings would have been discussed less eagerly in England, and possibly criticised with less freedom, if they had not been made the turning point of a political controversy of our own. For a great number of years a certain party among us, great admirers of America, who even in this last extremity still worship faithfully at the old shrine, have chosen to fight their English battles upon American soil. That their antagonists should follow them there is one of the inevitable exigencies of war. Those who originally chose the battle-field must be responsible for the choice—not those who perforce accepted it. If Englishmen have taken almost a domestic interest in American institutions—if they have watched this, their first ordeal, with peculiar solicitude, and have passed their comments on it with outspoken freedom,—the Federals must impute it entirely to the indiscreet fervour of their own particular friends.

The impression produced upon the majority of spectators in England has undoubtedly been that democratic institutions have failed. Probably this feeling would not have been so general or so decided if the peculiar virtue of democratic institutions had not been so strenuously vaunted. Their advocates now tell us that the American civil war is not the first civil war on record, and that the evil passions of which it is the fruit, and the evil deeds of which it has been the parent, have many a precedent in monarchical and aristocratical states. To a certain extent this is true. But this is not the tone in which they were wont to speak before the war broke out. If Mr. Bright or his friends had been formerly content to claim for their pet democracy nothing more than that it was no worse than some of the old European monarchies, few people would have cared to question their modest panegyric. But it is the background of their extravagant adulation which throws forward into so strong a relief the calamities under which the Americans are suffering. They never ceased to assure us that democracy was a cure for war, for revolution, for extravagance, for corruption, for nepotism, for class legislation, and, in short, for all the evils with which the states of Europe are familiar. It is too late for them, now that America is a prey to all these old-world maladies at once, to turn round and tell us that the model Republic is no worse than an average despotism, or no worse than England was four hundred years ago. For years they have been proclaiming to us that it is infinitely better. For years America's small debt and scanty estimates have been the text upon which homilies to corrupt, extravagant old England have been preached. For years these have furnished the triumphant

umphant proof that political equality was the parent of pacific and thrifty government. A twelvemonth of stern experience has covered with confusion the foolish boasting of twenty years. A man would be laughed at now who should claim for democracy any special thrift, or purity, or love of peace. Its keenest admirers will hardly venture to invest it with those particular virtues just at present. But yet, if the admirers of America had had their way two or three years back, we should have altered our well-tried institutions for the sake of curing that lavishness of expenditure and that pugnacious policy which we were told was the special disease of an aristocratic system, and from which democracy had made America so gloriously free.

Something of the same effect upon English opinion has been produced by the eulogies of American freedom with which our ears have been incessantly regaled. Long before the days of Mr. Bright they formed the favourite commonplace of democratic orators on both sides of the Atlantic. We have placed at the head of this article the names of two books, published during the present year, which contain a curious record of the vaunting prophecies in regard to America in which the Liberal party of old and those connected with them delighted to indulge. It is instructive to compare the *'America of reality with the America of partisan prediction*. Our first extract is from the reflections penned by Mr. Bewick, in 1822:—

*'George III. and his advisers never contemplated the mighty events they were thus bringing about—rearing and establishing the wisest and greatest of republics and nations the world ever saw. When its enormous territory is filled with an enlightened population, and its government, like a rock, founded on the rights and liberties of man, it is beyond human comprehension to foresee the strides the nation will make towards perfection. It is likely they will cast a compassionate eye on the rest of the world grovelling under arbitrary power, banish it from the face of the earth, and level despots with the ground.'**

They will have to commence this compassionate operation with their own territory, and their own President, if they are to fulfil the prophecy. Our next extract shall be from a speech of Mr. Washington Irving's, delivered at New York thirty years ago:—

'It has been asked, Can I be content to live in this country? Whoever asks that question must have an inadequate idea of its blessings

* Mr. Bewick was a better artist and naturalist than he was a politician or philosopher, and the book, a very handsome one, contains an interesting record of the growth of an active and original mind, and a curious glimpse at the life of the old yeomanry of the north.

and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from countries cowering *with doubt and danger*, where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns—where all *repine at the present and dread the future*. I come from these to a country where all is life and animation—where I hear on every side the sound of exultation—where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation.’

Mr. Irving has not lived to see the insults he cast upon England—doubly bitter as coming from one who had been cherished among us for years till his own countrymen, equally with ourselves, regarded him as almost an Englishman—retorted by Fate upon the people for the sake of whose applause he uttered them. The same tradition has been carried on by the prophets of a later day. It would be endless to quote the panegyrics and predictions of Mr. Bright. So late as May last, he could venture to congratulate the Northern States as being the freest country on the face of the earth. He, and the other admirers of America, have always been peculiarly severe upon the measures of repression which in times of public danger English governments have thought it necessary to adopt: and they have been loud in their admiration of the liberty, overstepping the bounds of licence, with which Americans have till recently disputed, almost at will, the decisions of their Government. They have always warmly denounced the hesitating measures of coercion which have been practised in Ireland during critical emergencies. It is not unnatural, therefore, that we should view with considerable surprise, and no little amusement, America, their model state, resorting to measures compared with which our severest have been mild and partial. There is no doubt that in times of public danger all states have felt the necessity of sharpening their laws against treasonable writing and speaking, though they have rarely dispensed so entirely with legal checks in the employment of this extreme remedy, or displayed so little judgment or moderation in applying it. But whether their course is abstractedly defensible or not, it cannot fail to strike observers in this country as contrasting oddly with the principles which have been so loudly proclaimed by Americanizing zealots here. And the comparison between past boasts and present facts does not lose in interest, when we find the liberty-loving eulogists of the past coolly persisting in their eulogy now that the very pretence of liberty has been thrown aside.

There is no doubt that the decision with which English opinion has pronounced itself upon the failure of democracy in America is due, in a considerable degree, to the extravagant adulation with

with which in former years that democracy was besmeared. But this is not the whole of the motive cause, or even the most powerful ingredient. It would be grievously understating the case to say that the American system has only fallen short of the extreme expectations which had been formed by a knot of fanatics here : or that it teaches us no more important lesson than that of disbelieving the extravagances of Mr. Bright. The civil war has a terrible interest of its own, both on account of the horrors it involves, and of the misery it is bringing upon a portion of our own countrymen. But it is fraught with instruction as well as interest. Every step that it takes teaches us something with respect to the working of the political system which has been tried in America for the first time on a large scale, and which England has been so frequently called upon to imitate. And the more the civil war progresses, the more important its teaching becomes. At first it may be said to have conveyed lessons that were comparatively elementary. The essential weakness of a Federal form of government was a moral that lay on the surface of Secession. But as we have nothing Federal in the form of our Government, and are never likely to have, the moral had no peculiar interest for us. The injurious effects of a temporary and elective sovereignty were also a very obvious inference from the conduct of President Buchanan. For the last four momentous months of his Presidency he was obviously dominated by no other desire than that of putting off the evil day of bloodshed till his successor's time. He was a traitor, if not by his action, at least by his passive acquiescence : and if he acquiesced in that which it would have been wearisome and arduous to resist, it was because he had no motive for action. His recklessness to all that might happen, when once his tenure of office should have closed, was a striking illustration of the value of an hereditary throne. Sovereignty by birth, and sovereignty by election, do not appear to differ very widely in the average intellectual merit of the sovereigns they produce. Kings and Presidents alike have only in very exceptional cases any special fitness for the posts they occupy. But the enormous and paramount advantage of the hereditary principle is this—that the Sovereign whose son is to succeed to the throne he leaves is bound over by the strongest of human motives to be faithful to his trust. He cannot, like the elective President, view with indifference the turmoil or the danger that may await his successor.

But this truth was not of much practical interest to us. We have never had any taste for elective sovereigns in England. The advantages of a hereditary crown have never been seriously impugned. Mr. Bright has occasionally let slip the sentiment that
a president

a president is a much cheaper official than a monarch; but he has never ventured to enlarge upon this unpopular topic. In truth, even if there were any inclination among us to agitate such a question, and if the present wearer of the Crown were less popular than she is, no one could feel that the question was a very practical one. The powers of the Crown, though legally they are very large, are so much held in reserve under a constitutional system that we are scarcely conscious of their existence. They make so little show that they present no mark for an agitator's aim. The truth is that the Crown is not a combatant in the real political struggle of our age. In this country, at least, republicanism and monarchy have ceased to be pitted against each other. It is agreed on all hands that—through the Crown—the nation is to rule. But what class is to preponderate within the nation? How is the nation's voice to be expressed? The struggle for power in our day lies not between Crown and people, or between a caste of nobles and a bourgeoisie, but between the classes who have property and the classes who have none. If property, and the intellectual advantages and moral securities which property as a rule implies, are to be taken into account, the propertied classes will be supreme, as they are now in England. If property is to be of no account, and absolute political equality is to prevail, the mere multitude will rule, as it does now in the Federal States. For many years past the advocates of the multitude have claimed that the merits of democracy shall be judged by its working in the Northern States. And unless we renounce the guidance of experience altogether, and mould our polity to suit a mere theory, it is evident that this claim must be admitted. The Northern States are the only communities who have tried the rule of the multitude on any considerable scale, and therefore we must abide by the results of their experiment, if we mean to defer to any experiment at all.

Let us, then, eliminate from the problem all disturbing and collateral causes. The mere event of Secession was, in a considerable degree, due to the defects of the Federal system; and the Federal system has no necessary connexion with Democracy. Let us, then, pass by the question of Secession, and confine our attention to more recent events. Since the Secession, at all events, the Federal principle has not interfered. The government of the United States for fifteen months has been in practice as centralized as that of France. Those fifteen months will form a fair test of the working of government by the multitude. We have seen how that form of government works when the political sky is perfectly unclouded. With boundless lands, high wages of labour, low taxation, cheap food, and no foreign enemy to fear, the system of government

government in the United States has succeeded passably well. It has not been favourable to moral progress; for their commercial morality has been the lowest in the world. They have not upheld the national credit with very great good fortune; for the States' governments have repudiated in several instances; and the late Secretary for War, Mr. Stanton, had already begun to speak of the future repudiation of its whole debt by the Federal government as a very possible hypothesis. It has not been successful in executing justice between man and man; for the elective judges, holding their offices for brief periods, have been in most places the creatures of the people; and the mob has always set the law at defiance, in eastern or western States alike, whenever it thought fit. With these reservations, the democratic government has answered fairly enough under the conditions of absolute sunshine which it has enjoyed. But under such conditions most governments would succeed. The most vicious despot could hardly prevent the mass of his people from being contented under such circumstances; and until discontent arises, the government cannot well help succeeding. War, the curse of nations, and the crucial test of governments, would not come near their borders. They did their best to invite him, by invading their neighbours and insulting their rivals; but for a time they invited him in vain. That boundless natural resources, and peace which they could not contrive to terminate, should have given them material prosperity, may reflect credit on the energy of the people, but is of little use in proving the excellence of their form of government. It is in stormier weather that forms of government are tested. They are, in their nature, precautions against disturbance; and it is only by their behaviour when disturbance comes that their true merits can be ascertained. The anchor that only holds ground in perfectly smooth water might almost as well be left at home. Englishmen, therefore, have watched this year of civil war with no little interest, to see how the government of the multitude would bear the strain. While the experiment was yet in progress, and its issue doubtful, political disputants on both sides have appealed to it in confirmation of their own views. Opinion may have been divided so long as the upshot was in suspense; but now that the great experiment is verging to its close, it is only a few choice spirits, whose iron-sided fanaticism no facts can penetrate, that will maintain that the democracy has worked well. Most men are now agreed that it has failed; and that, not in any subordinate detail, but in the two great opposite functions which are the final cause, the *raison d'être*, of all political institutions. It has failed to repress rebellion; it has failed to uphold liberty: it has

failed as a machine of government ; and it has failed as a guarantee for freedom.

These failures scarcely need a formal proof. They lie on the surface of a history too fresh to be forgotten, and too plain to be misread. The condition in which they find themselves is the best proof that the rulers of the United States have utterly failed as administrators. Fifteen months back they started upon the war with every condition in their favour. That they would succeed in so subjugating the Southerners as to restore them to the Republic as loyal fellow-citizens, was never possible : but that they would have all the success which military victories could give, ought to have been a certainty. Their population exceeded that of their opponents in the proportion of more than two to one. Their preponderance in wealth was still more overwhelming. They had the absolute command of the sea, and of the navigable rivers which give such enormous facilities for the invasion of the Confederate territory. The workshops of all Europe were open to them ; while to their enemies Europe was almost absolutely cut off. The Confederates have had to supply themselves at a few months' notice, from their own internal resources, with arms, ammunition, clothing, and food, for all of which, up to the time of the Secession, they had been dependent on importations. Nothing but the most conspicuous incompetence could have prevented the Federals from winning in a race with a competitor so fearfully weighted ; and it has been incompetence such as the world has rarely seen equalled or approached. If it had been the incompetence of one single official, there might have been no cause for surprise. Such accidents will happen in the best-constructed governments. But it has been all-embracing, all-pervading. It has infected all departments of the Government ; it has been as marked in the legislature as in the executive, in the civilian as in the commander, in the subordinate as in the chief. With the exception of the naval operations of Commodore Farragut before New Orleans, there has been no operation of the Federal Government that has not been paralyzed by incompetence at every step. It has dogged with equal pertinacity the operations in the field to which America is comparatively strange, and the operations of legislation and finance with which her statesmen are as conversant as our own. It has produced a military campaign opened with unparalleled vauntings, and issuing in unparalleled disaster ; a policy which has neither given heart and ardour to the North, nor conciliated the South ; a finance, caricaturing in its absurdest lineaments the worst blunders of our own, and better fitted than any that was ever devised to burden the industry of the future, while it stifles

stifles commerce for the present; and a recklessness in tampering with the currency, which we must recur to mediæval history to parallel. The servants of the United States Government have failed as commanders—witness M'Clellan, and M'Dowell, and Pope: they have failed as administrators—witness Cameron and Stanton: they have failed as financiers, as in the case of Chase: and they have failed as independent governors, as in the instances of Butler and Wool. There is no species of administration, no section of a Government's operations, in which those who have been intrusted by the multitude at a time of trial to manage its affairs have not disgracefully and ignominiously failed.

These striking evils, arising so suddenly, and attaining with so much speed to so terrible an intensity, naturally lead us to inquire after the cause. They are not such as we should have naturally predicted for a people like that of the Northern States. Failure is that to which they are least accustomed. Whatever may be their faults, they have a right at least to the credit of generally succeeding in what they undertake. They are energetic, fearless, ingenious, resourceful, beyond any other nation of the earth. By what malignant fate has it come to pass that the people who individually are proverbial for their readiness in surmounting obstacles that seem to others hopeless, should as a nation have made the most ignominious failure that the world has ever seen, in an enterprise in which all the chances were on their side? There can be but one explanation—it is that which is in everybody's mouth. They were infamously led. It has been well said that a regiment of asses with a lion at their head, will do more than a regiment of lions with an ass at their head. Good leaders are the one thing needful, which no other excellences, however supereminent, can replace. In this case there was everything else that the most sanguine patriot could have desired—gallant soldiers, magnificent equipment, an overwhelming superiority of numbers, and an easy communication with their sources of supply. But there was the one fatal defect which has made them, with all these advantages, the inferiors of the ill-armed, ill-fed, ill-clothed, out-numbered Confederates. The defect was that they had not, and have not now, one man who can be called a general in the field, nor one man who can be called a statesman in the Cabinet.

The Americans have never denied that this poverty of greatness was the result of their democratic institutions. They have rather gloried in it, until they began to smart under its effects. They have been apt to boast of it as a proof of the greatness of the people, that they needed little governing, and could afford to tell off their smallest and weakest for such a service, reserving the

the flower of their intellectual strength for more productive labour. Mr. Trollope's observations in reference to the State Legislatures indicate the feeling that has prevailed in America in reference to all political offices :—

'Nothing has struck me so much in America as the fact that these State Legislatures are puny powers. . . . It is boasted that their insignificance is a sign of the well-being of the people—that the smallness of the power necessary for carrying on the machine shows how beautifully the machine is organised, and how well it works. "It is better to have little governors than great governors," an American once said to me. "It is our glory that we know how to live without having great men to rule over us." That glory, if it ever were a glory, has come to an end. *It seems to me that all these troubles have come upon the States because they have not put high men in high places.* The less of laws and the less of control the better, providing a people can go right with few laws and with little control. One may say that no laws and no control would be best of all, provided that none were needed. But this is not exactly the position of the American people. The two professions of law-making and of government have become unfashionable, low in estimation, and of no repute in the States. The municipal powers of the cities have not fallen into the hands of the leading men. The word politician has come to bear the meaning of political adventurer, and almost of political blackleg. If A calls B a politician, A intends to vilify B by so calling him.' *

This is the real root of the disease. It affects politicians of all degrees, whether they aim at municipal, State, or Federal offices; and it shows itself with especial virulence in the elections for the Presidency itself. Mr. Trollope throws out a suggestion that perhaps a higher rate of pay might draw better men. We doubt whether a higher rate of pay would be less attractive to the 'political blacklegs,' or would compensate to respectable persons for the disgrace of being mixed up with them. The evil lies much deeper—as deep as the democracy itself. It could not have been avoided without an entire change of institutions.

The North have committed many minor errors and follies in the course of the repeated disasters through which they have passed. Many a sin which, in the days of their prosperity, they almost pointed to with pride as to a striking national peculiarity, has dogged them and found them out in this fearful time of trial. The lavish expense at which the war has been conducted, in consequence of the rascality of contractors, may warn them for the future not to think so lightly of the 'smartness' at which they have been wont to laugh. The ludicrous termination of a

* Trollope, i. 336.

year of pertinacious brag may possibly suggest to them the expediency of transferring for the future some of their energy from their adjectives to their deeds. But the cardinal cause of their calamities lies in the great political fallacy of their institutions. They are reaping a harvest that was sown as far back as the time of Jefferson. They are without any leaders worthy of the name, because, in deference to a dreamer's theory, their natural leaders have been deposed.

Political equality is not merely a folly—it is a chimera. It is idle to discuss whether it ought to exist; for, as a matter of fact, it never does. Whatever may be the written text of a Constitution, the multitude always will have leaders among them, and those leaders not selected by themselves. They may set up the pretence of political equality, if they will, and delude themselves with a belief of its existence. But the only consequence will be, that they will have bad leaders instead of good. Every community has natural leaders, to whom, if they are not misled by the insane passion for equality, they will instinctively defer. Always wealth, in some countries birth, in all intellectual power and culture, mark out the men to whom, in a healthy state of feeling, a community looks to undertake its government. They have the leisure for the task, and can give to it the close attention and the preparatory study which it needs. Fortune enables them to do it for the most part gratuitously, so that the struggles of ambition are not defiled by the taint of sordid greed. They occupy a position of sufficient prominence among their neighbours to feel that their course is closely watched, and they belong to a class among whom a failure in honour is mercilessly dealt with. They have been brought up apart from temptations to the meaner kinds of crime, and therefore it is no praise to them if, in such matters, their moral code stands high. But even if they be at bottom no better than others who have passed through greater vicissitudes of fortune, they have at least this inestimable advantage—that, when higher motives fail, their virtue has all the support which human respect can give. They are the aristocracy of a country in the original and best sense of the word. Whether a few of them are decorated by honorary titles or enjoy hereditary privileges, is a matter of secondary moment. The important point is, that the rulers of the country should be taken from among them, and that with them should be the political preponderance to which they have every right that superior fitness can confer. Unlimited power would be as ill-bestowed upon them as upon any other set of men. They must be checked by constitutional forms and watched by an active public opinion, lest their rightful pre-eminence should degenerate

degenerate into the domination of a class. But woe to the community that deposes them altogether! It is not that there will be any difficulty in filling up their places; there will always be an abundant supply of candidates for power. There are plenty of men whom its pecuniary value will be sufficient to attract. They will not seek it as a public duty, nor even for the nobler self-interest of ambition,—they will seek it for the pay and for the journey-money, for the good things that come from ‘lobbying,’ and for that which sticks to the hands of those who handle contracts. The presence of such motives will always be strong enough to bring together as many candidates for election to legislative or executive office as any constitution may prescribe. But they will not be of the material of which statesmen and legislators are made. They will be good electioneers, clever wire-pullers, smart men to coin the largest gain out of any popular sentiment of the day. But of the higher forms of mental culture, and still more of the higher instincts of patriotism and honour, they will be absolutely devoid. It is into the hands of the political blacklegs whom Mr. Trollope forcibly describes, that office, with its rich harvest of patronage and contracts, will fall. And yet they will not really be the people’s spontaneous choice. They will be as much imposed upon them by intrigue as their natural leaders would be by wealth or social position. The electors of an American constituency are far more in the hands of their wire-pullers than the electors of an English county are in the hands of its landowners, and have much less chance of resisting the candidate that is selected for them. We will quote Mr. Trollope’s evidence upon this point, because he is the most recent authority upon the question; but he only says what has been often said before:—

‘Here, again, I must declare my opinion that this democratic practice [that of sending instructions to senators] has crept into the Senate without any expressed wish of the people. In all such matters the people of this nation have been strangely undemonstrative. It has been done as part of a system which has been used for transferring the political power of the nation to a body of trading politicians, who have become known and felt as a mass, and not known and felt as individuals. I find it difficult to describe the present political position of the States in that respect. The millions of the people are eager for the constitution, are proud of their power as a nation, and are ambitious of national greatness. But they are not, I think, especially desirous of retaining political influence in their own hands. *At many of the elections it is difficult to induce them to vote.* They have among them a half knowledge that politics is a trade in the hands of the lawyers, and that they are the capital by which those political tradesmen carry on their business. These politicians are all lawyers.

. Political

. . . . Political power has come into their hands; and it is for their purposes, and by their influence, that the spread of democracy has been encouraged.

If it be an object that the multitude should directly govern, democracy does not seem to have approached nearer to that object than any other form of government. The people still follow their leaders in America as elsewhere. The only difference is that the lead has passed from the hands of the independent and highly-cultivated classes into the hands of wire-pullers and caucus-mongers. The evils of such a state of things may be tolerable during a period of profound tranquillity. While a nation's political sky is bright, the vanity of its pettier minds may be soothed by the idea that the people can do without great men. But, whatever the advantages of the nation may be, the fair weather cannot last for ever. The day of trial will come, when institutions are tried in the fire of civic dissension; and then such a collapse as that upon which the eyes of all Christendom are riveted at the present moment will throw abundant light upon the wisdom of governing by little men.

But it may be said, as it has been often said, that the upper classes in the Federal States are excluded from power, not by the constitution, but by their own act. They have voluntarily withdrawn from politics, and refuse to mingle in them. It is their own doing that the 'political blacklegs' have been left without competitors. The people have not deposed their natural leaders, but the leaders have abdicated their trust.

The fact is unquestionably so; but it is not the less a direct result of Democratic institutions. Whether the better classes of North America are or are not to blame for their withdrawal from the political arena, is not very material to the question. It is possible that if they had been men of superhuman virtue, they would have braved every discouragement, accepted every degradation, and served their country in her own despite. But though individuals may be actuated by superhuman virtue, classes never are; they will always act according to the average morality of their time. And the reproach of Democratic institutions is, that there is that in them which, according to the average working of human motives, will always drive the refined and educated classes to abandon politics, and to seek fame or occupation upon other fields. The reason is not far to seek. They will not stoop to the acts by which alone it is possible to rise. Every one who is familiar with election work in England, knows how much humiliation a popular candidature involves. It is only in such places as our metropolitan constituencies that the evil assumes its most revolting type; and we know how rarely it is that a man of position

position or repute can be induced to submit himself to the ordeal of a metropolitan election. In America the degradation of a metropolitan election multiplies itself tenfold. The dependence which is exacted is more absolute; the pledges required are larger, and must be swallowed more completely; the representative is more of a delegate, and less of a free agent. Moreover, the odious necessity is still more imperative upon the candidate of making himself pleasant to persons whom in his heart he utterly despises; and the necessity lasts longer, and recurs oftener. Sometimes able men may be found who are not fastidious, and they will not feel the hardship of professing what they do not believe, or exhibiting an enforced geniality towards men from whom they would naturally recoil. But the best men of a community will not do this. A man who has to swallow a string of pledges dictated to him by an unreasoning and passionate herd of ignorant men must have first seared out from his mind, by the strong caustic of self-interest, all feelings of self-respect. The man who forces himself to a familiarity, which under any other circumstances he would disdain, with the coarsest, and often the vilest, of mankind, in order to procure his election, cannot look back to the operation with complacency, or feel that he has raised himself in his own esteem. Under a system where these initiatory sacrifices are required, only those will take part in politics who are too thickskinned to wince at the humiliations through which they must pass, or whose wants are sufficiently pressing to have numbed their usual sensibilities. In England, now that the generation which was trained before the Reform Bill is worn out, it has become increasingly difficult to supply the best class of candidates for the more important seats; and yet among us it is only a mitigated type of the evil that prevails. In America it early became impossible. It has been attested by numberless travellers—it has been sufficiently proved by the utter helplessness of the men who have been tossing hither and thither upon the waves of the present storm—that the best, the calmest, the acutest, the noblest spirits of the community have preferred to turn away from politics altogether, rather than bend to the yoke of degradation which a popular candidature in a Democratic State implies.

Of course this deterioration of political life reacts upon and intensifies itself. Its humiliating conditions expel the best men, and their place is filled up by adventurers; and then, over and above the previous repulsiveness of a political career, is added the necessity of working with the rascals who are making the commonwealth a prey. Thus the evil becomes worse and worse, accelerating its own progress at each downward stage.

Even

Even in America the degeneracy has been gradual. At the time of the Revolution, the profession of politics involved risks and sacrifices which made it the noblest of all pursuits. The men of the Revolution were a splendid race, who had risen to their eminence by daring and ability alone. Political life, illustrated by their career, drew to it the best blood of the nation. Science, literature, commerce, did not, perhaps, flourish as they have done of recent years, but the Republic was better governed and better served. But the poison introduced by Jefferson was already at work, and was not slow to manifest its effects. The great men of the Republic became fewer and fewer, and, with Webster, they have absolutely disappeared. The standard of admiration is reversed now; politics has fallen from the highest to the lowest grade of honourable occupations, or rather it has fallen out of the category altogether. Matters have come to that pass that, as Mr. Trollope puts it, 'If A calls B a politician, A intends to vilify B by so calling him.'

But it is not only by driving from the field of politics its natural leaders that the American Democracy has brought its present disasters upon itself. It is far more directly responsible. The incompetence of the President is the most conspicuous cause of the present calamities; and the incompetence of the President is the direct result of the mode in which he is chosen. The framers of the Republic placed an unlimited confidence in their favourite nostrum of popular election. In England we trust, for the choice of our chief magistrate, to a principle confessedly fortuitous, and therefore uncertain in its results. But then we provide guides to inform his mind, and constitutional checks to arrest his errors; so that his action is, in practice, reduced to those matters upon which the public opinion of his subjects is either agreed with him, or is not strongly opposed to him. But in America, the chosen of the people draws his title from too lofty an origin to be hampered by any such suspicious precautions. In England the King reigns, but does not govern. In America the President does not pretend to reign, but there is no doubt about his governing. His ministers are so, only in the etymological sense of the term. Every act of his government is actually, as well as constitutionally, his own. He draws out the campaign, he appoints the generals, he settles the foreign policy, he decides whether emancipation is to be proclaimed or not. Whether legally or not, he has now claimed and seized the additional power of imprisoning every citizen at pleasure; over-riding the decisions of the law-courts; instituting a passport system and a conscription by his mere fiat; and declaring martial law wherever he thinks fit. And all these prerogatives
he

he puts in force by the summary action of the Provost Marshal. No need of a Mutiny Act stays his arm. His ministers are liable to no interpellations, and are responsible to no majority in Congress. No dread of a ministerial crisis arrests his action; and his fears for the future, if he chances to be a lukewarm patriot, are limited to a vista of four years. Invested with such powers, and clogged by so few checks, the whole responsibility of disaster must rest on him. With a man of Mr. Lincoln's incapacity and obstinacy, intrusted with the enormous prerogatives of an American President, the ablest public servant would have been powerless to save his country. No doubt he has been very inefficiently served. But if McClellan had been a Wellington, he would have done nothing under a superior who had laid it down, as the plan of his campaign, to disperse, instead of concentrating his forces; and who put an empty braggart like Pope over his head, because he had 'known him in the West.' If Mr. Chase had been a Turgot, he could have done nothing with a master who had made up his mind not to levy a farthing of direct taxation till the elections for Congress were over. It is difficult to blame these subordinates, incapable as they are, as long as the system under which they act allows them, without reproof, to be the agents of a policy they disapprove. Wise counsels may be offered to the President, but he need not take them; powerful talents may be tendered to him, but he need not use them. For the space of four years he is master without appeal; and if his talents or his morality happen to be insufficient for his duties, he is at full liberty to do all that in four years can be done towards the ruin of his country. And the example of Buchanan living in Pennsylvania, absolutely forgotten, shows that, even if he have misused his powers for the furtherance of actual treason, he may yet securely count upon retiring into safe obscurity when his term is over.

The strange peculiarity of the American Constitution, as it now works, is that it stakes everything upon a single throw. The whole destiny of the country is hazarded, without possibility of recall, upon the result of the Presidential election. Our rulers in England are chosen in many different ways, and owe their position to a variety of converging causes. Parliamentary distinction, official experience, social popularity, distinguished birth, all go for something in the selection of the statesmen by whom our empire is governed. But yet we do not absolutely trust any of these things, nor all of them combined. We never so resign ourselves into the hands even of the most honoured ruler that we cannot recall the trust in case of need. If he deceives our expectations, and his incompetence is proved by some striking failure, the ousting vote is always

always ready, and the rival is always at hand to take his place. But the Americans bind themselves over, by indentures that cannot be broken, to serve their master absolutely during the space that has been fixed. It is a grievous error to say that the Americans are governed by mob-law. We could almost find it in our hearts to wish they were. They are governed by that which is much worse—the irremovable ruler of a mob's choice. At least, if the mob had any voice in the government, they would not feel themselves bound to persevere in a ruinous policy as a matter of personal consistency or to fulfil election pledges. The American President is the corner-stone of the democracy which for years past we have been so often called upon to admire and to copy, and he appears to combine in himself all the evils which it is possible for a ruler to unite. He has not a king's interest to preserve the country with which his own and his dynasty's interests are bound up; he has not a constitutional minister's constant responsibility; and he extends his tenure of office over a term of years which is amply sufficient to enable him to conduct his country to destruction. If he were chosen by angels, he might succeed. If even the results of popular election had been those which the founders of the Republic fondly counted on, something better might have come of it. We need not describe what the Presidential elections have really been. The jealousy of merit by which democracies have been haunted in all times has worked with fatal effect. It has become a standing maxim of policy with the conventions by whom the candidate of each party is chosen, that he must be obscure enough to have excited no enmity by his previous public career; for, though a distinguished candidate might better serve the country, it is the obscure candidate who is most likely to appease all jealousies and to secure a party victory. As Mr. Trollope puts it, 'But one requisite is essential for a President: he must be a man whom none as yet have delighted to honour.'

These several causes are abundantly sufficient to explain the fact that the chief magistrate is incapable, and that he can find nothing but incapacity to serve him. Everything has been staked on the ability of the President, and of the subordinates whom he selects; and every precaution has been taken to place the office in imbecile hands. All the best men have been effectually driven from the arena of politics; and of those who remain, the obscurest is selected to wield a power nearly as large, and quite as uncontrolled, as the power of the Emperor of the French. No other explanation is needed to account for the 'swaggering imbecility' of the Washington statesmen, or the piteous plight in which their country lies.

The

The singular success of the South forms a curious contrast to the disasters which have attended the administration of the North. Perhaps it is the more striking from the absolute confidence with which its failure was predicted. Even those who wished it to succeed did not believe its success to be possible, destitute as it was of all the material of war, hampered by slaves whose rebellion it might have cause to fear, and fearfully over-matched in numbers. Its success is due to precisely the same cause as that which determined the Northern failures. Its civil and military leaders have been men of first-rate ability, and their talent has more than compensated for deficiencies of material and of force. At first sight their superiority in ability to their adversaries might seem inexplicable: for both sections of the former United States are alike Republican, and both are, in the main, based upon universal suffrage. There is a limitation of the suffrage in the Carolinas: but it is not of sufficient importance to influence the general result. Apparently this might seem to negative the doctrine that the capacity of public men must necessarily be dwarfed by a system of universal suffrage. If democratic institutions are to bear the blame of Lincoln and Pope, they have a right, on the other hand, to be credited with the merits of Davis and Jackson. This is so in appearance, but only in appearance. The element of slavery must be taken into account before the comparison will be just.

It is usually assumed that a democracy with slaves is a democracy still; and that, for all political purposes, it will present the same characteristics as a democracy in which slavery does not exist. Upon this assumption the example of Athens has often been quoted to prove that political ability may abound in a democratic atmosphere. Such arguments are utterly sophistical. The presence of slavery alters the nature of the government altogether. The suffrage, from which a large black population is excluded, may be called universal by those who value a high-sounding name, but it has no sort of similarity to the universal suffrage which exists where the population is all white. The evil of universal suffrage is, that it places the poorest and rudest section of the community in uncontrolled possession of political power. But it only does this because they are numerically the majority. Cut a huge slice off that section, and declare that they shall have no votes because of their colour, and the numerical majority is at an end. The remnant of it ceases to be the most numerous class, and therefore ceases to be supreme. The negroes in the South are about one-third of the population, and their disfranchisement, therefore, has precisely the same effect upon the political balance of power that would result from disfranchising

chising about six millions of the lowest and least educated whites in the North. By itself this constitutes a material derogation from the completeness of universal suffrage. But the existence of slavery has a still more powerful operation in modifying the working of a constitution which is nominally democratic. In all restricted suffrages there is a strong tendency on the part of those electors who are at the bottom of the scale to sympathize with their disfranchised fellow-citizens, and to vote in a more radical sense than their stake in the established order of things would lead one to anticipate. This inclination partly arises from the pressure exercised upon them by their friends, neighbours, and customers: partly it is antagonism to the classes above them, who are their only political rivals. In England we feel the operation of this law very sensibly. The Ten-pounders, wherever they exist in large bodies, are very nearly as radical as the five-pounders could be; and are only not dangerous because such constituencies are not numerous. It would be impossible for London to be more Radical if every pauper had a vote. If the same law were in operation in the Confederate States, where the electoral districts are equal, it would avail them very little to exclude one-third only from the suffrage. We exclude a far larger proportion in London, without producing any appreciable effect upon the democratic predilections of the constituencies. But the whole case is altered when the excluded class consists of a degraded and despised race. The sympathy for the non-electors, which draws down those above them to their own views, ceases altogether. All the sympathies of "the mean whites" in the Confederacy are with the masters, not with the slaves. The very aversion to labour among them, which, in a material and moral point of view, is so detrimental, politically has the effect of causing them to lean upon the class above them. The planters exercise without hindrance the natural influence of wealth, and the levelling tendencies of a democratic form of government are wholly neutralized. We are very far, indeed, from implying any admiration of slavery by these remarks. We are only pointing out the political influence which, as a matter of fact, the institution exerts—its one virtue amid a thousand crimes. It produces a very effective—though, on many accounts, a very objectionable—form of aristocracy; and for political purposes the community in which it exists presents all the characteristics of an aristocratic constitution. Among these the chief and most striking is the ready production of political ability, and the eager recognition of it when it is produced. The result has been that, while the North has surrendered itself to the guidance of its weakest men, the South has put forward its strongest. The issue

is no matter of surprise. Mere wealth and numbers are no compensation for feeble generalship and bungling administration. The contrast of institutions, and the consequent contrast of leaders, have told with an effect which no disparity of resources could countervail. Skill has been more than a match for brute, unintelligent force; and the aristocracy, that was decried as enervated and demoralized, has borne the powerful and braggart democracy to the ground.

It would be idle to deny the one advantage which democracy has shown itself to possess during the great experiment of which we are witnessing the close. For giving free course to that civilization whose fruit is material prosperity alone, it possesses an unequalled efficacy. Though its influence upon morality of all kinds has been most pernicious, yet by giving rein to the activity and the intellectual power of the race that it has formed, it has conduced to the achievement of magnificent results. So far as mines, manufactures, railroads, and harvests are the end of human existence, it has answered while it lasted: but it bore within it the seeds of speedy and inevitable decay. It was essentially a fair-weather system. In a world where there are no political dangers—where discontent, and discord, and rebellion are unknown—where such a world is found, Democracy may succeed. Probably no government at all would succeed better still. But until we reach Utopia, opposing interests and clashing sentiments are certain from time to time to engender conflict; and a State must have a more tenacious organisation and abler rulers than Democracy can give it, if it is to withstand the strain. In a world full of trouble, the institutions that work best in the day of trouble are those to which a prudent community will cling. The same explanation, to a great extent, must be given of the other strange phenomenon which the present civil war has presented. That Democracy should have failed as a machine of government is not surprising. It was the point upon which it was generally admitted to be weak. It was claimed for it by its advocates that it reduced the costly and importunate interference practised by Government in other lands to a minimum; and it was granted that this benefit might possibly be counteracted in a slight degree by a comparative weakness in the executive. But this is not the only nor the most startling failure of the American Democracy. We were scarcely prepared to see it break down as a guarantee for liberty. It is true that in France her two revolutions have in each case ended in the popular election of an absolute Monarch: but we hardly expected to see this precedent followed by a people of Anglo-Saxon blood. It seemed impossible that the people who were leading the vanguard of liberty,

liberty, whose irrepressible love of freedom set all ordinary laws at defiance—who were continually extolled to us as the pattern we were to follow so far as the bondage of our Old-World prejudices would permit—that they should surrender their liberties as tamely as the frightened *bourgeoisie* of France. Fate has indeed taken a malignant pleasure in flouting the admirers of the United States. It is not merely that their hopes of its universal empire have been disappointed, or their predictions of its unbroken prosperity have failed: the mortification has been much deeper than this. Every theory to which they paid a special homage, every political virtue for which they sought a pattern and an encouragement for us in American examples, has been successively repudiated by their favourite statesmen. They were the Apostles of Free Trade: America has established a tariff, compared to which our heaviest protection-tariff has been flimsy. They denounced all past wars as a device for giving out-door relief to the aristocracy, and prophesied that as the aristocracy lost power war would disappear: their pet Government has waged war with a ferocity which must have been learnt not from European, but from Red Indian precedents. They called for cheap government, and inveighed against costly establishments and accumulated debt as a penalty for aristocratic rule: America has mortgaged its future industry at a rate as far exceeding the prodigality of the English Government as the Mississippi exceeds the Thames, and has purchased nothing but disgrace and disaster with the money. And now the heaviest blow has fallen on their dreams. America was the land of freedom,—of government not only for the people, but by the people, of strong subjects and weak authority, founded on the rights of man and the inalienable claim of the ruled to choose the ruler: she has become a land of passports, of conscriptions, of press-censorship and post-office espionage, of bastilles and *lettres de cachet*. Until the approach of Stonewall Jackson forced him to relax his grasp, there was little difference, save in the genius of the rulers, between the Government of Mr. Lincoln and the Government of Napoleon III. There was the form of a legislative assembly, where scarcely any dared to oppose, for fear of a charge of treason. There has been the same manipulation of the elections—forcible in Kentucky and Maryland, and corrupt elsewhere. There has been the proclamation, and there is to be the enforcement, of even a more pitiless conscription. The disregard of personal liberty has been still greater; and till Pope's last disastrous retreat, the subjection of the Press* has been

* As the enslavement of the Press up to the date of the second battle of Bull's Run

been still more complete. It was a curious and instructive exhibition in the pattern land of liberty.

We do not blame the Americans for resorting to strong measures in a time of great national danger. No State, however well governed, has been able to dispense with them in the presence of armed revolt. But the evil symptom lies, not in the fact that strong measures have been used, but in the mode in which they have been adopted, and the temper in which they have been received. There is no Parliamentary authority whatever for what has been done. It has been done simply on Mr. Lincoln's fiat. At his simple bidding, acting by no authority but his own pleasure, in plain defiance of the provisions of the Constitution, the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended, the press muzzled, and judges prevented by armed men from enforcing on the citizens' behalf the laws to which they and the President alike have sworn. If the suspension had been authorised by due course of law, after debate in a representative assembly, there would at least have been a fair presumption of the necessity of such measures. If it had been done in a despotic monarchy, by an autocrat who claimed to rule by right divine,

Run has been denied, we subjoin evidence of the fact from the pages of Mr. Williams, though the fact itself is notorious enough:—

'The following are among the leading newspapers, the circulation of which has been suppressed by order of the Government:—In New York City, the 'Journal of Commerce,' 'News,' 'Day-Book,' and 'Freeman's Journal;' in Pennsylvania, the 'Christian Observer;' in Missouri, the 'Journal,' 'Missourian,' and 'Herald.' Those suppressed by the mob are the 'Standard' (Concord, N. H.), 'Democrat' (Bangor, Maine), 'Farmer' (Bridgeport, Connecticut), 'Sentinel' (Easton, Pa.), and the 'Republican' (Westchester, Pa.). The 'New York Herald' was assailed by the mob, but was spared on becoming a Government paper.

'Nothing can more clearly illustrate the utter subjection of the people of the North themselves to the despotism which in a few short months has robbed them of every vestige of their former liberty, than the following extract from the card of the editor, M. E. Masseras, of the 'Courier des Etats Unis,' a French paper published in New York, on retiring by order of the Government from the editorship of that paper. He says that in future the paper will confine itself simply to the news of the day, as that is all which is permitted, and that he himself will retire until the time arrives when he will be permitted to speak his sentiments. He concludes as follows:—

"To-day as in April—still more than then—I am convinced that war will not save the Union, and that, on the other hand, it will destroy the Republic. I am satisfied that the majority of the nation submits to a war which it does not approve, without believing in the happy termination about which it seeks to delude the people. I am satisfied that the war is the work of a party, who will push it to the last extremity, without hesitating at any means to maintain its supremacy. In all this I see nothing but oppression, ruin—then, as a last consolation, inevitable revolution. And as the situation in which the Press is placed only leaves me the choice between blandly praising everything or holding my tongue, I decide upon silence."

'The belief on the part of the Washington Government that such extreme measures are necessary, proves conclusively that there must be a strong feeling of disapprobation on the part of the people against the war.'

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it at least would have excited no surprise and infringed no existing rights. But there is something both revolting and absurd in these pranks of despotism on the part of the President of a Republic who was elected but yesterday for the special purpose of upholding the Constitution. It has been an unhappy freak of fortune that the first result of this crusade to confer freedom on the blacks has been a formidable inroad upon the existing liberties of the whites.

And how has it been received? how has this intolerable usurpation been endured? how have the bulwarks which the founders of the Republic provided to guard the liberties both of States and individuals—how have they stood the strain? The independent Supreme Court—the guardian of the Constitution—superior in its attributes to Congress itself—specially charged to protect the separate rights of the States—how has it executed its function of resisting the encroachments of the Central Government? Everything has given way before them. The whole fabric of legal restraints has been swept aside by President Lincoln as if they had been so many cobwebs; and to all appeals against his proceedings, a corporal's-guard and a convoy to Fort La Fayette has been the summary reply. Legislative bodies, purged of their refractory members, have silently acquiesced. Newspapers, terrified by threats of suppression, have not till very recently ventured to complain. Speakers at public meetings, like Mr. Ingersoll, have paid by the loss of their liberty the penalty for a few outspoken words of blame. Even private intercourse between friend and friend has not been safe. Mr. Lincoln has not yet organised a *corps* of spies; among the American people they might, perhaps, be difficult to find: but a word dropped against the conduct of the Government in the course of conversation, if overheard by a policeman, has sufficed to consign the utterer to the cells of the American Bastille. Nay, so complete has been the destruction of liberty, that subordinates have ventured to inflict arbitrary imprisonment upon their personal enemies, for crimes of which no vestige of proof is producible. The case of poor Colonel Bedge, a staunch and eager Federal soldier, who was imprisoned for three weeks without the pretence of a hearing, and in perfect ignorance of his alleged crime,—which was a trumped-up charge of horse-stealing,—sufficiently shows how completely civil liberty has disappeared. Mr. Lincoln is a poor plagiarist in the arts of tyranny. There is nothing striking or original in his proceedings; his plan is, just like that of any Old-World despot, to crush out adverse opinion by sheer force. He suppresses newspapers, manipulates news, seizes the telegraph, imprisons hostile speakers and writers,

and gives full rein to the passions of his subordinates, just as any Louis Napoleon might do: and the Courts, which were established to guard the citizens' rights, yield to his encroachments tamely. His will unsanctioned by any legislative authority has been held to be a sufficient bar to actions for false imprisonment, a sufficient return to writs of *habeas corpus*.

It is, no doubt, true, that as danger drew near to the walls of Washington, President Lincoln relaxed many of his most obnoxious edicts. Travelling was again permitted in the States, a modest opposition was suffered to show itself in the New York newspapers, the publication of true intelligence ceased to be treason, and a judge in the extreme Northern State of Vermont even ventured to dispute the validity of a *lettre de cachet*. Even in his repentance President Lincoln but humbly continued to follow in the steps of European despots. The only possible pretext for his violent measures was the danger of the Republic, and this is the apology which his partisans have offered for him. But the sharpest period of his despotism was the time when the Republic was comparatively safe. It only began to relax when the danger of the Washington Government became extreme. His sudden return to constitutional paths, coinciding exactly with the approach of Jackson, bears a suspicious resemblance to the constitutions which so many European despots granted one after another in the spring months of 1848. His universal proclamation of martial law as soon as the Confederates had recrossed the Potomac, bears a suspicious resemblance to the facility with which most of these constitutions were taken back. Whatever course, in his extremity, he may now think it prudent to take, the fact still remains the same, that for fifteen months, under his rule, absolute power was the only law in the Republic that was set up by Washington to vindicate the rights of man.

Surely there must be something rotten in the political condition of a country in which freedom could be overborne so rapidly, even if it should turn out that the constraint was only temporary, until the pressing danger had passed away. A free people, worthy of the blessings they enjoy, do not allow their liberties to be suspended even for a time, except by legislative power, and under jealously watched precautions. The precedent is one that can easily be turned against them at some future time. What one President has done by an arbitrary decree, another President may do, with less ground for it and worse aims. If a standing army is to be—as seems most probable—a permanent institution in the States, a military President will not be an impossibility. If he should be inclined—as military commanders sometimes are

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—to make his own power absolute, Mr. Lincoln's precedents, which no one has ventured to gainsay, will be ready to his hand. It is now the undisputed law of the United States that a President may suspend civil liberty whenever and for as long as he thinks fit; and whenever he has an attached army to carry out his commands, the suspension is likely to last for an indefinite time. All these dangers must be as evident to the most superficial politician of the Northern States as they are to us. And yet, until the near approach of the Confederates unchained all tongues, no voice was raised against encroachments so fatal in principle, and at the time so uncertain even in their immediate issue. We feel that such things could not have taken place in England, whatever the public danger might have been. The event in our history which corresponds the most nearly to the present American civil war, was the Rebellion of 1745. It was, in essence, an insurrection of one part of the kingdom against the other, and was, in a great measure, provoked by antipathies of temper and of race, not very dissimilar to those which lie at the root of the present civil war. Up to the retreat from Derby, it was quite as threatening as the American rebellion at the beginning of this year; and there was this further analogy, that one of its most formidable features was the extensive sympathy it commanded in the very heart of the loyal counties. But the English Government of that day did not think themselves justified, by the imminence of the public danger, in suspending, of their own authority, every guarantee for civil liberty. They did not suppress hostile newspapers, or enforce a conscription, or establish martial law, by Royal proclamation, or forbid any Englishman to leave English shores, or throw men into prison for twelve months without cause assigned or hearing granted, or send men to the Tower for expressing, within hearing of a policeman, a pity for the volunteers who were marching to the war. Still less did they venture to arrest judges for giving judgments which were not to their mind. Whatever their inclinations may have been, such monstrous invasions of English liberty would have been beyond their power to commit. The rebellion itself would have been a slight danger compared to the resistance which any such attempts would have aroused. Yet this was in Monarchical England a century ago; not in Republican America, in the full blaze of the nineteenth century. Surely there must be a cause for this startling contrast. Both nations inherit the same traditions of freedom and the same Anglo-Saxon courage. How is it that a people reputed so unruly, have become suddenly so tame?

It is only in their institutions that we can find the explanation for this sudden pliability. In part it must be imputed to the

vehement partisanship which has so long marked the course of American politics. The habit of compromising nothing, of giving no quarter to a minority, and expecting none from a majority, is not a habit of mind likely to encourage a reverence for individual freedom. Sending the minority to prison, is a proceeding only one degree more severe than the utter political extermination which has always been enjoined by the laws of war in the electioneering conflicts of the United States. But undoubtedly the chief cause is the absence of any prominent class to act as leaders in defending the laws and liberties of the country. Old King Tarquin knew what he was about when he symbolised the surest mode of enslaving a community by striking off the heads of the tallest poppies. Democracy has proceeded upon King Tarquin's principle, and has successfully achieved the results that he predicted. If the heads of the tallest poppies have not been cut off, care at least has been taken that they should not grow above the common level. A community has been produced with no leading and independent class, and its liberties have been yielded up at the first assault. It could no more have resisted the onset of an organised and armed bureaucracy, than a rabble of peasants can resist an army. America is not the only illustration of this truth that the present age has witnessed. Hungary on one side, and France on the other, strikingly demonstrate how tenaciously a people can cling to its liberty when they have natural leaders to guide them, how tamely they can yield it up when they have not.

But events appear to be hastening on to a crisis which must force on us far other considerations than these. England has hitherto been an inert and passive bystander. Precluded by her uniform policy of neutrality from intervening in a struggle of which she was bearing far more than a neutral's share, she has been content to sit still and watch. There has been much for us to learn from recent events, from whatever point of view we may regard them. They have left a deep and permanent mark upon the convictions of the English people. A few years ago a delusive optimism was creeping over the minds of men. There was a tendency to push the belief in the moral victories of civilisation to an excess which now seems incredible. It was esteemed heresy to distrust anybody, or to act as if any evil still remained in human nature. At home we were exhorted to show 'our confidence in our countrymen,' by confiding the guidance of our policy to the ignorant, and the expenditure of our wealth to the needy. Abroad we were invited to believe that commerce had triumphed where Christianity had failed, and that exports and imports

imports had banished war from the earth. And generally we were encouraged to congratulate ourselves that we were permanently lifted up from the mire of passion and prejudice in which our forefathers had wallowed. The last fifteen years have been one long disenchantment; and the American civil war is the culmination of the process. We now know how the government of the multitude answers in trying times, and how the love of peace flourishes among the most trading nation in the world. And we have seen a hopeless war persisted in with an objectless passion which neither king nor aristocracy could rival, and disgraced by atrocities so foul and fearful that we must recur to the wars of Tilly to find a parallel. It is some, though a very faint, consolation for all that we are suffering from this terrible contest, that our optimist delusions are probably cured for another quarter of a century at the least.

But the time seems to be passing fast in which we can confine our thoughts to the abstract lessons that have been taught by the civil war. A new order of things is being opened to us by the events that are passing as we write. What may be the fate of the campaign which is now progressing it is, of course, impossible to predict. We must give up the hope of being able to conjecture the probable course of events even during the brief interval which must elapse before the lines we are writing can meet the reader's eye. Before that time it is not beyond the range of possibility that Jackson should be on his way to New York, or McClellan on his way to Richmond. A more probable contingency is that the fighting will continue with various success not far from the banks of the Potomac. But whatever the fortune of war may be on the debateable land that separates the two Confederations, no spectator can by this time entertain any doubt as to what will be the practical upshot of the struggle. The desolating warfare may be continued until, to use Commander Maury's fearful phrase, the combatants shall drift into a war of exhaustion. But whether the cost in blood and money be great or small, there can be but one issue to the contest—the Southern States must form an independent nation. The hatred between the two parties is too deadly for reconciliation, and their warlike power is too nearly balanced for permanent conquest. There is just the same chance of the Federals reconquering the Cotton States that there was of the Spaniards reconquering Mexico in 1822. The Southerners have shown every characteristic that can mark an independent nation. They have made the costliest sacrifices that men can make to assure their freedom from a foreign rule, and they have fought for it with a gallantry that has not been surpassed in all the wars of liberation the world has seen. Of their power
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of self-government and cohesion they have given proofs that cannot be gainsaid. History contains hardly another instance of a government so complete, so effective, so powerful, so popular, so wisely guided, and so well obeyed, starting into life at the first outset of a revolution, almost in sight of the enemy it had defied. Neither in the opening history of the United Provinces nor in that of the United States themselves, can any parallel be found for this marvellous feat of administrative energy and skill.

The display of these qualities on the part of this new nationality is not without practical interest to us. Before long it will compel our Government to abandon the inactive and silent part which it has hitherto maintained. If the Confederates have proved themselves to be a nation, as a nation they will demand that we should recognise them. It is clear that, sooner or later, we must accede to the demand. The time is rapidly approaching when even the threatened displeasure of Mr. Lincoln's Government will not be a justification sufficient to excuse us from fulfilling the plain obligations of international law. If the Federals persist in refusing to recognise the verdict of the ordeal to which they have appealed, a time must come when we can no longer imitate their blindness. We cannot for ever carry on the affairs of this practical world upon the hypothesis that the United States are rulers over an enormous region that has cast them off, and into which, in fact, their armies cannot venture out of gunshot of the water. Diplomatic recognition is not an empty ceremony, to be performed or omitted according to the convenience of the moment. It has a practical significance and value to the nation recognising, as well as to the nation recognised: it means nothing less than the power of protecting our citizens and commerce within the jurisdiction of the power we recognise. In admitting diplomatically the indisputable fact that Mr. Jefferson Davis and the Congress at Richmond are the rulers of the Southern States, we do not merely pay them an idle civility. What we thereby do is to saddle them with a responsibility for all that is done to British citizens by the authorities of the region over which they rule. As matters stand now, we have no redress if a British subject is maltreated. If the wrong be done at a seaport, we might bombard the town; but if it were done at Montgomery or Richmond, we should be absolutely without resource. We could not plead international law to the Government at Richmond; for international law regulates only the relation between two nations, and the Confederates, by our own decision, are not a nation. We could not invade the territory of the Confederate States, because, on our theory, they are still part of the territory of the Government that rules at Washington. As a matter of strict law, the only person we can call to account for

for any wrong done to one of the Queen's subjects at Richmond is President Lincoln. It of course would be out of the question practically that any proceeding so absurd should be taken. But still that ridiculous predicament brings home to us the fact that the only Government responsible to us for the well-treatment of the English subjects over a vast region of North America, is the Government which, of all others, has the least power to secure it. The anomaly, of course, is equally great on the other side. There are hundreds of Confederate citizens in England who have no legal guardian of their rights. To Mr. Adams or to any of the Federal consuls they could not apply without disavowing the allegiance which they believe themselves to owe to the new Government; and, in disavowing the existence of that Government, we of course refuse to admit any authority in its agents. These things are not a mere matter of form: if they were, the whole machinery of consuls and diplomatists would be a very useless burden upon the Consolidated Fund. The neglect of them may at any moment seriously compromise both national interests and private rights.

In course of time, then, the recognition must take place. Upon that point there is not much difference of opinion upon this side of the Atlantic. But there is considerable dispute as to the period at which the inevitable admission can be properly made, without needlessly affronting the unreasonable susceptibilities of the North. Formal pretensions to a dominion which is a pure chimera are no novelties in history. There is something inexplicable in the tenacity with which potentates have always clung to titles of power from which the reality has hopelessly passed away. Our own Kings continued to call themselves Kings of France two centuries and a-half after the last rood of French ground had been taken from us. The Empire of Germany was 'the Holy Roman Empire' until 1806. The King of Italy, we believe, still calls himself King of Jerusalem; and his descendants will, we have no doubt, continue to emblazon the cross of Savoy, *in perpetuam memoriam* of their progenitor's turpitude, for many centuries after the mere recollection of his sway shall have faded from the valleys which were the ancient heritage of his house. But the peculiarity of the case of the United States is not that they continue to claim a dominion which they have not got, and are not likely to recover, but that they insist that all the other States of the civilised world shall humour the delusion. There are four or five Spanish families which, whenever the Spanish throne is vacant, always make a solemn protest that the right to the succession really lies in them, and that their pretensions are not to be held barred by the occupancy of a wrongful claimant.

claimant. But then they play this farce out entirely among themselves. They do not insist on royal honours, or think themselves misused because the Sovereigns of Europe do not send Ministers to reside at their Courts. In process of time we may hope that the inexorable logic of facts may reduce the United States Government to the same reasonable frame of mind. Such delusions cure themselves at last. But there is no reason for believing that the process of conviction will be a rapid one. As far as any probable or practicable object goes, the war will be just as reasonable twenty years hence as it is now. It is very likely that when repeated defeats or the utter desolation of the border countries shall have put an end to military enterprises, the United States may follow the example of Spain, and attempt to maintain their claims, or at least to wreak their vengeance, by an interminable war of naval expeditions. At sea they may be able to maintain their superiority for a long time; and though naval supremacy may not enable them to conquer, it may enable them to impoverish and to annoy. It is not impossible that, in spite of any defeats on land, the towns like New Orleans, which are at the mercy of gun-boats, may still remain in their hands. In fact their present hold upon the Confederate States amounts to very little more than the possession of a few towns which gun-boats can command. Under such circumstances it is profitable to call to mind what policy the United States themselves observed to another Government when it was in the plight in which they find themselves now. In the spring of 1822, though there was little doubt of the probable issue of the efforts which the Spanish-American Colonies were making to free themselves from the mother country, yet the Spanish forces had not been expelled from these colonies; and in Mexico, Peru, Colombia, and Venezuela, they still held the most important positions. Under these circumstances, in March, 1822, President Monroe's Message to Congress was delivered, and contained the following passage:—

‘As soon as the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the Provinces probable, the rights to which they were entitled by the Law of Nations as equal parties to a civil war were extended to them. Each party was permitted to enter our ports with its public or private ships. . . . Through the whole of this contest the United States have remained neutral, and have fulfilled with the utmost impartiality all the obligations incident to that character. The contest has now reached such a stage, and been attended with such decisive success on the part of the Provinces, that it merits the most profound consideration, whether their right to the rank of independent nations, with all the advantages incident to it in their intercourse with the United States, is not complete.’

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The first part of this extract curiously contrasts with the invectives that they have lavished on us for our recent policy. They extended the rights of belligerents promptly and readily enough to the revolted Provinces of Spain: but they have been furious with England for doing the same by the revolted States of America. The only difference between the two cases is that we behaved more kindly to them than they behaved to Spain. They admitted the armed ships of both parties, while we have excluded both; and the exclusion falls far the most heavily on the ships of the revolting Power, which has not the command of the sea, and consequently cannot use its own ports, except by breaking a blockade.

President Monroe's suggestion that the Senate should recognize the revolted Provinces, was naturally not very agreeable to the Spanish Minister. He replied the next day in a despatch which might have been written by Mr. Seward, except that it contained no threat of war. The Spanish habit of bravado appears to be a rudimentary and imperfect quality, compared to the American habit of brag:—

'In the National Intelligencer of this day I have seen the message of the President, in which he proposes the recognition by the United States of the insurgent Governments of Spanish America. How great my surprise was, may easily be judged by any one acquainted with the conduct of Spain towards this Republic, and who knows the immense sacrifices she has made to preserve her friendship. In fact, who could think that, in return for as great proof of friendship as one nation can give to another, this Executive would propose that the insurrection of the Ultra-Marine Possessions of Spain should be countenanced? and, moreover, will not his astonishment be augmented to see that this Power is desirous to give the destructive example of sanctioning the rebellion of provinces which have received no offence from the mother country, to whom she has granted a participation of a Free Constitution, and to whom she has extended all the rights and prerogatives of Spanish citizens? In vain will a parallel be attempted to be drawn between the emancipation of this Republic and that which the Spanish rebels attempt.'

Then he goes on to abuse the anarchy and tyranny of the new Government, and says that the sentiments of the inhabitants are suppressed; and concludes:—

'Where are those Governments that ought to be recognised? where the pledges of their stability? where the proof that those Provinces will not return to a union with Spain, when so many of their inhabitants desire it? And, in fine, where the right of the United States to sanction and declare legitimate a rebellion, without cause, and the event of which is not even decided?'

In spite of this protest, in spite of the facts that the issue of the

the rebellion was not decided, and that 'a desire for Union' with the old Government existed among many of the inhabitants of the revolted Provinces, the American statesmen were inexorable. They recognised Colombia in the course of 1822, though Porto Cabello in that colony was not evacuated by the Spanish troops till the 8th of November, 1823; and they recognised Mexico before the end of 1823, though St. Juan de Ulloa in that colony was not relinquished by the Spanish troops till the 17th November, 1825. Surely they cannot complain if the measure which they meted out to others is meted back to them.

The recognition of a State whose independence is genuine is not a question of interest, but of right. It is a right that we have acknowledged repeatedly, sometimes even before it had actually accrued: Belgium, Greece, Italy, Mexico, Brazil, and all the Central and South American Republics, are instances of the alacrity, sometimes premature and excessive, with which England has recognised each new member of the family of nations. She has accepted accomplished facts, and has steadily refused to enter upon any scrutiny of the process by which those facts were accomplished. She cannot depart in the present case from her invariable rule, without casting a slur upon the purity of her own motives on former occasions, and implying that she was actuated not by a fixed policy, but by the desire of some political advantage. And if she breaks through her own precedents merely to subserve the purposeless revenge of the Northern States, she will only deepen in their minds the conviction that she can be bullied with impunity, on which they have so often acted during the last fifty years. There are a few politicians among us who entertain a theory that we are bound to make a special exception to the prejudice of the Confederacy, because of its internal institutions. We cannot be friends, they say, with a Slave Power. Their zeal has eaten up all recollection of past history and present facts. England has never, in her international dealings, taken any cognizance of the internal institutions of other States. We certainly have no admiration for the 'peculiar institution.' Unless jealously supervised by public authority, it gives opportunities for very fearful cruelty; and in all cases it exercises a deteriorating and paralyzing influence on the white man. And the odious law, under which the offspring follows the condition of the mother, invests the slavery of the Confederate States with a special horror, and strips it of the apology which the inferiority of the African race supplies. The sale of female quadroons is an abomination which no civilised State ought to tolerate. That the perpetuation of this and many other abuses is due to the irritation caused by the mendacious
and

and unscrupulous agitation of the Abolitionists, it is impossible to doubt. When the lapse of time shall have freed the question from the disturbing elements of party spirit and national pride, the Confederates will be exposed to the same moral influences as those which are gradually chasing slavery from the colonies of every European Power. Their own national pride will make them eager to wash off what the rest of the civilised world look upon as a stain. That a general emancipation will be an immediate or even an early result of the success of the Confederates, we do not believe. But that those ameliorations of the slave's condition will be introduced which in course of time will issue in freedom, is a prophecy which the general teaching of history makes it perfectly safe to hazard. In truth it is only by a gradual process, in which the Negro's culture and his freedom shall increase together, that emancipation is either desirable or safe. The Federal advocates in this country confess that on any other principle it must be a bloody revolution. One writer proposes as a solution of the difficulty, that when the North has conquered the South, the 300,000 slaveowners shall 'be removed by death, exile, or ruin.' Another calmly admits that he would rather proclaim at once a servile war and run the risk of all the Negroes in the South being slaughtered by their masters, than allow slavery to continue, for however short a time, undisturbed. It is not surprising that the South should have declined to submit to the government of philanthropists of this ferocious type.

But, whatever the probable fate of slavery in the Confederacy may be, it cannot affect the national duties of England. We are very good friends with the Kingdom of Spain and the Empire of Brazil, in both of which slavery flourishes, and where there is neither an immediate nor a proximate probability of emancipation.* Nor ought we to forget that ten years have not elapsed since we plunged into a bloody war, and spent some eighty millions of money, to uphold the integrity of an empire in which the white slave-trade is still carried on. A country which is united to Turkey by diplomatic ties so affectionate and confidential is not called upon to be squeamish about the domestic institutions of its allies. But, in the interest of the Anti-Slavery party themselves, we ought to be careful that no hostility to us should be excited in the minds of the Confederates by any undue favour shown to their opponents. The new State will be bound by no treaties to suppress the slave-trade, and the prece-

* In Brazil even emancipated slaves are disqualified by law from voting for Senators, Deputies to the Imperial Parliament, and Members of the Provincial Assemblies, and from being elected Senators, Deputies, or Members of Provincial Assemblies. These are the only civil rights which they do not enjoy.

dent we ourselves set in the case of the traders of the United States will preclude us from demanding a right of search, except where it has been voluntarily conceded.

But, in truth, the whole slavery dispute seems petty and trivial, when we read the weekly narrative of American carnage or the daily tale of Lancashire starvation. With every respect to the Negro, we cannot stop to inquire into wrongs under which he apparently thrives and is happy, when the blood of our own race is being poured out like water, and our own fellow-citizens are perishing by inches. We cannot contemplate the battle-fields strewn with corpses, or vast regions once busy and prosperous now laid waste by war, and console ourselves with the reflection that, if it be only continued long enough, it may possibly end in promoting the Negroes suddenly to a freedom which they will not appreciate, and will certainly misuse. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the sight of a famine-stricken population at home by the hope that, if their sufferings are sufficiently prolonged, the integrity of an aggressive and unscrupulous empire may possibly be restored. Every consideration of humanity to those abroad and those at home demands that we should do everything in our power, and, if need be, risk something, to bring this fearful desolation to a close. As soon as the time comes—we trust that it may be close at hand—when, by a fair interpretation of international law, we can join with other European Powers in recognising an independence which is already an accomplished fact, there is a fair hope that the Federals may see in our declaration an honourable plea for retreating from a contest from which they will assuredly never be extricated by success.

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END OF THE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH VOLUME.

